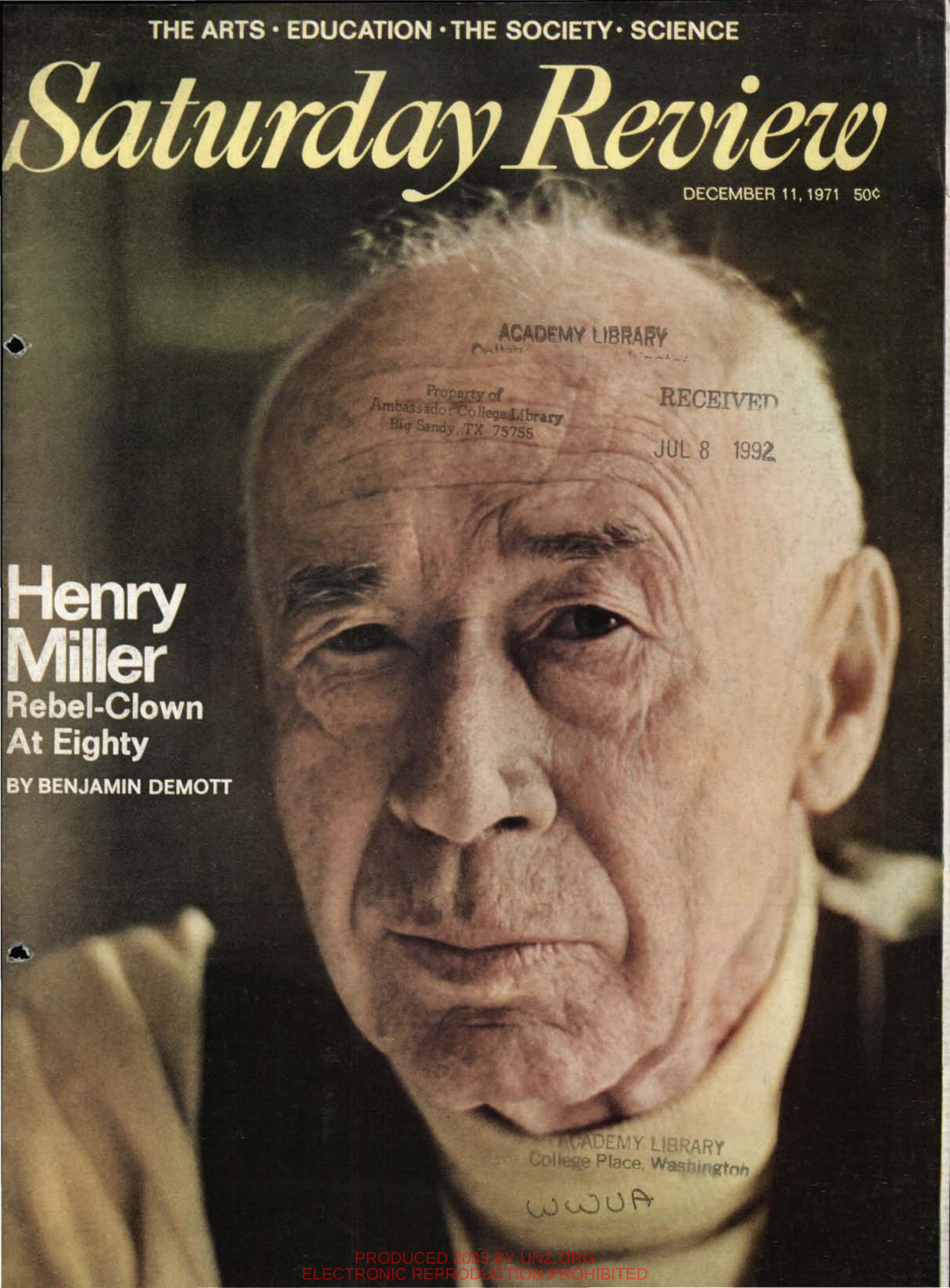
THE ARTS · EDUCATION · THE SOCIETY · SCIENCE

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 11, 1971 50¢



ACADEMY LIBRARY
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755
RECEIVED
JUL 8 1992
ACADEMY LIBRARY
College Place, Washington
WWUA

Henry Miller
Rebel-Clown At Eighty

BY BENJAMIN DEMOTT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chivas Regal of Scotches.

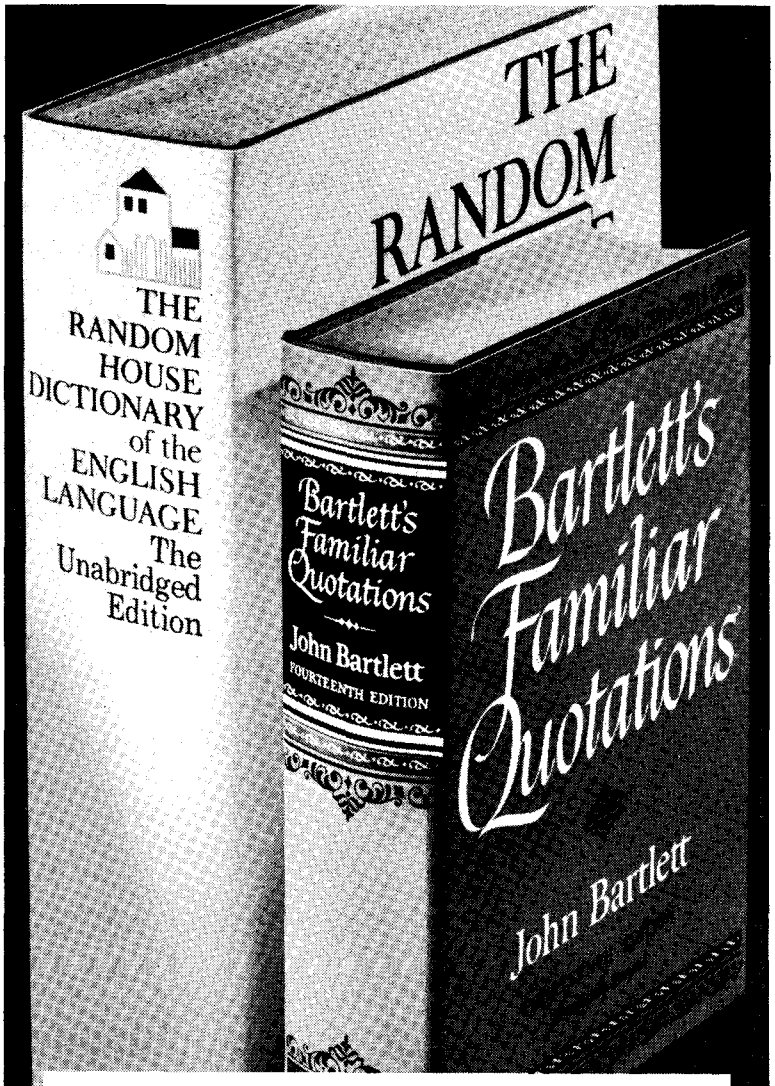
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sent to you as **ADVANCE BOOK-DIVIDENDS** from the **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®**

IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP

BOTH OF THESE INDISPENSABLE REFERENCE WORKS for only $6



The Random House Dictionary

UNABRIDGED EDITION

[PUB LIST PRICE $30]

2091 pages—260,000 entries • Thumb-indexed • World Atlas/Gazetter • 64 pages of full-color maps • Foreign language dictionaries—French, Spanish, German and Italian • Concise manual of style • Important historical dates • Common signs & symbols.

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations

LATEST REVISED EDITION

[PUB LIST PRICE $15]

An indispensable aid to readers • The world's wit and wisdom in quotations, proverbs, etc. • Arranged chronologically by author 1776 pages • 117,000 entries • Indexed by both author and quotation • "The best *Bartlett* ever"—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

[PUB LIST PRICES TOTAL $45]

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy three Club choices within a year at special members' prices

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A *library-building* plan every reading family should know about

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will prove, *by your own actual experience,* how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing** books you fully intend to read.

As long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News,* a literary magazine each issue of which describes the Selection as well as scores of other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts—up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All books **are identical to the publishers' editions in format, size and quality.** If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically. However, there is no obligation to purchase any particular volume. If you do not wish the Selection or any other book offered in the *News*—or if you want one of the Alternates—simply indicate your decision on a form provided and mail it so that it is received by the date specified on the form.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy,* a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50** —somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over 100 fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system, together with the sizable discounts on Selections and Alternates, enables members to save **more than 60%** of what they would otherwise have to pay for books they want to read and own.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 **1-A166-12-1**

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE and BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, billing me only $6 (publishers' list prices total $45). I agree to purchase at least three Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member, paying special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these books. A postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address ACADEMY LIBRARY 17
College Place, Washington

City .....

State ..... *Zip* .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No-fault auto insurance. are for it, shouldn't

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing.

Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

We'd like to supply you with enough information to have your own opinion. (After all, it is your money that's at stake.)

So if you call or write The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, we'll send you out a simple explanation of no-fault. As unbiased as we can make it.

We'll tell you what major no-fault insurance plans have been passed or are being considered.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If insurance companies you be against it?

We'll tell you how the various plans are supposed to work.

We'll tell you what problems they could solve and what problems they can't possibly solve.

And, of course, we'll tell you what we think ought to be done.

Then you can make up your own mind. Before your state legislators make up theirs.

And if you have any less lofty questions on your mind—or any problems—our Office of Consumer Information will do its best to help you with them too.

Call toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time **(800) 243-0191.**

Call collect from Connecticut **277-6565.**

Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.

THE TRAVELERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carmel's family tree is one of the finest:

the Rothschild Bordeaux vineyards

Planted in Israel

Carmel wines. Gold medal winners since 1897. 27 great wines in all. There is Avdat Red and Avdat White. Our Rose of Carmel. Our Cabarnet Sauvignon. Our sparkling wines. All from the world famous Bordeaux vines of Baron de Rothschild. Nourished by the sun and soil of Israel.

Vines that gave birth to more than great wines. There are Carmel brandies, liquors and liqueurs too. Something for everyone. The very finest from Israel.

CARMEL

Enjoy the young, bright taste of Israel.
Ask your local dealer about them.

Carmel Wines Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

December 11, 1971

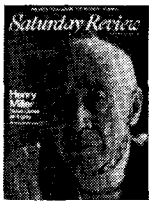
Saturday Review

Cover story, page 29

Henry Miller: Rebel-Clown at Eighty

by Benjamin DeMott

Cover photo: Bradley Smith



IDEAS

20 The B-1 Bomber: The Very Model of a Modern Major Misconception by Berkeley Rice

EDITORIAL

26 Report to the Readers by Nicolas H. Charney

BOOKS

29 Henry Miller: Rebel-Clown at Eighty by Benjamin DeMott, an essay review of "My Life and Times" by Henry Miller and "Henry Miller: Three Decades of Criticism," edited by Edward B. Mitchell

29 Index of Books Reviewed

38 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

45 Books for Young People by Zena Sutherland

COMMUNICATIONS

63 Reporters, Subpoenas, Immunity, and the Court by Richard L. Tobin

65 Radicalism and the Young Journalist by William E. Porter

67 The Syndicates and How They Grew by Boyd Lewis

70 So You Want to Be an Obit Editor by Alden Whitman

72 Twenty-five Years of the API by John Hohenberg

THE ARTS

THEATER

12 Henry Hewes follows the out-of-town action.

DANCE

18 Walter Terry discovers that not all angels have wings.

MUSIC

19 Irving Kolodin assesses Stockhausen's "Stimmung."

MOVIES

60 Hollis Alpert reviews "Happy Birthday, Wanda June."

TRAVEL

53 David Butwin catches a ketch to the Caribbean.

COLUMNS

6 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

14 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

16 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

27 Letters to the Editor

55 Al Horowitz: Chess Corner

GAMES

48 Literary Crypt

57 Your Literary I.Q.

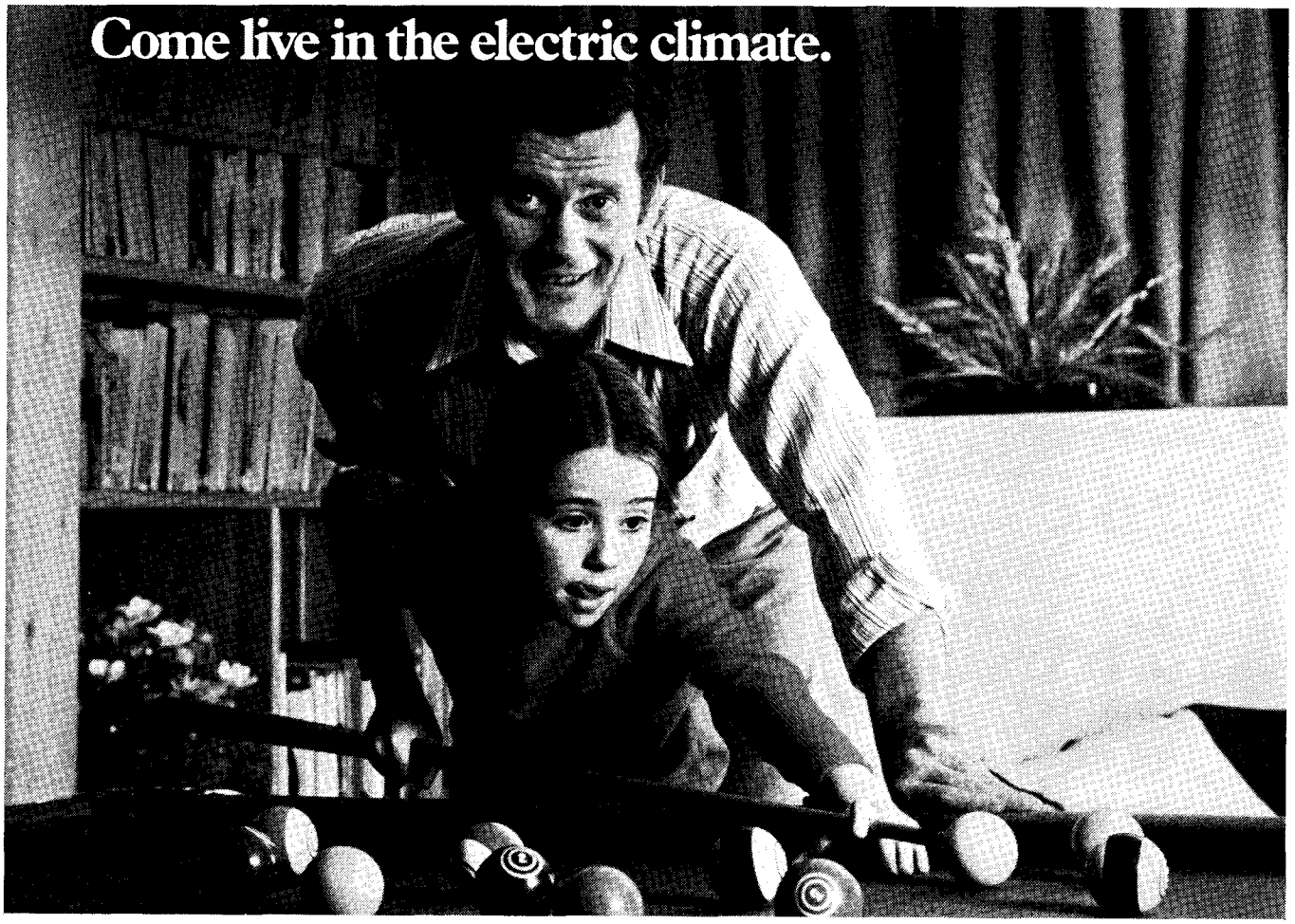
58 Wit Twister

82 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1966

CARTOONISTS: Larry Barth, Herb Goldberg, S. Gross, William Hoest, Henry Martin, Dick Oldden, Don Orehek

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Nicolas H. Charney, Editor; William D. Patterson, Publisher; Nathan Cohn, Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Associate Publisher; Harry T. Morris, Director of Advertising; Irving Kolodin, Programs Editor; Robert A. Burghardt, Director of Advertising Services; Herbert J. Teison, Associate Publisher—Programs; Martin A. Blum, Director of Promotion and Research; George Reeves, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant. Subscription $12 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIV, No. 50, December 11, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1971 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**

PRODUCED 2009 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The electric climate can do more than help give you more room for living...

It's a superior indoor environment that can make any kind of building cost less to own...and it can help the outdoor environment, too!

Consider what the benefits of *the electric climate* can mean to you as a homeowner. And as a cost-conscious, people-conscious executive. And as a civic-minded citizen.

The human benefits of the electric climate:
Flameless electric heat is the heart of *the electric climate.* It fills rooms with a soft, even warmth that can't be matched for comfort. No drafty corners. No sudden chills. Except for the comfort, you hardly know it's there–whether you're in your electrically heated home or office or church or school. Think how much better people live and play and learn and work in such a pleasant environment.

The dollar value benefits of the electric climate:
The initial cost of flameless electric equipment that results in *the electric climate* is comparable to or *lower* than other types. Requires little or no maintenance. And the *cost* of electricity remains a real bargain!

The environmental benefits of the electric climate:
Buildings with *the electric climate* put nothing into the air around them...because electricity is the cleanest form of energy there is at its point of use. Generation of electricity by combustion methods produces by-products that cause pollution, but these by-products can be best controlled at modern power plants. In fact, the electric utility industry is a pioneer in the development and installation of pollution control devices and, of course, is actively engaged in even further improving the techniques of control.

The electric climate promises a better future. Find out more from your electric utility. You, your company and your community will benefit.

Live better electrically. Move toward a better world.

PRODUCED ONE BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edison Electric I...

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Christmas Spree

DO YOU REALIZE there are only thirteen shopping months till the Christmas after this one? Oh, I forgot to mention we make up our Christmas lists very early—like during the lull between Christmas and Guy Lombardo.

You will never catch us in the surging, madding crowds being bell-rung into department stores by sidewalk Santa Clauses. We make our lists early and do our leisurely shopping throughout the next ten months.

This system is not original. I got it from Santa Claus himself the night before Christmas when he came to our—oh, I hope you believe there is a Santa Claus. I know adults do. I'm sure the new Supreme Court judge from dear Virginia believes there is a Santa Claus. It's the teen-agers who don't. They dig his red suit, and his long hairdo, but all that gung-ho "ho, ho, ho," turns them off. How irrelevant can you get? they say. An adult whose bag is shouting, "Ho, ho, ho!" to all our problems doesn't do much to dispel youth's belief that anyone over thirty is suspect.

Anyway, it was the night before Christmas, and I was awakened when I heard a mouse stirring through the house. I got up to investigate, and there was Santa hanging stuff on the tree. We introduced ourselves, and I happened to remark he must have had a lot of interesting adventures over the years.

"Have I *ever*," he said. "Actually I'm writing a book about them. It's called *How to Make Christmas Shopping a Fun Thing and Were Afraid to Ask.*"

"Good title," I said. "Should be a best seller."

"I have to admit," he admitted, "I got the last part of the title off a million books I had to deliver last year."

"A book makes a good Christmas gift," I said. "I hope you've delivered a lot of books by my favorite humor columnist, Erma Bombeck, titled *Just Wait till You Have Children of Your Own,* which she wrote with Bil Keane."

"Oh yes, a lot of those."

"And did you deliver any books titled *The Better of Goodman Ace?*"

"Oh, yes, those too. I even dropped that one off for you."

"Thank you. It's just what I wrote Santa I wanted. I've had my usual trouble finding copies in bookshops, end of plug. But will your new book give us some idea of how Christmas shopping can be fun?"

That's when he told me about his year-in-advance plan. And that's why you can always find us, between Christmas and the new year, sitting warmly in our apartment, when they remember to send up some heat, before the Yule-logged fireplace, sipping eggnogs, balancing the cards and gifts we received against those we sent, and saying to each other, "Oh, well, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

So we go through the list, and as the months go by, we make adjustments. Starting your next Christmas list this early has that built-in hazard. Adjustments have to be made. Major disenchantments with certain friends over minor irritations.

For instance, a woman we know made a pact with us. "If you won't send me a Christmas gift this year, I won't send you one," she said.

I was happy to agree, because this is the woman who, every year, calls me after Christmas and says, "You don't mind, do you, but I took the cashmere sweater you sent [or the handbag, or the perfume] and put $7.40 more to it and got myself a beautiful traveling makeup case [or a gold chain, or fur-lined boots]."

Well, the day before last Christmas what do you think happened? Right. There was a package from her. We don't open our packages before Christmas morning, but in this case I did.

"Well, what do you know," I said, "just what we need—tissue paper!" On closer inspection, under all that tissue, there it was, a silver tray. And there I was, getting into my overcoat, rushing into the madding crowds an hour before closing time.

The elevators I usually take to the women's department on the third floor were, of course, jammed fuller than Otis had ever intended. That's when I made one of my brilliant decisions. To the clerk at a counter near me on the first floor I said, "I'll take three of those."

I wrote a card, and he gift-wrapped them—three of the wildest men's ties you ever saw. The card read: "Add $7.40 to this and have a merry Christmas."

So we made the adjustment on our list. She's off it. I suppose making such an adjustment is not in the true spirit of Christmas. But what is, these days? Even Luke must be adjusted to accommodate our times—like, "Good will toward men and women."

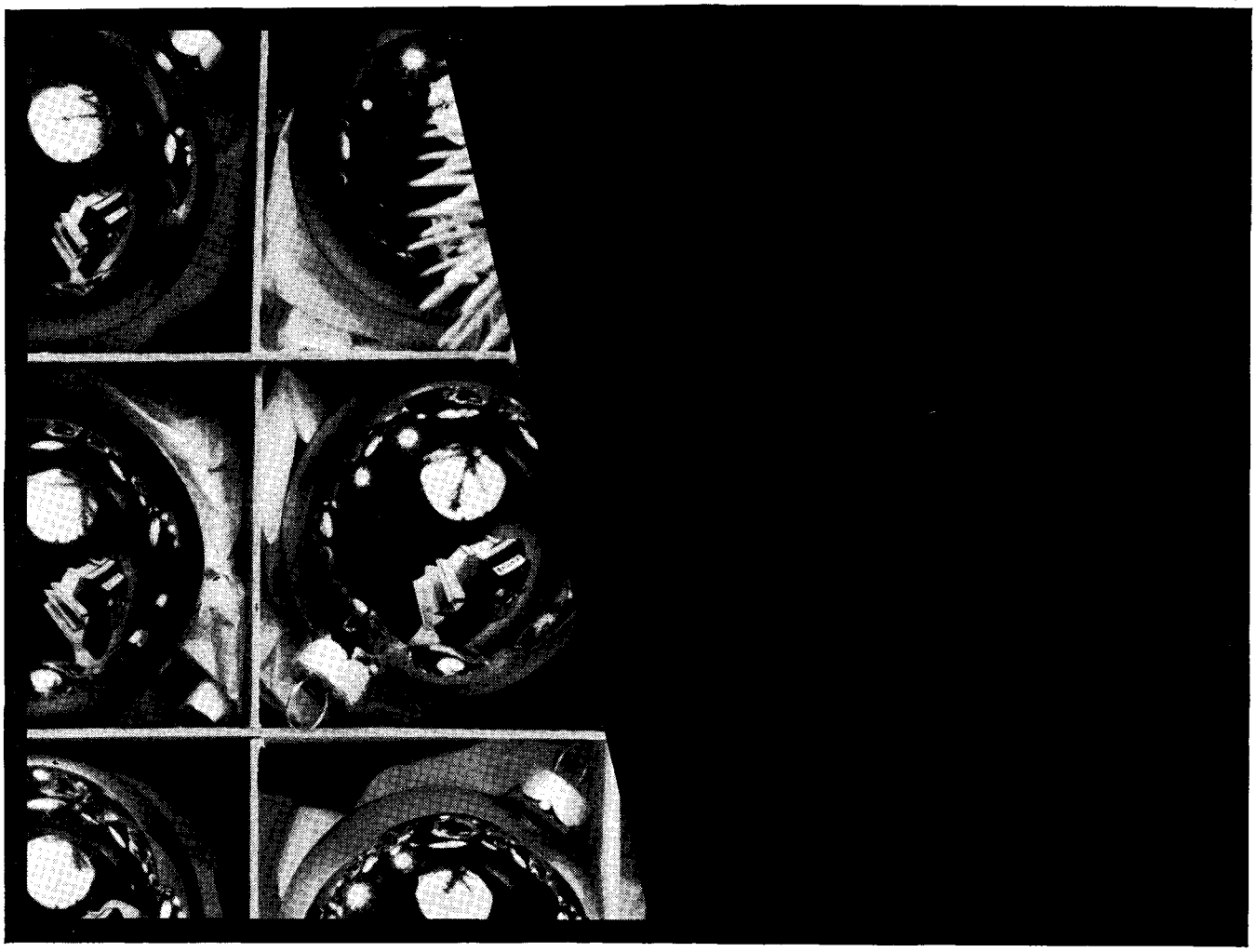
It's like sailing the eastern Mediterranean on a private yacht!

The ten Adriatica Line ships are small and intimate with luxurious service and accommodations. Each has a different, exciting itinerary. Choose from 10 to 20-day cruises sailing from Genoa or Trieste-Venice to GREECE AND THE GREEK ISLES, CYPRUS, TURKEY, EGYPT, SYRIA, LEBANON, ISRAEL, YUGOSLAVIA, THE BLACK SEA. Enjoy sightseeing with a difference. For sailing schedules and prices, contact Italian Line, One Whitehall Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10004 (212) 797-7000.

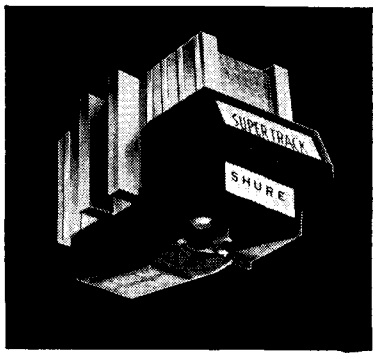
Country of registry: Italy

ADRIATICA LINE

PRODUCED 2006 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A cartridge in a pear tree.



A gift of the *Shure V-15 Type II* Improved stereo phono cartridge will earn you the eternal endearment of the discriminating audiophile who receives it. What makes the V-15 such a predictable Yuletime success, of course, is its ability to extract the real sound of pipers piping, drummers drumming, rings ringing, et cetera, et cetera. Stereo Review, in a test report that expressed more superlatives than a Christmas dinner, described the performance of the V-15 Type II Improved as ". . . . Unstrained, effortless, and a delight to listen to." All of which means that if you're the giver, you can make a hi-fi enthusiast deliriously happy. (If you'd like to receive it yourself, keep your fingers crossed!)

Shure Brothers Inc.,
222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60204.

SHURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Charter Membership Exclusively for Saturday Review Readers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Join the new Saturday Review Book Club where you get outstanding books at outstanding savings. Start your membership today with an immediate savings of up to $51.45.

You've been a good friend to Saturday Review. Now our new book club would like to return the favor by bringing you the most thought-provoking, incisive and rewarding books being published . . . and at substantial savings. If you accept Charter Membership today, you may have any 4 books described here for only $1 (an immediate savings of up to $51.45). All you have to do in return is accept 4 additional books during the coming year from a list as varied as the world around you. Every book you choose will be identical to the publisher's edition in format, size and quality. Yet, as a Charter Member of the new Saturday Review Book Club, you will save an average of 20%—often more—on the books you buy. This special Charter Membership offer is exclusively for Saturday Review readers, and is available for a limited time only. So be a friend, join today.

Any 4 for just $1. That's friendship for you.

196. Crisis in the Classroom
Charles E. Silberman. Publ. price, **$10.00**

328. The Citizen Kane Book
Pauline Kael, Herman J. Mankiewicz & Orson Welles. Publ. price, **$15.00**

395. Ariel and Crossing the Water
Sylvia Plath 2 Volumes counts as one. Comb. publ. price, **$10.90**

291. Prince Philip
Basil Boothroyd. Publ. price, **$8.95**

252. Nixon in the White House
Rowland Evans, Jr. & Robert D. Novak. Publ. price, **$8.95**

305. The Mortgaged Heart
Carson McCullers. Publ. price, **$7.95**

099. The New Industrial State
John Kenneth Galbraith. Publ. price, **$8.95**

268. Duce!
Richard Collier. Publ. price, **$12.50**

035. The Myth of the Machine: Technics and Human Development
Lewis Mumford. Publ. price, **$12.00**

215. The 12-Year Reich
Richard Grunberger. Publ. price, **$10.00**

143. The Rocky Coast
Rachel Carson Publ. price, **$6.95**

049. Knots
R. D. Laing. Deluxe Edition. Publ. price, **$5.95**

276. Technology, Management & Society
Peter F. Drucker. Publ. price, **$5.95**

074. The Dance in America
Walter Terry. Publ. price, **$8.95**

126. Transformations
Anne Sexton. Publ. price, **$5.00**

158. Fragments of My Fleece
Dean Acheson. Publ. price, **$6.95**

187. The Politics of the Family
R. D. Laing. Publ. price, **$4.95**

179. Rules for Radicals
Saul D. Alinsky. Publ. price, **$6.95**

280. The Better of Goodman Ace
Goodman Ace. Publ. price, **$5.95**

018. Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?
Donald Barr. Publ. price, **$10.00**

355. Ibsen, A Biography
Michael Meyer. Publ. price, **$12.95**

006. What I Have Learned
from *Saturday Review* Publ. price, **$6.50**

346. Upstate
Edmund Wilson. Publ. price, **$8.95**

207. The Family
Ed Sanders. Publ. price, **$6.95**

223. Meet Me in the Green Glen
Robert Penn Warren. Publ. price, **$7.95**

102. Stories and Prose Poems
Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Publ. price, **$7.95**

082. Deschooling Society
Publ. price, **$5.95**

337. I'm OK—You're OK
Thomas A. Harris, M.D. Publ. price, **$5.95**

239. The Complete Book of Pitfalls
Dereck Williamson. Publ. price, **$5.95**

244. Microbes and Morals
Theodor Rosebury. Publ. price, **$7.95**

014. The Children of the Dream
Bruno Bettelheim. Publ. price, **$6.95**

165. Mysteries
Knut Hamsun. Publ. price, **$8.95**

SATURDAY REVIEW BOOK CLUB

230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please accept my application for Charter Membership which entitles me to receive the 4 introductory books I've indicated below for only $1.

If I am not delighted with these books, I may return them in 10 days. My membership will be canceled and I will owe nothing.

If I keep them, each month I will receive the Club's free newsletter which describes the forthcoming selection and a number of alternates. If I do not wish to receive a selection, or prefer an alternate—or wish no book at all—I will instruct you on the convenient form always provided.

I need purchase only 4 books during the coming year—at savings averaging at least 20% below publishers' prices. I may cancel my membership any time after these purchases. A modest shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.

12115

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss

Address _____

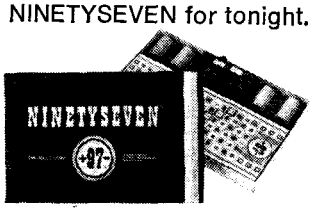
City _____

State _____ *Zip* _____

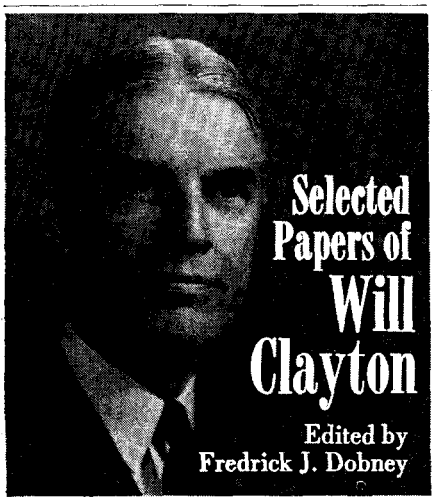
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STIMULATE YOURSELF TONIGHT TRY +97-™

What's competitive, stimulating and emotional and keeps adults at home these nights?
It's NINETYSEVEN—the new dice game for 2, 3 or 4 people. Try to be first to reach the magic number—NINETYSEVEN.
Get NINETYSEVEN for tonight.



NINETYSEVEN is made by Kontrell who also produce RICOCHET and HAVOC—all are available wherever adult games are sold.



One of the principal architects of the Marshall Plan, Will Clayton was instrumental in shaping U.S. economic policy during the crucial early Cold War period. As Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs and Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, he advocated free trade and liberal economic policies. Dr. Dobney has selected those papers which best illustrate the development of Clayton's economic thought. $8.50

The Johns Hopkins Press
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

The Theater

Henry Hewes

Tales of Three Cities

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ARENA STAGE, which has already established itself as one of the American theater's most valuable resources, has come up with yet another distinguished American premiere. Written by Michael Weller, a twenty-nine-year-old New York City playwright, the play was originally produced at London's intimate Royal Court Theatre under the forbidding title *Cancer*. The title has been changed to *Moonchildren*, and the opus is now labeled "a comedy."

It is important to persuade the audience to accept it as a comedy, for like David Halliwell's *Hail, Scrawdike!*, which failed on Broadway five years ago, *Moonchildren* flourishes best when we laugh at the clever ways its group of college kids copes with the prospect of the depressing problems the world is about to inflict upon them.

The kids are living a communal existence in which they are "supposed to be like all together in here." That ideal, however, can only be sustained by a compulsive use of joking responses and blunt Anglo-Saxon jargon. Instinctively, the kids keep finding a put-on wave length that allows them to both recognize their dilemma and escape from it. The most extreme example of these put-ons occurs perhaps when the uncle of one kid arrives to break the news that his nephew's mother is dying of cancer. Before the uncle can get up the courage to tell him, the phone rings and the nephew learns the news. But instead of responding directly, he goes into a prolonged routine in which he pretends it is a call from the telephone company trying to sell him an extra phone.

A lighter instance is an imaginatively improvised story about a man whose head subsided into his stomach and all the elaborate things that were done to help this grotesque symbol of modern crippleness live a "normal" life. The playwright obviously intends that these put-ons emerge as the younger generation's implied criticism of normality. Yet, because *Moonchildren* is primarily a comic portrait of observed contemporary youth, he never allows his characters to express themselves with explicit statements or to acknowledge deep relationships with each other. At one point, a girl futilely describes the situation when she says, "He's like reaching out trying to relate to me on the personal level by rejecting me, but like I don't know how to break through."

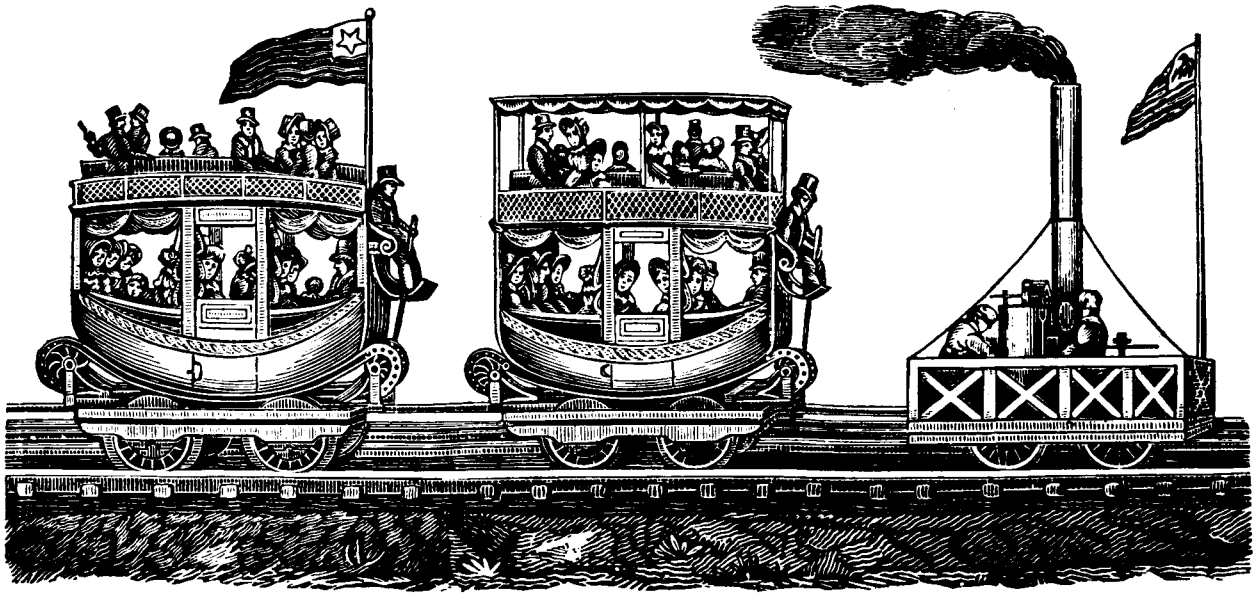
While the kids are funny and a little sad, the most effective character in the play is their landlord, who in one breath applauds them for knowing where they are, where they're going, and how to get there, and in the next makes them pay for a window that was already broken when they moved in. His excuse is that his rottenness is slight compared to what they will find in the outside world. The kids respond not with anger but with a sarcastic rendition of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," which the landlord accepts as genuine.

Alan Schneider has directed the production shrewdly and inventively, resisting most of the temptations to fall back on pathos. The cast of young people rings utterly true, with James Woods and Kevin Conway standing out. And best of all is Robert Prosky as the self-deluded landlord, as his performance entertainingly captures without caricature the absurd inner contradictions of the character.

Moonchildren establishes Weller as a discerning and talented playwright, and although it deliberately avoids the kind of dramatic wallop that Broadway audiences expect, its authenticity, sensitivity, and gentle humor are rewarding qualities that should make it very popular Off-Broadway and with the more emancipated of our resident theaters.

Also in Washington, the new Kennedy Center is thriving. The 2,334-seat Opera House has been packing them in for a month with a new adaptation of the Leonard Bernstein-Richard Wilbur-Lillian Hellman musical *Candide*, which is more gaily artificial than its heavier Broadway predecessor. And the 1,134-seat Eisenhower Theater has come up with director John Houseman's revival of Clifford Odets's *The Country Girl*, starring Jason Robards, Maureen Stapleton, and George Grizzard. Because the old drama about an alcoholic actor's return to greatness on Broadway is a bit dated, Houseman has approached the whole business with a very contemporary tough-mindedness. As the actor, Robards is best in those moments when he can be scornful about the very world he must try to conquer. Grizzard is properly churlish as the director. Miss Stapleton offers us thrilling flashes of great acting as she drills down to the bedrock of each situation. And Martin Wolfson is entertainingly stone-faced and heartless as the grizzly old Broadway producer. In creating such star revivals, Roger L. Stevens and the Kennedy Center are

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Science may change your life while you're reading this page!

SCIENCE NEWS will tell you what science is doing . . .
Why it's important to you . . . in about an hour a week

New discoveries, new scientific theories about people and things, new uses for the products of science change your world . . . and the quality of your life . . . every hour of every day.

SCIENCE NEWS tunes you in on these key developments . . . lets you see how they relate to urgent problems . . . in about an hour's reading a week.

SCIENCE NEWS reporters — each one a specialist and an experienced journalist — report to you clearly, concisely, understandably. They provide more than the "gee whiz!" of science. From posts in most of the world's major centers of science news, they offer the background and perspective that help you interpret science in terms of its real significance.

Every major field of science is covered and reported.

SCIENCE NEWS was a pioneer in the recognition of the social and behavioral sciences as legitimate grist for a science journalist's mill. And it was one of the first to have a specialist in the fields of ecology and environmental quality. In addition, you'll learn from us about quarks and quasars, polymers and particle accelerators, and the ethical issues arising from new advances in biomedicine. Equally important, SCIENCE NEWS reporters will cover "pot" and environmental pollution, building technology, cancer research and the weather—the impact of *all* science fields on the quality of your life and the shape of your world.

You'll like SCIENCE NEWS. You'll find it gives you a handle on what science is doing, and why it's important. That ought to be worth more to you than $3.97, but that's all you need to pay for 39 concise, lively, weekly issues . . . our money-saving introductory offer.

TUNE IN ON SCIENCE!
MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

SCIENCE NEWS, SUBSCRIPTION CENTER
231 W. Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Send me SCIENCE NEWS for 39 weeks.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip .....

☐ I enclose $3.97
☐ Bill me.
Check here if you prefer
☐ 1 year for $7.50

WO 1

science news

A SCIENCE SERVICE PUBLICATION

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contributing to the already rich Washington theater scene.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TWO INTERESTING new plays have recently been presented here. The Goodman Theater's enterprising producing director, John Reich, has encouraged author-director Stuart Vaughan to develop a "Theater of Fact" treatment of the trial of the alleged conspirators who helped John Wilkes Booth plot the shooting of Lincoln and escape afterwards. Called *Assassination, 1865*, it reminds us how unjust public officials can become in time of crisis. Because it sticks scrupulously to facts, it sacrifices a certain amount of theatrical effectiveness in order to so impress audiences with its honesty that we will be spurred to further reading and investigation after we leave the theater. It is the kind of *pro bono publico* project only a subsidized theater should undertake, and the Goodman does it well.

At the Ivanhoe Theatre, an in-the-round production of Donald Driver's *Status Quo Vadis* has witty fun with the attempts of Americans to move around within what is delineated as a more-rigid-than-you-think class system. In the play the characters wear numerals from 1 through 5 to indicate their current status positions. Although the playwright wants us to be interested in how the absurd system affects a lot of people, we inevitably focus on a No. 5, engagingly played by David Wilson, who has a love affair with a No. 1, attractively portrayed by Gail Strickland. Rebecca Taylor and Lee Zara enrich the texture as a couple of No. 3 secretaries, and Geraldine Kay erupts into a yeasty diatribe as a No. 5 mother. The first act meanders a bit, but in Act II the proceedings slip into high gear to leave us exhilarated despite the inevitably unromantic denouement.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

UNBRIDLED MERRIMENT is the order of the day in *Tricks*, a musical version of Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, recently created at the Actors Theatre of Louisville. For this new show, Jerry Blatt and Lonnie Burstein have written some catchy songs, and director Jon Jory has provided a book that is less dialogue than action. Indeed, the whole business is an unflaggingly energetic exploration of commedia dell' arte style with stuff from other comic traditions thrown in for good measure. Eric Tavaris is a sure-footed Scapin with the rest of the cast in hot but disciplined pursuit. The pleasure of the evening is doubled by the intimacy of the 350-seat theater, which is currently so oversubscribed that the company will move to larger quarters next season.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Cable Revisions

AMID THE MUTED CHEERING that has attended the recent compromise lifting the freeze on the development of cable television, few observers have noted that the Federal Communications Commission has dropped only one shoe. The FCC had better bestir itself and drop the other soon if the public is not to be denied the full cornucopia of communications goodies that cable operators have promised.

The first shoe that the commission has dropped is the regulatory agency's permission for the cable operators to import a limited number of "distant signals" or programs from television stations outside their local areas.

In some cities, such as San Diego, where local authorization is already a fact, cable operators will at once be enabled to solicit more subscribers for their wired systems. In other cities, where state and municipal franchise laws are still in a tangle, profitable cable expansion will take longer. Eventually, when sufficient "penetration" into markets has been achieved (20 per cent of the total television homes, or twelve million homes), it is assumed that cable television will begin to offer the public a great variety of "broadband communications" services beyond the supply of advertiser-supported entertainment and sports. Such services comprise education, small group hookups, "upstream" or talk-back communication capacity, shopping, burglar alarms, health, welfare, and library services, etc. It is this vision of high-information, high-speed, infinitely diversified communications that all along has been the most attractive goal in the larger public interest. Now we come to the other shoe that the FCC must drop in order to achieve this goal.

The commission, in a future ruling beyond the one that presently gives the amber light to cable TV, ought to put the cable system operators on notice that, after a reasonable period in which to establish their industry nationally, they will have to choose between being "common carriers" (distribution systems) and program suppliers. At present, the FCC has allowed them to play both roles, in the conviction that cable will never attract the capital investment necessary for growth if it is forced to be exclusively a carrier-distribution system.

The danger inherent in allowing cable operators to play both roles indefinitely is that they will specialize in providing entertainment at the cost of restricting the other communication services. There is certainly more money to be made from advertisers and the provision of pay-TV entertainment and sports than from extending their distribution systems on a modified common-carrier basis. And yet it is the capacity of broadband networking to provide that great spectrum of services beyond entertainment and advertising that is crucial for the public interest in the wired-city concept.

The FCC is aware of the contradiction inherent in its present plan for unfreezing cable TV, but it sees "a chicken-and-egg dilemma." The operators insist that investment capital will not flow into their systems unless immediate prospects of profits are present. Capital, they argue, is not interested in the development of non-entertainment services. Let us establish a profitable entertainment base first, they add, and then we can promote the supplementary services.

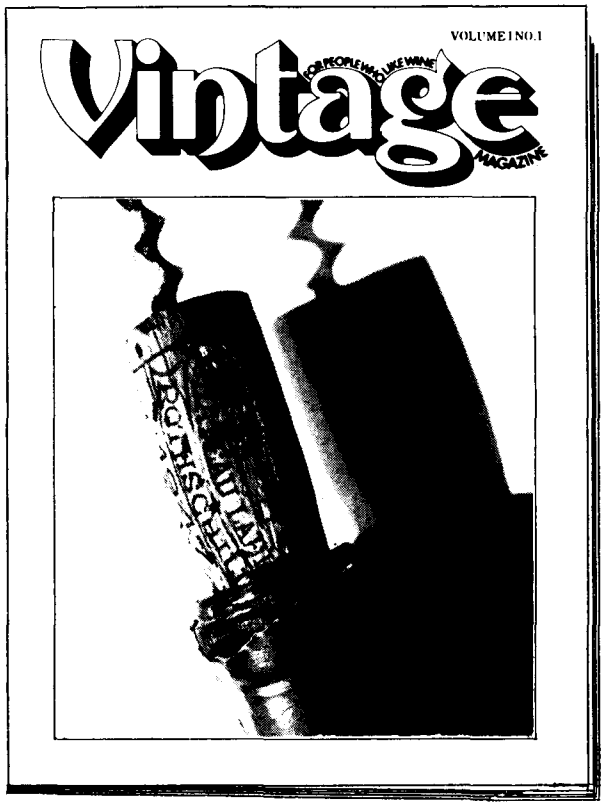
The FCC, in giving them the two-role go-ahead, is acting on faith. The commission may be wrong about the long-range intentions of the system operators. Having listened to their "let us get off the ground" arguments, the commission ought now to say to them, "You cannot expect to play both roles permanently." Experience, indeed, has shown that control of programs as well as of carrier systems leads to a host of evils, including avoidance of competition, degraded programing, breached First Amendment freedoms, and the determination solely by advertisers of broadcasting's structure and programs.

The cable industry has a split personality: There are small and big operators. The small ones want only to turn on the juice and collect subscriber fees; they are not interested in public access programing, despite the FCC's provision for such programming in its new rules. The big ones seek vertical integration into programs, talent, and marketing as well as horizontal integration into chains, networks, and other media—practices that are not in the public interest. In 1970, the FCC asked for industry comments on how long the cable operators should enjoy double status, but the question was virtually ignored. It is time now to dust off the old question, march it up front, and get an answer—in the commission's dropping of that second shoe.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Wine

America's own wine magazine



Vintage is here! Every month (except July and August) *Vintage* will bring you the best of wine, written by the great wine writers of the world.

Do you know where the best wine buys are in every major city? *Vintage* will tell you! What about current vintages? What's happening right now in California? In France? *Vintage* will be there!

And there's more – much more! *Vintage's* panel of experts taste hundreds of wines. From them you get valuable buying information that can pay for your subscription ten times over. Plus over 40 wines reviewed each issue. Plus writers who really love wine reminiscing and comparing great bottles from the past with those of today. Plus . . . plus . . . plus over 50 pages ten times a year filled with the excitement of wine.

These departments will help you to appreciate fine wine and save!

Vintage Recommends. Over twenty exceptional wine values between $2 and $4 recommended in every issue!

Where It's At. All about best wine shops, wine restaurants and amateur wine clubs that you can join throughout the country. What stores have in stock and their best values. A must for every wine lover!

The Enthusiastic Amateur. How to open a bottle. How to taste wine. How to start and maintain a happy wine cellar. And everything else you need to know to begin enjoying wine!

The California Scene. All about California wines, from the giants to the small vineyards and which ones rate among the world's finest wines!

Home Wine-Making. Enter the wonderful hobby of home wine-making and learn how to produce your own exceptional wines to rival the finest of France and America for only 35¢ a bottle!

And Ten Other Departments which tell you about the wines of America, Bordeaux, Burgundy, Germany, travel, wine news, what years to buy and what to avoid, and much, much more!

All of this monthly (except July and August) ten times a year at a special introductory rate of only $12.50, an immediate savings of $2.50 over the regular subscription price . . . plus a free gift if you act now!!

And there is more! Here is just a sampling of the feature articles you will find in Vintage:

Where New Yorkers Buy Wine. There are real bargains if you know where to look. Vintage tells you. A continuing series on the major cities of America.

Five Thousand Dollars for a Bottle of Wine or What Price Lunacy? Can a young wine merchant find wealth and happiness paying outlandish prices for a wine over a century old?

Great Cellars of America. Visit some of the great private wine cellars and meet their owners.

Wine Auctions. Are the bargains here? How to take advantage of the European wine auctions and save!

Wine Restaurants. *Vintage* takes you to wine restaurants throughout the nation!

Wine-Tasting Party. Tasting simple wines can be party fun. *Vintage* shows you how!

Special Membership Offer:

Plus all these extra benefits if you act now!

Start with Vol. 1 No. 1 already a collectors item.

Free membership in the wine book club – you receive a 10% discount on all wine books in print!

Free membership in *Vintage* wine and dine – banquets and wine tastings with *Vintage!*

And the exciting 188 pg. THE COMMON SENSE OF WINE, the classic question and answer book of wine **free** if you enclose payment with your subscription!

A $10.00 value!

Vintage Magazine P.O. Box 866 New York, N.Y. 10010

I accept your invitation of one full year of *Vintage* at this special introductory rate of $12.50 and wish to receive THE COMMON SENSE OF WINE. I also will receive free membership in *Vintage* Wine and Dine and also a 10% discount on all wine books in print through the wine book club.

☐ Check Enclosed
☐ Bill me. I understand I do not get a free gift.

Name_____ ☐ American Express
☐ Bank Americard
Address_____ ☐ Mastercharge

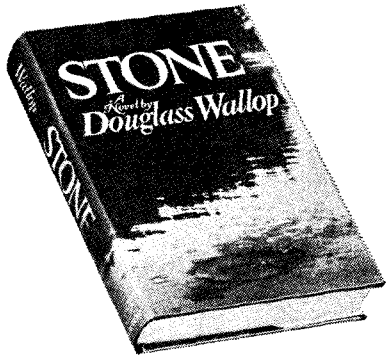
City_____ Acct. No._____

State_____ Zip_____

SR41111

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young, male and American...on the eve of Pearl Harbor



"Mr. Wallop's remembrance of things past should strike responsive chords."
—*N.Y. Times Book Review*

"It's a very long time since I enjoyed reading a novel as much as I enjoyed reading STONE."—ROBERT MANNING, Editor, *The Atlantic*

STONE
by Douglass Wallop

At all bookstores, $5.95

Norton
55 Fifth Ave./New York 10003

Jump ship in American Samoa

We're an unpressurized, uninhibited paradise half way between Honolulu and Sydney. A delightful piece of Polynesia. Where you can bask in a private cove by the sea, snorkel, fish, hike or explore the charms of a thatched-roof village — at your own relaxed pace. Next time you're our way, come see us.

For information write:
Fofo I. F. Sunia
Office of Tourism
Government of
American Samoa
Pago Pago, American Samoa

Shop and mail early for Christmas.
Use zip code in all addresses.

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Politics-as-Usual find by Mike Ellis of Bernardsville, New Jersey, in the Bernardsville *News*:

> Mayor Thomas A. Germushka will not have office hours in the Borough Hall. Germushka, who has been available on Wednesday mornings in the all, has moved into a new office.

Now, presumably, to be available in the same condition every day. Elsewhere, our Want Ad of the Week also was addressed to all. It was located by Herbert Kenny of Montclair, New Jersey, in *The Record*:

> TO ALL IT MAY CONCERN
> Roy and Sue are no longer together thanks to your butting in. Sue.

That's the spirit, Sue. Now maybe they'll butt out. In any case, our Filler of the Week was spotted by an alert airman, Lieut. Col. Frank Weil of Sacramento, in the Sacramento *Bee*:

> DOVER, England—The first aerial crossing of the English Channel was made by John Jeffries and Jean Pierre François Blanchard in a ballroom in 1785.

Those were the days—*style*. Finally, it isn't every week that an editor and publisher sends us an item from his own paper. But such was the case when John McCormally, editor and publisher of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye* of Burlington, Iowa, favored us with the following:

> Des Moines county will have three Head Start classes next year—but no Day Care.
>
> "They voted to have three Head Start classes rather than two Head Start and one Day Care because they thought with the economic situation the way it is, there wouldn't be much demand for a Day Care class," Mrs. Sharon Ford, director of the 4-county Head Start program said.
>
> "They figured most mothers would probably be laid right now," Mrs. Ford said.

Well, that's what happens when you let down the bars.

Women editors-in-chief are as rare in the book business today as, we presume, were women chiefs in Indian days. There is, however, one—Gladys Carr. Less than three months in office, she is editor-in-chief of the American Heritage Press—a division of McGraw-Hill—and she already has made a large impact. Indeed, hardly had we sat down with the fair Miss Carr when she admitted having signed up, in her first ten weeks, ten "products."

Products? we queried. "Yes," she said firmly. "That's what we call them. But I think you should also know that only the other day I was talking with Janet Flanner about the vast complexity of our systems for selling what I admitted we called our 'products.' 'Ah,' she said, 'products. What was once called literature.' "

McGraw-Hill, Miss Carr admitted, is nothing if not complex. "Let's see," she said, "we have trade books, paperbacks, mail order books, business books, and textbooks, and the textbooks are divided into textbooks, community college books . . ."

We tried to stop her, but it was no use. "Even The American Heritage Press Division is complicated. . . . "

We held up our hand. Firmly we told Miss Carr we could not either stand or understand any more. We asked her instead about herself. We learned Miss Carr, who was born in New York, the daughter of a lawyer, went to college and took her master's at Smith, and also did graduate work at Radcliffe, Harvard, and Cornell. Before coming to McGraw-Hill, she was editor-in-chief of the Cowles Book Company. Her first publishing job, however, was at Prentice-Hall, where, in a short period, she went from junior to senior editor. What, we wanted to know, except in age, was the difference? Miss Carr, who is young, smiled.

"Senior editors," she said, "are the acquisitive editors—the procurers."

Lady! we whistled. But Miss Carr continued without a break. "They are the creators of the product. They either develop their own ideas or do the negotiating for key books. Junior editors, on the other hand, are really house editors. Their main responsibility is the actual work on a manuscript. Of course," she went on, "there are senior editors who edit, but there are others who don't. The danger of all this bigness in the publishing business is that editors are becoming increasingly removed from the personal contact with authors. I believe editors, even at a high level of corporate responsibility, should make a massive effort to restore this communication. I also believe that the editor who is involved in the initial evolution of a project should remain at the center of the project—even if he is editor-in-chief."

He? we interjected. "Oh," she said. "Back to that again." Yes, we admitted.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was she married? "Not at the moment." Had she we pursued delicately, a going relationship of long standing? "Yes." Was he in the broad field of the arts? "Yes." We realized we were sounding like *What's My Line?* And now it was her turn to hold up her hand. "Enough," she said.

We stopped. We did want to know, however, how publishing stood on women in general. "Well," Miss Carr said, "although publishing has been a fertile and relatively progressive area for women in editorial roles, there are still very few women who hold influential executive or corporate positions. And there are many publishers—men who are otherwise intelligent leaders—who still refuse to pay a woman beyond a certain arbitrarily set figure."

We asked her if she felt that, generally speaking, women were better at fiction but that men were better at non-fiction. "No," she said. "But I do feel that the revolution in sexual identity will produce more major works by women, both in fiction and non-fiction. When you think of some of the exciting voices in fiction today—John Hawkes, Donald Barthelme, and John Barth—they are essentially against the popular grain, and they will have the same kind of rough going commercially as any female novelist who cannot fit into the mass taste. But what's happening now is that there are many more women than before who are really devoting themselves to writing, and I don't think the time is far off when a Joyce Carol Oates will not be the exception when the National Book Awards are given out."

Can, we concluded, with a double-barreled charge, a female editor be as objective as a male editor when she likes the author but not necessarily his "product"? Miss Carr was unfazed. "That question relates," she answered quietly, "to the idea in the professions that women are somehow more emotional and less objective than men, especially at certain times of the month. This myth, if it has not already been exploded, should be."

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1965)

EDWIN GUTHMAN:
WE BAND OF BROTHERS

Bob Kennedy . . . wasn't a teller of jokes or stories, but he had a wry wit. When things were tense or unpleasant, he always came up with a remark, sometimes with a gallows ring, sometimes needling and often self-depreciating, which usually was unanswerable, but which made whoever was with him laugh.

Give yourself

News and commentary from—

Washington

Letters from, among many other places—

London

A thorough guide to what's going on in—

Manhattan

From all parts of the world, authoritative—

Reporting

Reviews of plays, films, art, music, and—

Books

Cartoons, satire, parody, and other—

Humor

A subscription to—

The New Yorker

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES
The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 10036

Gentlemen, please enter the following subscriptions at:
☐ $12 for the first one-year subscription (only 24¢ per copy) and
☐ $8 for each additional one-year subscription.
I enclose $_____ to cover _____ subscriptions.

Charge my ☐ Diner's Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge Account Number _____

Signature _____

First subscription, $12.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Second and additional subscriptions, $8.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read "from" _____

Additional postage—Canada, Latin America, Spain, $2 per year; All other foreign, $4 per year. 0193

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Energetic Angels

SHOULD DANCERS be pretty creatures? They *had* to be during those days at the turn of the century when dance itself had sunk to a level—in theme and in step—of mere prettiness. But as choreographic scope and thematic profundity were restored to the dance, as nixies, pixies, elves, and various assortments of *papillons* were replaced by people, prettiness became unimportant. Martha Graham was never pretty—she had (and has) great beauty—and the late Doris Humphrey, a smashing redhead, made herself repellent as the destructive Matriarch in her *With My Red Fires*. Yet dancers, no matter what roles they are playing, must remain physically attractive, for they are, to use a Graham dance title, *Acrobats of God*.

Not too many years ago, a group of dancers (who shall remain nameless) appeared in a big festival series. Most of the group's members were singularly homely, and a critic-colleague of mine felt justified in saying so. I concurred, for, at that instant, it became apparent that dance, the art of the body in rhythmic movement, had to have protagonists who were not only dedicated, technically adept, powerful in purpose, but also attractive. After all, we (audience and critics alike) had to look at them.

Today, our dance is richer and more varied than ever before. But, unfortunately, some of its representatives, especially in the modern dance area, don't seem to give a damn what they look like. *I* think they should possess attractive (not necessarily pretty) faces, slim waists, good legs, even callipygian attributes. The body is the instrument of the dancer, and it had better look good!

So it is that among our dancers you will come upon those who seem to make a cult of unattractiveness. Not so Lar Lubovitch and his company. They are attractive dancers. In their recent engagement at Stage City, I was again happily aware of this. They are young, the hair is long (or Afro where pertinent), they are experimenting. Sometimes one cannot be sure what they are dancing about, but their contours fall pleasurably upon the eye.

Lubovitch, who dances superbly, choreographs, directs, designs lighting, etc., also planned Stage City, a movie studio. The lighting is fine, of course, but what would be bleachers anywhere else are covered with foam rubber, and everyone reclines comfortably as he watches exuberant, and attractive, dancers. Irreverently, I thought of words from Beatrice Lillie's great song *Paree*, in which she referred to "les gamins, les gendarmes, les misérables . . . tout le monde les, les, les." But on to the Lubovitch program.

He has now worked wonders with a once-sprawling dance that labors under the idiot title of *Some of the Reactions of Some of the People Some of the Time upon Hearing Reports of the Coming of the Messiah*. It is set to music of Handel, and it is, in a very real sense, a dance of jubilation, the sort of danced rite that the Prophets of old might well have used to rouse the populace to ecstasy, to involve them in a testament to faith.

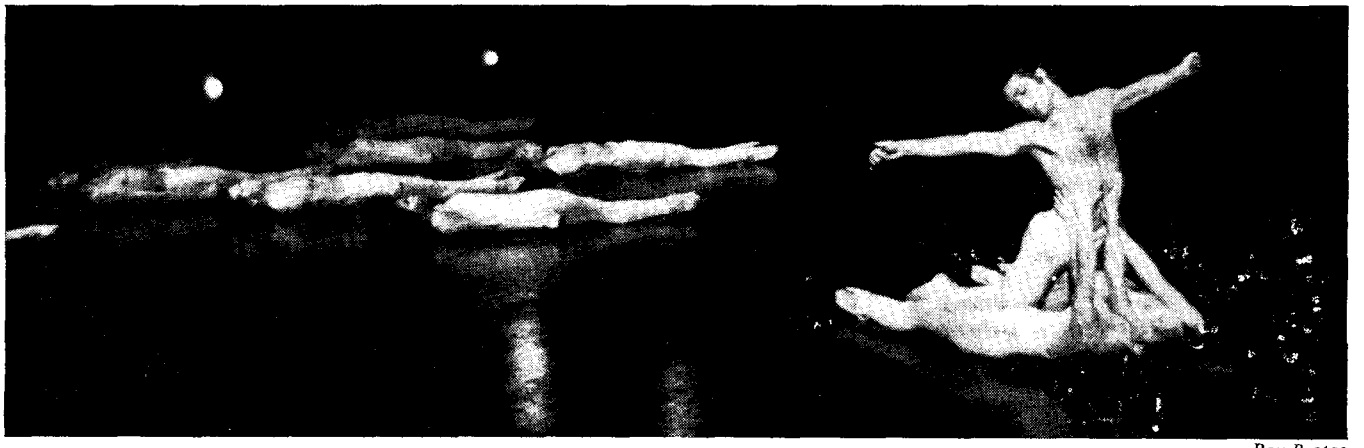
Messiah still has some weaknesses—Lubovitch tends to choreograph in explosive bursts of action rather than to develop his movement statements to their fullest—but it is a paean of hope and joy danced by a most attractive group of men and women, by a delightful assembly of energetic angels.

Whirligogs (music of Luciano Berio from *Sinfonia*) forsakes the angels in the hearts of men for the demons resting there. The black-clad figures, much of the time wearing black executioner hoods, are two-faced creatures, but despite their seeming antics they are destroyers, and their final mass attack on a victim at the close of the work is what the word "predatory" is all about. The piece itself is one of Lubovitch's most popular creations; on this occasion, in the arena-like atmosphere of Stage City, it was especially effective.

The two premieres were *Social* (music from a Bach cantata) and *Clear Lake* (Mendelssohn). Neither is yet in its final form, but both have much more to offer than promise. In the former, the girls wear sleazy evening gowns and the boys ill-fitting pants as if the time were the 1930s, and all were en route to, say, Glen Island Casino to dance and listen to a name band. There is fun here, as well as comment on a period, but the humor has yet to gel.

As for *Clear Lake*, it has some absolutely beautiful moments danced by beautiful people. But they are moments. Lubovitch starts a duet and never quite resolves it; a group thrusts into space, but the journey is terminated before it really gets deep into adventure. Lubovitch, who is certainly one of the most impressive young artists of today's dance, is a restless choreographer. He is marvelously expansive of movement, but there is not always a sustained sweep to his choreographic phrasings.

Extreme members of the avant-garde in dance may find him square—he is not, of course—but when pitted against a fairly sizable array of those who represent non-dance, non-theater, non-form, non-discipline, and, heaven knows, nonattractiveness, he and his dancers come out way ahead. You probably won't like everything he choreographs—he has much to learn—but you will, I promise you, like his handsome dancers who move like dancers in celebration of both the lofty eloquence of kinetics and the lowly, but lovely, physicality of the human body.



The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company in "Messiah"—"a dance of jubilation." *—Ron Protas*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

New Resonances from Stockhausen's "Stimmung"

OVER THE YEARS of his experimentation with electronic means, Karlheinz Stockhausen has repeatedly given evidence of greater poetic motivation and deeper emotional involvement than most of his peers. The peak to date of such artistic input was displayed in America for the first time in Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, when *Stimmung* had its premiere. Performed in the composer's presence by the Collegium Vocale of Cologne, for whom it was written in 1968, the uninterrupted sequence of seventy minutes brought a volume of applause rarely heard for music so young in the bottle. The result gave fresh luster to the "New and Newer Music" series and to Lincoln Center and the Goethe House of New York by which it was jointly sponsored.

"*Stimmung*" is a German word of several meanings, and Stockhausen has managed to interrelate more than a few of them. Basically, it means "mood," and it is even utilized in musical criticism to characterize something higher on the emotional scale than the French "*ambiance.*" But it also relates to "voice" (through "*Stimme,*" the root word), and it is commendable frankness for Stockhausen to state candidly that the word was chosen after the event to describe what he had done, rather than implying that it generated the outcome.

That outcome is, by any artistic canon, absorbing, involving, and, even, transporting. A vocal sextet, evenly split between male and female voices, sits cross-legged on cushions in a darkened hall whose focus of illumination is a shaded floor light within the stage circle they form. Each of the six holds a microphone, and all the sound emanates from speakers. The major ones are at stage rear (slanted to reflect from the ceiling), and, to judge from certain effects, others are positioned at the sides and back. Interrelated to the whole is a tape, which contains a prerecorded sequence of sounds, including the basic tone, B, on which the vocal resonance is built. The sound comes on slowly, gradually, exploratively. One becomes aware that what Stockhausen has written for this fantastically disciplined sextet takes in the linguistic fluency Luciano Berio discovered in the Swingle Singers and utilized in his *Sinfonia,* and a vocal technique wholly of his own devising.

This technique relates very little to the classic tradition of throat resonance and a great deal to the ability of the microphone to aggrandize any vibrations exposed to it. In this sense, it is to sound as the camera is to light —malleable, receptive, transforming. Stockhausen has, in *Stimmung,* utilized his years of experimentation with vibratory matter—to put the whole in its broadest context—to evolve a new kind of tone poem. Words are utilized from time to time to give a syllabic shape to the kind of vocal means employed. These are concentrated in what is traditionally called the masque, or front of the face, in which the tongue, lips, and nose control the force picked up by the microphone. When converted back into sound, the results can be anything from deep vibrations suggesting the strumming of a guitar to twanging likenesses of a jew's harp or animal sounds one might hear in a tropical forest at midnight.

Out of such vibratory means, Stockhausen (born in 1928 in Mödrath, near Cologne) has brought together an experience not unrelated to the music of India in its suspension of time, its aspiration to a condition of nirvana in which one responds to the *effect* of the sound rather than to its *meaning.* But it is so skillfully organized, so craftily constructed that it caters, also, to the European-conditioned listener's need for contrast, variety, and an attention-holding factor.

In the older style of writing, the needed "focus of attention" was provided by themes, melodies, repetitions of nuclear elements. Webern created a tonal revolution by making silence a central factor in pieces so brief that every note was an event. In *Stimmung,* Stockhausen has reversed the concentration on brevity by making a new attention factor of resonance itself, the pure vibratory matter poured out into the darkened auditorium by the six singers and the disciplining tones from the prerecorded tape. In pursuit of his poetic purpose—which can be simply defined as hypnotizing, tranquilizing, or merely mood-inducing—Stockhausen utilizes all the possible permutations of six voices together, five together, four with two silent, etc. And, of course, the vibrational contrasts of loud and soft, high and low, dark and light, etc.

But with all this innovational procedure, Stockhausen has preserved a basis of established substance. The tonal structure is substantially harmonic, meaning that the voices are generally employed in layers of fundamentals and overtones that build chords (the dominant seventh, prevailingly) that make for a focus of listening attention. And, after a few contrasts of mood and tempo had accrued, it became apparent that Stockhausen was working in carefully subdivided segments: ten minutes of this, ten minutes of that, five minutes and five minutes as the time span lengthened, and, finally, a terminal silence, in which audience and performers were interinvolved in spatial afterthoughts. *Stimmung* terminated with a releasing physical movement by the performers and an outburst of applause that Stockhausen (now looking like a slimmer version of Robert Schumann) shared with the extraordinary vocalists: Siegfried Bernhoft; Dagmar von Biel-Apel; Hans-Alderich Billig; Helga Hamm-Albrecht; Gaby Rodens; and Wolfgang Fromme, director.

Also available during the time period covered in this report were excellent performances of two innovational works of decades past: Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* in a concert version by Georg Solti and the visiting Chicago Symphony in Carnegie Hall, and Holst's *The Planets* in Philharmonic Hall with Leonard Bernstein conducting. Each was on a similar high plane of representation, but whereas the Schoenberg diminishes in interest—for me—with greater familiarity, the Holst grows. Solti chose English for his presentation, which was no favor to Hans Hotter, who lent weight and presence to the lengthy part of Moses. Richard Lewis was Aaron, as he was in the Boston Opera presentation of a few years back, and Donald Gramm made his customary effect as the Priest. But it is all so involved with Schoenberg's tonal propaganda as to be less a composition than a tract. The scene of the "Golden Calf," in which he allowed his fancy to flow freely, was the work's musical high point.

Bernstein gave back to Holst's astrologically involved score a large measure of the magic the composer poured into his poetic visions of Mars, Venus, Saturn, Uranus, etc. To me this formidable work (begun in 1913, but not publicly performed until the end of World War I) is a remarkable evolution out of Debussy's *Nocturnes,* even to use of the wordless chorus contained in "Sirènes." Altogether, it gave directional signals to Vaughan Williams, to Delius, even to Elgar, among his English colleagues. The Philharmonic gave Bernstein of its best, as did the Camerata Singers.

The Haydn Symphony (No. 93), which preceded the Holst, showed Bernstein on classical terrain where his footing is firmest.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE B-1 BOMBER

The Very Model of a Modern Major Misconception

With relatively little attention from the press and even less from the public, Congress has approved a fiscal year 1972 Defense Department budget of roughly $75-billion, give or take a few billion. Included in this total is about $21-billion for research, development, and procurement of a variety of military hardware. Buried in all these figures is the comparatively trifling sum of $370-million to start development engineering on the B-1, the Air Force's new manned strategic bomber. Trifling or not, this early funding represents only the tip of an iceberg. The entire B-1 program may end up costing anywhere from $10- to $50-billion, depending on who's doing the estimating.

Being practical men, Congressional opponents of proposed weapon systems generally argue in terms of cost-effectiveness and strategic capability, both grounds on which one can mount an impressive case against the B-1. In Congress, unfortunately, these are the only arguments with which one can realistically hope to gather significant opposition to any expenditures for military hardware.

The most important argument against the B-1, however, and one rarely cited by its opponents on Capitol Hill (because it would alienate the votes of fiscal but patriotic conservatives) is that building nuclear bombers of any kind is an enterprise of insanity. Insane because it represents an outrageously expensive escalation of the arms race, and insane because it brings us no closer to the illusory goal of military supremacy.

Arguments over the B-1's cost, effectiveness, and strategic value are like arguments over "clean" versus "dirty" bombs—logical, relevant, and interesting, but nevertheless mad. Mad or not, these constitute the grounds on which Congress debated the B-1, and therefore are arguments that the general public should at least consider.

Unlike the opposition to the ABM in 1969, or the SST last spring, citizen groups have not rallied to lobby on Capitol Hill against the B-1. Unlike Lockheed's disastrously expensive C-5A cargo plane, the B-1 has not yet achieved a cost overrun large enough to create a public scandal (although it does show considerable promise of doing so). All the letters received by every Congressman this year—for and against the B-1—would easily fit in a single mail sack. Obviously, the public neither knows nor cares much about the B-1.

On the basis of the Congressional debate on the B-1, few Congressmen do either. Representing a group of senators and representatives known as Members of Congress for Peace Through Law, Senator George McGovern (D-N.D.) and Representative John Seiberling (D-O.) prepared a detailed report opposing the B-1 on several grounds that should at least have resulted in some intelligent debate. Much of what debate did occur, however, ran along the lines of the argument by Representative Robert Price (R-Tex.): "Inasmuch as we are still facing the threat of nuclear holocaust, and since we still face an implacable enemy in communism, the B-1 program must continue at full speed."

On June 16, the House devoted less than an hour to its debate on the B-1. An amendment by Representative Otis Pike (D-N.Y.) that would have cut off funds for the bomber was crushed 307 to 97. On September 22, with only half a dozen members on the floor, the Senate quickly rejected a similar amendment by voice vote. Commenting on these votes, Representative Pike later observed, "People are just not yet aware of the B-1. The trouble is, by the time they are, it may be too late to do much about it. They're still afraid of tampering with anything labeled 'national defense.'"

Along with defense strategy, patriotism, and ignorance, there is another

BERKELEY RICE is a free-lance journalist who has specialized in military affairs. His book *The C-5A Scandal* was published recently by Houghton Mifflin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does a nation already capable of nuclear overkill need yet another multibillion-dollar tool of destruction?

by BERKELEY RICE

reason why the B-1's flight through Congress drew so little flak. The politically powerful aerospace industry has been taking a beating in recent years, with the defeat of the SST, the financial troubles of Lockheed, and the general slump of the airlines. The B-1's prime contractor, North American Rockwell, had dropped from a peak work force of 97,000 men down to 50,000 at the time it received the prototype contract in June 1970. Over the next few years, it expects to hire about 15,000 additional employees, many of them aerospace engineers who have been out of work for months. If the B-1 program were terminated, many of these men would find themselves floundering again on the already depressed job market. Since North American, like Lockheed, is based in President Nixon's own Southern California, cancellation of the B-1 program could damage his chances in next year's election.

Despite the B-1's economic and political importance to Southern California, its economic and strategic impact on the rest of the country deserves far more critical examination than it has yet received in Congress or the press. Knowledgeable critics have questioned the wisdom of the B-1 program on several grounds:

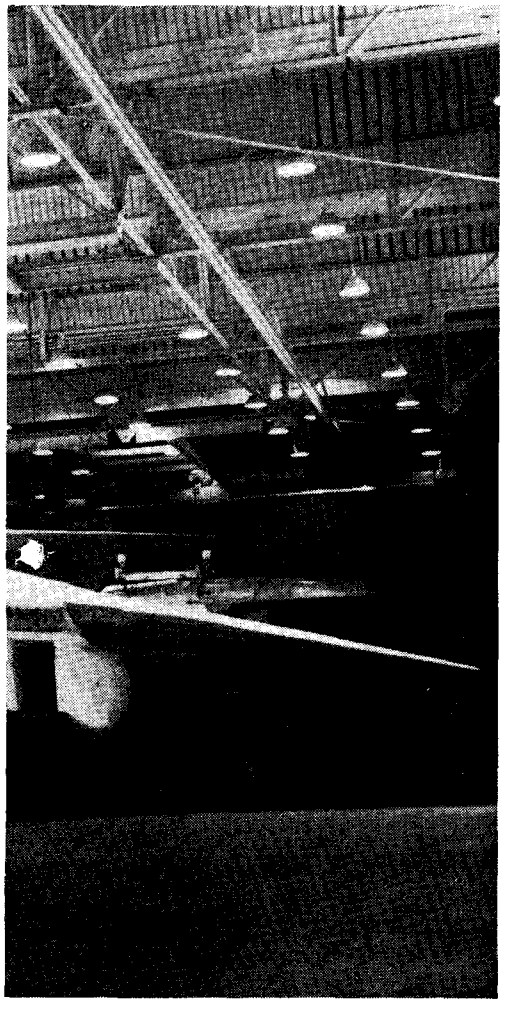
- The B-1 promises to become the most expensive weapon system in military history, as well as one of the most worthless.
- The Air Force may not need the B-1 at all. Critics claim it offers only marginal advantages over the existing fleet of strategic bombers.
- By the time the B-1 becomes operational, around 1980, it may well be obsolete.
- By going ahead with a new strategic nuclear bomber, the United States will be giving costly and dangerous impetus to the arms race with the Soviet Union at the very time the two countries are supposedly trying to agree on a limitation of nuclear weapons.

For those unaccustomed to the ethereal realms of military finance, discussion of the cost of the B-1 program can be difficult. How does one talk meaningfully about billions of dollars to the average citizen, whose largest personal financial concern is the mortgage on his house? Even on Capitol Hill, where millions tend to get tossed around with careless imprecision (at Congressional committee hearings one hears such phrases as "in the neighborhood of $100-million"), the B-1 program represents a considerable amount of money. For those who care about our national priorities, the $370-million just voted by Congress for engineering development alone on the B-1 is far more than the federal government will spend this year for all urban transit programs. The $500-million in B-1 funding planned for next year's Pentagon budget will exceed the entire budget of the State Department. Even if one accepts the Pentagon's current estimate for the B-1 program—and almost no one in the aerospace industry does—each of the 240 bombers will cost four times as much as the annual budget of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. For those who believe money talks, such a comparison says a great deal about this country's commitment to limiting the arms race.

To those Congressmen who worried about the excessive cost of the B-1 program, the Pentagon and its supporters on Capitol Hill argued that the current contract covers only the construction and testing of a few prototypes, at a cost of a mere $2.6-billion. The Pentagon insists it will carefully examine the results of this test program, in 1974, before deciding to go into production in 1975. The trouble with this argument is that the investment of $2.6-billion in public funds (compared to "only" a few hundred million dollars spent on the SST before its termination) will constitute a persuasive reason to go ahead with production. If the program is canceled at that point, there will be nothing to show for all that money.

Staggering as they are, the Defense Department figures on the B-1 program strike those familiar with military procurement as exceedingly optimistic and even intentionally misleading. Although the plane is still only in the research and development stage, the Defense Department's cost estimates on the total program have already risen from $8.8-billion in 1969 to more than $11-billion today. (This initial cost "growth" has occurred despite several supposedly cost-cutting moves by the Pentagon, such as scrapping the plane's

Mockup of the B-1 unveiled early last month at North American Rockwell plant in Los Angeles—"Critics consider $80-million a conservative estimate for the eventual cost of each bomber."



NON-VITAL STATISTICS

THE B-1, also known as Advanced Manned Strategic Aircraft (AMSA), is a four-engine, swing-wing, nuclear-armed bomber with the following specifications (proposed or estimated):

Wing span:
Forward: 137 ft.
Swept: 78 ft.

Length: 143 ft.

Speed capability: 1,300 to 1,400 mph

Gross weight: 350,000 to 450,000 lbs.

Bomb load: 50,000 to 120,000 lbs.

Maximum range: 6,000 miles unrefueled or 3,000 miles round-trip

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Spending huge sums of money on weapons in order to force the enemy to do likewise obviously seems like a sensible policy to many Congressmen and Pentagon officials."

high-altitude supersonic speed capability and reducing the number of prototypes to be built for testing.) While Pentagon officials are quick to blame most of this cost increase on inflation, their current estimates fail to allow for any equally predictable inflation during the procurement stage of the program, which will run from about 1975 into the 1980s.

In addition to inflation, the Pentagon's cost estimates on the B-1 ignore a number of other items that must be considered part of the total program. Along with its normal nuclear bomb load, each B-1 will be armed with from ten to twenty nuclear-tipped Short Range Attack Missiles (SRAMs). Because of numerous difficulties, modifications, and schedule delays on the SRAM program, Pentagon cost estimates for each missile have grown from $338,000 in 1965 to a current figure of nearly $900,000. Even this amount does not include the cost of the SRAMs' nuclear warheads (because they are produced by the Atomic Energy Commission), which will boost the unit cost for each missile over $1-million. Depending on the number of SRAMs carried, they will thus add $10- to $20-million to the actual operating cost of each B-1.

Along with its nuclear missiles, the B-1 will also carry a number of "subsonic cruise armed decoys" (SCADs) and all sorts of other electronic exotica designed to help the plane confuse and penetrate enemy defenses. The B-1's avionics, which includes all the gadgetry for the navigation, communication, and weapons delivery systems, and which will account for much of the plane's cost, have not even been designed yet. Depending on the nature of the avionics package, it could easily cause a substantial increase in the cost of each plane. Then there are the costs for operation, maintenance, ground support, and spare parts, which never seem to be included when the Pentagon quotes a price for a proposed new plane. Included or not, the public will have to pay them.

When all the bombs, SRAMs, SCADs, avionics, and "extras" are added up, the Pentagon's current $40-million per plane estimate for the B-1 looks ridiculous. A study by the administration's own Office of Management and Budget indicates the cost of each B-1 may easily reach $80-million. The OMB's estimate caused such concern during the administration's deliberations on this year's Defense budget that the White House told the Pentagon to prepare an analysis of alternatives to the B-1 program. In response, the Air Force merely summarized its previous arguments for the B-1. When OMB Director George Shultz criticized the Pentagon's failure to provide a meaningful analysis of the alternatives, Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard reportedly threatened to quit if the White House did not go along with the B-1 program.

Critics of the B-1 consider the figure of $80-million a conservative estimate for the eventual cost of each bomber. As evidence, they bring up the tanker issue. A fleet of B-1s may need a new fleet of tankers because their unrefueled range of about 6,000 miles will be only half that of the late-model B-52 bombers they are scheduled to replace. Without adequate assurance of mid-air refueling, the B-1's strategic usefulness would be sharply limited. Defense Department spokesmen insist the B-1s can be refueled by the present fleet of KC-135 tankers now used to refuel the B-52s. However, Gen. Bruce Holloway, commander of the Strategic Air Command, which will fly the B-1s, recently said: "We need a new tanker no matter what kind of bombers we have." (General Holloway would also like the Air Force to buy 450 B-1s, instead of only the planned 240.)

Despite its claims to the contrary, the Pentagon has already funded a $500,000 feasibility study on a new tanker to replace the KC-135. The most likely replacement would be Lockheed's C-5A, which the Air Force maintains would cost a mere $27-million each in a tanker version. (How the Air Force would manage to buy C-5As at that price is an interesting matter, since it is now paying more than double that figure for the cargo version of the same plane.) Even at that optimistic price, a fleet of 250 C-5A tankers—the usual number mentioned—would cost nearly $7-billion. Added to the cost of the rest of the B-1 program, this would run the procurement and operating cost of each B-1 to well over $100-million, which would be some sort of world record.

Counting the tankers, the bombs, the missiles, the extras, and inflation, responsible critics of the B-1 estimate the total program cost between $30- and $50-billion. In view of such estimates, Congressional and scientific critics wonder whether the plane is worth such a princely sum. They feel it offers only marginal strategic advantages over the current SAC fleet of B-52s and FB-111s.

The Pentagon likes to portray the B-52 as a "gallant old lady" of the air that has served its time and is now aging rapidly into technical obsolescence. They point to the fact that the latest-model B-52Gs and Hs are nearly ten years old. However, previous claims about the B-52's imminent obsolescence have continually proved premature. In 1960, for example, the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee concluded that the B-52 would "enter its period of obsolescence in the mid-1960s." By the mid-1960s, however, Air Force Secretary Harold Brown was telling Congress the late-model B-52Gs and Hs "could be maintained in a satisfactory operational status at least through fiscal year 1975." The following year a Defense Department official testified before the House Armed Services Committee: "There appears to be no reason why the B-52Gs and Hs cannot be maintained through 1980, if that should prove necessary." In 1969, in a letter to Senator McGovern, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird increased the B-52's life span to "the early 1980s with appropriate modifications."

Somehow the old lady seems to have remarkable recuperative powers. Early models of the B-52 are currently being employed to create impressive if imprecise craters in the Vietnamese countryside. As for the 255 late-model B-52Gs and Hs, the life span of their strategic effectiveness could easily be extended through the 1980s, according to Professor Marvin Goldberger, chairman of the physics department at Princeton. Dr. Goldberger's views on strategic bombers warrant some attention: He was chairman of the Defense Department's Strategic Weapons Committee in the early 1960s and chairman of the Strategic Weapons Committee of the President's Scientific Advisory Committee in the late 1960s. He is currently chairman of the Federation of American Scientists and of its strategic weapons committee. In recent testimony on the B-1 before the Senate subcommittees on arms control and defense appropriations, Dr. Goldberger

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brandy for the girls.

The scene you see is strange but true.

Brandy. And women. Both at the same table. The brandy actually being consumed. The women, actually consuming it. This they can do and enjoy because they're not drinking brandy-and-cigars brandy. But Fundador, Spanish Brandy.

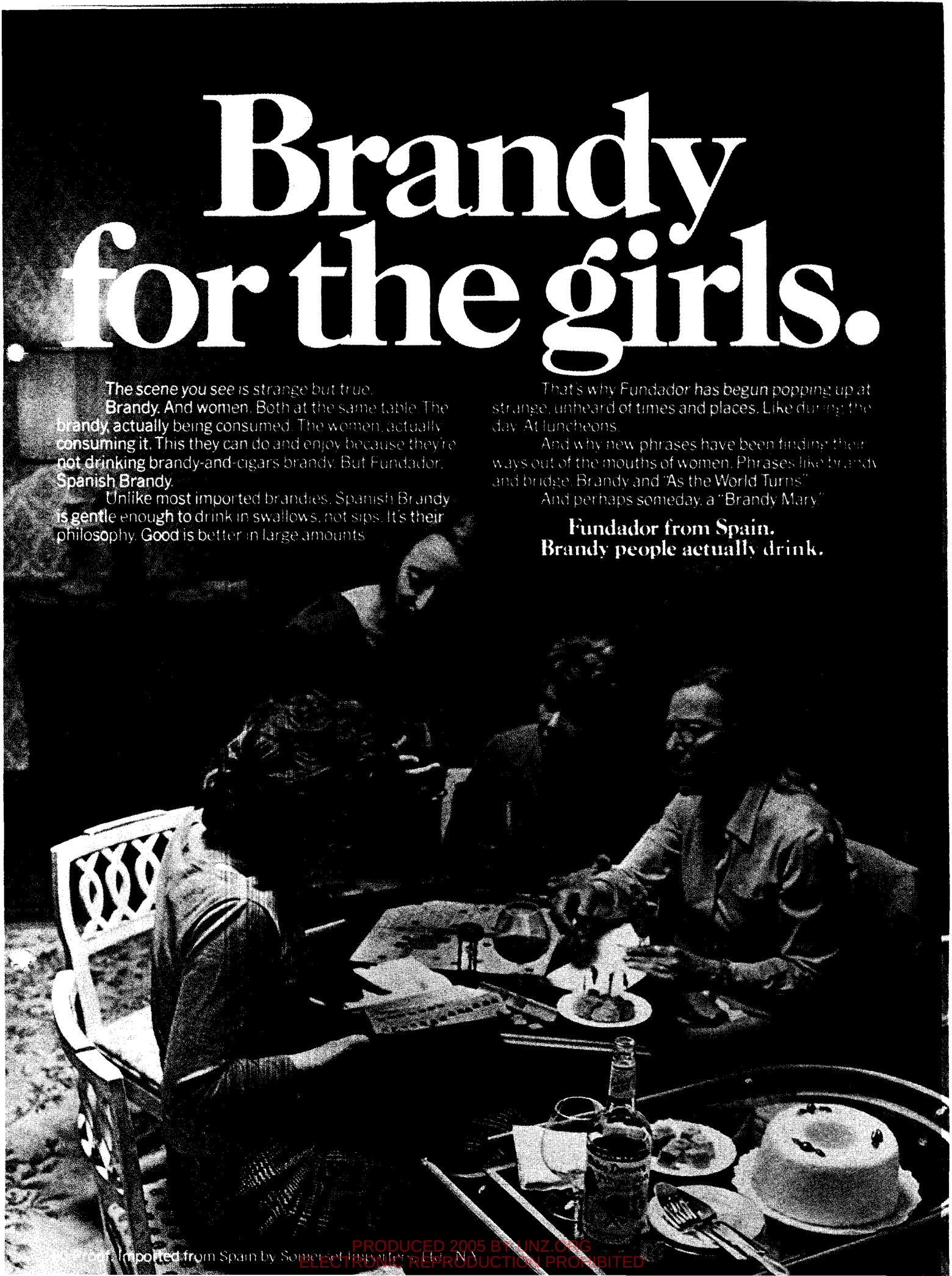
Unlike most imported brandies, Spanish Brandy is gentle enough to drink in swallows, not sips. It's their philosophy. Good is better in large amounts.

That's why Fundador has begun popping up at strange, unheard of times and places. Like during the day. At luncheons.

And why new phrases have been finding their ways out of the mouths of women. Phrases like brandy and bridge. Brandy and "As the World Turns."

And perhaps someday, a "Brandy Mary."

Fundador from Spain.
Brandy people actually drink.



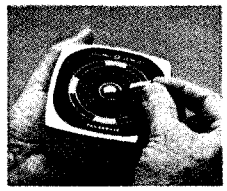
80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because what you hear, you hear all around you. Through four separate speakers. Each playing a separate part. Like one might play guitar. The other, bass. Another, horns. And the fourth, drums. It's a whole new way to transmit music. Four amplifiers. Instead of two.

Right now, the only way to get into quadrasonic is with 8-track tape. That's where our new quadrasonic tape deck, the RS-845US comes in. Add it to the "Whitney," Model RE-7750 (FM/AM/FM stereo receiver) and you're into quadrasonic with the wealth of quadrasonic tapes now available.

One more thing about our RE-7750. Even if you just listen to the FM stereo radio, you'll be experiencing a totally new sound because of our unique Quadruplex™ circuitry which transforms regular stereo into the quadrasonic experience. Not true quadrasonic. But almost. What we at Panasonic call Quadruplex. And you'll get the same experience from your old stereo tapes and from your old stereo records. So you see this system doesn't put an end to the tapes and records you presently own. It gives them a new beginning.



And no matter what you listen to, quadrasonic or Quadruplex, there's something that will make life with our 4 speakers even more enjoyable. An optional remote sound balancer, the RD-9775. It lets you raise or lower what you hear from each speaker. Without moving from your chair.

Quadrasonic. At your nearest Panasonic dealer. It puts you where you have every right to be. Right in the middle of things.

Quadrasonic. Now you can hear music the way your ears hear everything else. All around you.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time

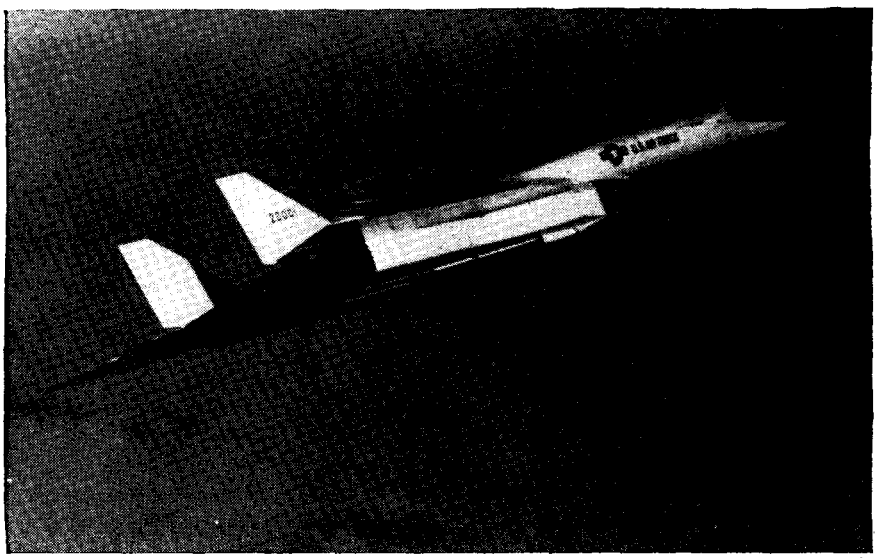
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

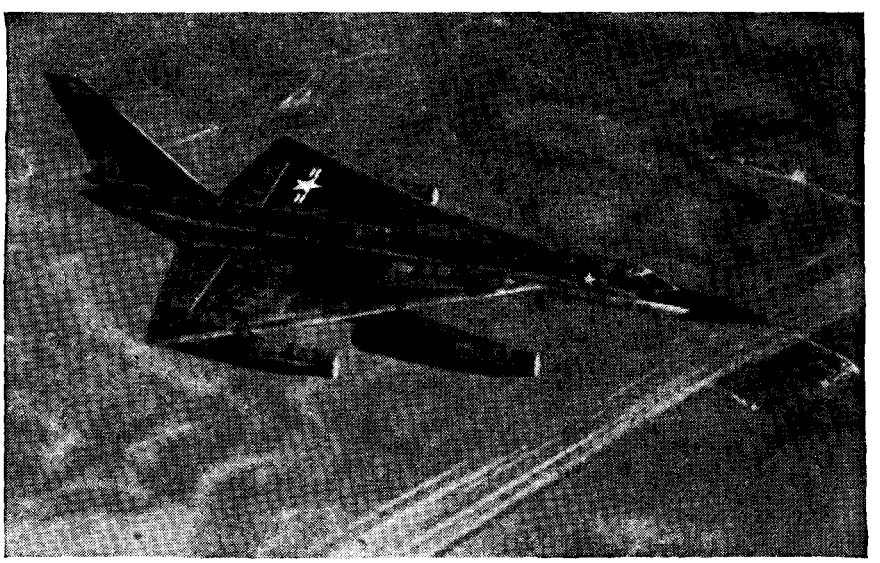
"When Air Force generals describe the B-1's capabilities, one is reminded of the saying: People don't really grow up, they just play with bigger toys."

claimed that for a cost of only $1-billion the entire fleet of B-52Gs and Hs could be refitted with the latest high-thrust turbo-fan jet engines. These engines would shorten the necessary takeoff distance, increase cruising range by 25 per cent, and thereby reduce refueling needs. According to Dr. Goldberger, the modified B-52s, equipped with such engines and armed with the same bomb and missile mix as the B-1, would be nearly as effective as the B-1. In view of the enormous cost of the B-1 program compared to that (about $1.5-billion) of modifying the already existing fleet of B-52s, it is hard to justify the B-1's remaining strategic advantages in terms of cost-effectiveness.

Whether or not a replacement is needed for the B-52, critics of the B-1 claim it will be ineffective and obsolete by the time it becomes fully operational in 1980. First of all, the B-1 was supposed to become operational in 1976, according to the Pentagon's 1969 planning estimates. Since then, "schedule slippages" have forced the target date for initial operation up to 1979. Inasmuch as the B-1's complex avionics have yet to be designed, there may very well be further schedule slippages.

Mothball material the B-70 (top) and the B-58—"By the time they got off the drawing boards, anti-aircraft technology had made them too vulnerable to fly over enemy territory."





During the past few years, the B-1's planned capabilities have been seriously reduced because of technical and cost problems. Originally, the plane was to have flown at supersonic speeds at both high and low altitudes; however, as the Russians improved their surface-to-air missiles (SAMs), it became clear that even at supersonic speeds a high-flying B-1 would still be a sitting duck for the latest Russian SAM-2 or SAM-3. So, the Air Force has dropped the B-1's high-altitude supersonic capability but has retained it at low altitudes, which would supposedly enable the plane to sweep in fast and low near ground level, thereby evading enemy radar. Students of modern anti-aircraft defense systems, however, are convinced that by the time the B-1 becomes operational around 1980, the Russians will certainly have perfected a "look-down" radar-missile system capable of spotting and destroying low-level bombers.

Because of the likelihood that the Russians will develop a sufficiently sophisticated defense to counter the threat of any U.S. strategic bomber, the Federation of American Scientists, as well as the Members of Congress for Peace Through Law, thinks the B-1 should be scrapped, or at least delayed, before we spend any further money on it. In its place, the FAS suggests an airborne "stand-off missile platform." Such an aircraft would not attempt to penetrate enemy radar defenses, but would loiter outside them, ready to launch a variety of short- or long-range nuclear missiles.

As an alternative to the B-1, a stand-off missile-launching aircraft offers several distinct advantages:

- Already existing and much cheaper aircraft could be used—either the B-52, or converted versions of Lockheed's C-5A or Boeing's 747.
- A supersonic speed capability would not be required, nor would the complex avionics and electronic "penetration aids" that will be responsible for much of the cost of the B-1.
- Without the need to penetrate deep into enemy territory, such an aircraft could loiter in the air for much longer periods without refueling, thereby reducing the need for a new fleet of tankers.

(Continued on page 59)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Nicolas H. Charney

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Copy Editors
Peter Nichols
Eugene Lambinus
Caroline Stevens

Production Manager
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Harrison Brown
Frank G. Jennings • Peter Schrag

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss

President
John J. Veronis

Chairman
Nicolas H. Charney

Report to the Readers

First words leave an everlasting imprint. I remember going to the first meeting of a philosophy of science class at MIT that was being taught by the young and—I soon discovered—brilliant professor Abner Shimoy. On that first day, Shimoy gave us this preface for the course. "I'm going to do my best to introduce you as objectively and dispassionately as I can to the foundations of science," he said, "but I am human. I'll do my best to filter out my own prejudices, but they will penetrate nevertheless—often without my awareness. Therefore, before we get into the course itself, let me lay all my biases on the table. Knowing them, you can protect the integrity of your own ideas."

Six years later, sitting down to write my first editorial for the then-fledgling magazine *Psychology Today*, I remembered Shimoy's personal prologue, and I wanted to borrow it. I thought it would only be fair to protect the readers of the magazine I was editing by describing my own biases and beliefs as a professional psychologist.

Now, as the new editor of *Saturday Review*—a magazine that covers the whole spectrum of ideas and opinions influencing contemporary life—I think it is even more important to be honest out front. I want readers to know the principles and prejudices that guide my thinking about magazines—about what should go in them and who should put it there. As editor, I realize it will be my biases and ideals that will most strongly shape the spirit of *Saturday Review* in the future—whether I intend them or not.

My first prejudice is for optimism—a basic faith in man's ability to improve the quality of his life. This is perhaps the conviction I share most strongly with Norman Cousins. Like him, I believe that man—applying his mind, energy, and spirit—can write a better history for tomorrow. I cannot help but believe that mankind, too, shares this fundamental optimism. It is what—despite the turmoil and frequent sad moments of this century—continues to drive men so hard. It certainly is what drives me so hard.

How will this optimism show through in *Saturday Review*? It instinctively biases the magazine toward solutions. A magazine cannot limit itself to a listing and description of contemporary living's miscellany of problems. Newspapers generally do an adequate job of that. A magazine must search out understandings and new perspectives on issues that open the way to corrective actions. And a magazine should provide the information, commentary, and explanation that contribute to making that action informed, reasonable, and just.

Part of understanding and being informed on an issue is knowing what other reasoning people of diverse perspectives have to say. The ability to tolerate and learn from opposing views is what has distinguished free societies in the world and in history. So I am committed over time to air in *Saturday Review* a genuine balance of thought and information on the vital issues of our time. No article will ever be excluded simply because I disagree with its political or moral stand. In exercising that kind of censorship, I would be defeating a far greater purpose—the commitment to active thought and the searching out of answers.

This openness is a heady goal, and obviously *no* magazine is able to present every shade of opinion. Like every editor, in the end, I will be exercising some judgments on what appears in this magazine's pages. And while I already have said that I am optimistically committed to change, it is probably equally important for me to share with you in a more specific way my idea of how change should occur, for it has a great deal to do with the role I believe *Saturday Review* can play in the social change of the next decades.

My particular view of growth and change could possibly be summarized in a few lines educator Peter Marin once wrote to describe, metaphorically, the need young people have for both freedom and security as they grow. "Birds soar freely," he wrote, "but they also need nests to return to."

If individuals grow through an ongoing tension between security and freedom, any growing society progresses through a constant flux between stability and change. Institutionalized evils do exist, of course. And there are changes within our institutions that must be made. But stability, too, has its value as the counterpoint to change. And the "Establishment," which it has become so fashionable to attack, may on closer inspection not be "them" but "us"—our other half that needs to solidify, preserve, organize, even institutionalize to create a base for our own progress as a people.

The Establishment, for all its faults, is in many ways our own center of gravity as a society. And I believe very strongly that we cannot wantonly abandon that which binds us together. What we can do, though, is shift our cohesive center steadily closer to new evolving beliefs and needs. And what *Saturday Review* can do in this process is to strive in its own way to be catalyst for that movement.

This we can do by providing a clearer understanding of the interrelationships that exist among the subworlds that comprise our culture—from the arts to science, to education, to society itself. Trying to understand and uncover how our society really works is the first step. Alienation generally results when an individual does not know why things are happening or how they work. A large and growing society can suffer from the same psychosis, and a continual self-examination can be an effective preventative. *Saturday Review* will constantly and closely examine the culture that surrounds it and that has, in fact, produced it.

All this emphasis on reasoned judg-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment and perspective, however, does not mean that the magazine will stop publishing articles that reflect strong emotional commitments. The best writing always grows out of strong feelings, and another of my personal biases is toward good writing. What it does mean is that *Saturday Review* will present a balance—equalizing strong opinions with opposing views.

This publication traditionally has been a defender of the environment, for example, and its writers warned of the dangers we faced long before the country became ecology-conscious. But there are counter-perspectives as well. While *Saturday Review* will continue to give voice to the protectors of our environment, future issues also will contain articles by writers who warn that ecological trade-offs are necessary in this post-technological age. As Nobel laureate Dr. Norman Borlaug has pointed out, banning DDT may condemn the Third World to decades of hunger. Our society continues to mature. The answers to our problems become less concrete. There are many voices to be heard.

What then are my criteria for selecting what should appear in *Saturday Review*? The overriding question I will ask when considering any piece will be: Is it honest? If it is a factual piece, is the information accurate and verified? If it is a piece of opinion, is the thinking well-reasoned? If those criteria are met satisfactorily, I will then examine articles to see if they succeed in what they set out to do—to see if they communicate. And finally I will ask: Does this article make a difference? Has it added knowledge, bared a new perspective, offered a new insight?

Beyond these overall criteria, I have a keen interest in people. I want to know what they have to say about the events that affect them or about the work they are close to.

Finally, I would like to state and answer a question that may be in the minds of many readers. The question: What is the right role between editor and publisher, and where do I stand since I have just switched hats? The answer: The roles of editor and publisher, I believe very firmly, are indivisible. There cannot be editorial integrity if there is not business integrity. Because my associate John Veronis, the president of Saturday Review Industries, and I are involved in the ownership of this magazine, we naturally want it to continue to grow and to be an increasingly significant voice in social and cultural affairs. But for precisely those reasons, I have to insist—as editor—on absolute editorial independence and honesty. For me to ask anything less of myself would be an exercise in self-defeat.

—NICOLAS H. CHARNEY.

Letters to the Editor

Others Like Ellsberg

IN HIS ARTICLE "The Ellsberg Affair" [*SR*, Nov. 13], Peter Schrag states that he is surprised that Daniel Ellsberg is apologetic when asked "What took you so long?" and goes on to give the impression that no one who was fourteen years old at the time of Hiroshima had ever taken a radical stand against the war prior to Ellsberg.

Not only have many people of Ellsberg's and Schrag's generation and older taken radical stands against the war and the institutions that produced it, several have succeeded in publicly stating and widely disseminating their conclusions and data. I would guess that Schrag and Ellsberg have known, for example, the views of I. F. Stone for a number of years. Yet Schrag in a single, parenthesized sentence dismisses the "kids and old militants" who say that there is nothing new in the Pentagon Papers.

To paraphrase Schrag: Were the I. F. Stones people that Americans were prepared to confront, or were they people who generated an overwhelming desire to forget and deny?

It strikes me as ironic that Ellsberg was honored by a group of mobilized business executives who apparently reached the same conclusion as he without the necessity of being exposed to the facts on a firsthand, daily basis for ten years.

LAURENCE PRESS,
Los Angeles, Calif.

PLEASE ACCEPT my congratulations on Peter Schrag's article on the Pentagon Papers. Of all those I have read on this subject, his was the most successful in explaining the continuing importance of the papers, their dramatic, enlightening effect on the American public, and the reasons why my brother could no longer acquiesce in their concealment.

HARRY D. ELLSBERG,
Hastings-on-Hudson,
N. Y.

Medical Research's Ills

RE: "Medical Research Is Hurting" by Michael E. DeBakey and Lois DeBakey [*SR*, Oct. 16]. The current plight of biomedical research does need a full airing in order to develop public support not only for a new and coherent policy regarding the funding of medical research but also for medical education and patient care. However, I would suggest that the prevailing apathy regarding the plight of medical research is due not so much to the overselling of the payoff of "here-and-now patient care" during the last six years, as the DeBakeys suggest, but rather to the overselling of the payoff of medical research during the period of exponential growth of the National Institutes of Health following World War II.

Indeed, the authors are guilty of repeating some of the same clichés that echoed in the halls of Congress during the "as-long-as-you're-up-get-me-a-grant" era. These twenty years between 1945 and 1965 witnessed a laissez-faire growth of biomedical science not unlike the era of economic exuberance that followed the Civil War. Just as the "robber barons" once assured us that their profits would "filter down" most quickly to labor if they were left unfettered to pursue their own devices, so the Directors of the NIH went before Congress year after year and expanded their budgets with the assurance that research "geese" would best "lay their golden eggs" if force-fed but otherwise left undisturbed. Unfortunately, under such circumstances, many did little more than develop "fatty livers," the "*pâté*" of which proved "too rich" for most major problems of medical care.

The principal public health concern is upon the development of a system of national health insurance that will ensure to all citizens their right of access to an integrated system of comprehensive health care of high quality. The cost of such a program will far exceed $50-billion annually, at least 5 per cent of which ($2.5-billion) should be "plowed back" into medical research and education. We should emphasize to the public that even at the time of the policy change in 1965, too much federal money was already being pumped into an archaic system of medical care, and that what is now needed is a thorough overhaul of the system itself. Such an emphasis would focus first on the public's prime concern for high-quality medical care, while at the same time re-emphasizing the fact that any wise business spends 5 per cent of its gross expenditures for education, research, and development.

I fully agree with the DeBakeys that we cannot afford to neglect the support of medical research. However, I believe that our case can best be made by emphasizing the intimate interrelationship among patient care, teaching, and research.

JOSEPH STOKES III, M.D.,
Chairman, School of Medicine,
University of California, San Diego,
LaJolla, Calif.

What's in a Name

AS A SOMETIME teacher of Italian, I was instantly drawn to Horace Sutton's splendid article on southern Italy "Down at the Heel" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Sept. 25]. In the second paragraph, however, Mr. Sutton committed a minor inexactitude: " . . . the Naples airport manages *in a thrice* . . . " (italics mine).

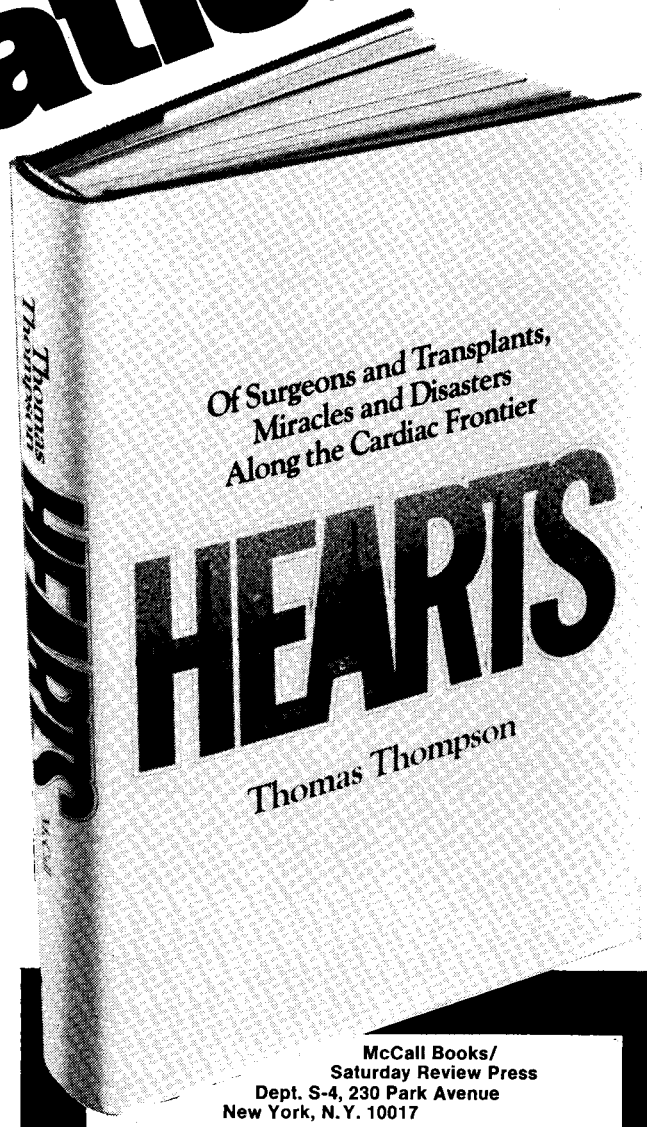
All my life I have been made aware of the fact that one may do something "in a trice," or perhaps even "thrice," but the twain should never meet. Take it from one who knows.

FRANK L. TRICE,
Chairman,
Dept. of Foreign Languages,
Alfred University,
Alfred, N. Y.

Mr. Sutton replies: Tanks for the correction.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No work of fiction could be more dramatic..."*


Thomas Thompson
Of Surgeons and Transplants, Miracles and Disasters Along the Cardiac Frontier
HEARTS
Thomas Thompson

*"Any number of novels now are being written about the war between Michael DeBakey and Denton Cooley . . . The authors should stop wasting their time. Thomas Thompson has done everything that needs to be done in this glittering account of the months he spent in Houston." —EDWARD EDELSON, *Book World*

"The medical blockbuster of the season . . . The double drama—the surgery in the operating room and the bitterness between its two brilliant exponents (DeBakey and Cooley)—is handled with . . . expertise and suspense."
—JOHN BARKHAM, *N.Y. Post*

"A marvelous book, but a very frightening one, too . . . **perhaps the best book of non-fiction this year."** —BOB TRIMBLE, *Fort Worth Press*

"A **compelling** account of a rarefied sphere in the world of medicine."
—KEITH R. JOHNSON, *Time*

"Compelling drama and the sense of two outsized egos at work."
—SANDFORD BROWN, *Business Week*

"A **fascinating** book about a wonderful/horrible period in the history of surgery . . . a book we needed badly." —DR. WILLIAM A. NOLEN, author of *The Making of a Surgeon*

"A superb study in power."
—MICHAEL HUDGENS, *Houston Post*

$7.95, now at your bookstore, or use coupon to order

McCall Books/
Saturday Review Press
Dept. S-4, 230 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me.....copy(ies) of HEARTS @ $7.95, for which I enclose a check or money order totaling $..... If not satisfied, I may return the book(s) within 10 days for a complete refund.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Zip.....
(Please include sales tax where applicable)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Miller: Rebel-Clown at Eighty

by BENJAMIN DeMOTT

MY LIFE AND TIMES

by Henry Miller

Gemini Smith-Playboy Press, 211 pp., $15.50

HENRY MILLER: Three Decades of Criticism

edited by Edward B. Mitchell

New York University Press, 216 pp., $7.95; paperback, $2.45

Department of Co-optation: the *Playboy* people have discovered Henry Miller, eighty-year-old author of *Tropic of Cancer* (1934) and *Tropic of Capricorn* (1939), and are rushing him to Christmas bookstores as some kind of key-club hero-saint. The package offered—an oversized, coated-paper collection of photos, documents, and taped remarks by Miller on "Now," "Writing," "Childhood," and other subjects—is billed as "intellectual history." And the pictures are groovy indeed. Here the author works out at table games, Ping Pong-balling a Playmate (her bare fanny's to the camera, natch). Here he studies at his desk (in the shadows sits a topless lovely, reverent, silent, proud). Turn the next page and it's "Hi there!" to three Japanese girls, among them Miller's fifth wife. Turn the next and you meet still another stranger—a dishy Israeli actress in bathing togs (more fun than a barrel of monkeys, Miller nuzzles her breasts). Turn the next and here's your host glossing graffiti found in the master bath ("This is the montage directly above the toilet bowl in my private bathroom. Because of the different positions assumed by men and women in relieving the bladder, men have a greater opportunity to observe this montage").

There are snaps of Paree, in addition (the writer looks a shade hangdog standing outside his old Left Bank digs), and one or two seascapes as well (with a former mate, Miller gazes down at the Pacific from on high, mist rising at his heels). And finally there's an album of paintings—the writer's style, as represented in a dozen or so canvases, is a Grosz-Klee-de Kooning pastiche—that's downright voluptuously reproduced.

Voluptuousness is one thing, though, and—saving Hugh Hefner's grace—"intellectual history" is another. In the present restatement, Henry Miller's *Weltanschauung* has links with *Playboy's* easy-riding, no-sweat creed:

> I'm always happy if a woman walks in, and of course they do. I'm going to tell you about all that available cunt. It isn't the all important thing for me to get a lay. I'm much more interested in being able to have a good time with a woman and if it's a matter of going to bed, fine, but if it isn't it's also all right. . . . I appreciate women around like you would appreciate flowers. They add . . . to the atmosphere; they make life more interesting.
>
> In music you sound a note. That leads to the next note. One thing determines the next. When you come down to it, philosophically, the idea is that you live from moment to moment. In doing so each moment determines the next. You should not be five steps ahead, only the very next one, and if you can keep to that you're always all right. People think too far ahead, with detours and all that. Think only about what comes next. Do only what is right under your nose. It's such a simple thing but few people seem able to do it.

Several documentary bits in these pages are actually piquant—manuscript versions of certain of the hornier

BENJAMIN DeMOTT is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which is *Surviving the Seventies*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

29 **"My Life and Times,"** by Henry Miller; **"Henry Miller: Three Decades of Criticism,"** edited by Edward B. Mitchell

37 **"The Room,"** by Hubert Selby, Jr.

38 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

39 **"Project Paperclip: German Scientists and the Cold War,"** by Clarence G. Lasby

45 **Books for Young People,** by Zena Sutherland

47 **"Inside: Prison American Style,"** edited by Robert J. Minton, Jr.; **"Going to Jail: The Political Prisoner,"** by Howard Levy, M.D., and David Miller

57 **"F. Scott Fitzgerald in His Own Time: A Miscellany,"** edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli and Jackson R. Bryer; **"Dear Scott/Dear Max: The Fitzgerald-Perkins Correspondence,"** edited by John Kuehl and Jackson R. Bryer

58 **"The Wyeths: The Letters of N. C. Wyeth, 1901-1945,"** edited by Betsy James Wyeth

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passages in *Tropic of Cancer*, diary lists of exotic places visited and remembered ("Grand Canyon—Still the Best!"), a "chart" for a catastrophically complicated, luckily abandoned book about D. H. Lawrence. And Miller discloses an openness to lunacy that often lifts him beyond routine endorsements of phrenology and astrology toward numerological ecstasy itself:

Number 6

Note recurrence of this number throughout life.
Mother's birthday—June *13th—(6th* month)
My date Dec. *26*th, 1891. Born on *86*th Street, N.Y. (*85th=?*)
Next address 662 Driggs Ave. Brooklyn.
Born when father was *26* years old. His birthday is Oct. 23rd (twice *3=6*), etc. etc.

But, on the whole, in this outing braininess doesn't show. The author levels with the reader: "I want to say fuck it all, fuck you all, get out of my life. That's how I feel. I would like, I've repeated it again and again, as far as possible to do nothing, and I mean absolutely nothing." And he's attractively loyal to friends—particularly to a pal, Joe Gray, who is "absolutely natural," "doesn't give a shit about anybody," and has an eye for what truly counts:

One night he invited a girl over whom he had met at the studio. I think she was a Nisei. He told me she was cute. I never can depend on his judgment though. He looks first at a woman's legs—he loves legs. Then he looks at the breasts. They must have big breasts. I suspect he looks at the face last.

But neither the candor nor the loyalty stands off the fast-multiplying doubts. "One of the most significant contributions to the literature of our time": Sir Herbert Read. ". . . the greatest living author": Karl Shapiro. When they made these judgments, were these critical minds out to lunch? Is not the order of reflectiveness visible in *My Life and Times* commonplace at the very best? Granted, the uses of Henry Miller to the Bunnymen are plain: are any other uses imaginable? How could this man count, except as a born pioneer, in the shaping of contemporary minds?

As might be guessed, criticism has wrestled hard with these and related problems, and in the act of doing so has developed several lines of appreciation (and denigration) that are both pointed and sane. (The best view of the critical performance on Henry Miller is Edward Mitchell's *Henry Miller: Three Decades of Criticism*, which includes essays by George Orwell, Phillip Rahv, Aldous Huxley, and others.) One line values the author for avoiding snares

Henry Miller with friend Puko—famed as a womanizer yet a kind of bad-boy laureate for the energies of democratization.

Photos by Bradley Smith

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of *engagement*—that self-righteous political concern that puffs a writer up with "answers" to unanswerable problems, and cons him out of his autonomy. (Orwell is the spokesman here, in the famous piece called "Inside the Whale.") Another line is that, while Miller can't be cried up for this or that individual superwork or "masterpiece," he did invent a literary life style commanding enough to rank as a spiritual example. "Gandhi with a penis," Karl Shapiro called the man, perceiving the influence of Miller's way of living partly in the emergence of Beats, Hippies, and Yippies, partly in the ever-widening acceptance, throughout contemporary culture, of the thesis that, since "everything we are taught is false," Everyman must change his life. Still another line—articulated by Frederick Hoffman in the Edward Mitchell collection—prizes the author of *Sexus* as a passionate anti-Freudian who combines alertness to ranges of unconscious experience hitherto hidden from people's eyes by prudery and decorum, with proper hostility to the notion that the highest goal for humankind is "adjustment."

More often than not, as these examples suggest, critical debate about Miller moves toward "cultural" considerations—issues having less to do with strictly literary standards than with social reality and general life. Now and then a commentator attempts to place the author in a specific literary tradition, or to compare his work with that of earlier voices held to resemble him. (Kingsley Widmer, who thinks Miller is important, sees him as a purposefully "buffoonish version of a great tradition"—a character who "rebels by refusing heroic poses as well as victimization." Frank Kermode, who calls Miller minor, sees him as a standard-form representative of "modern Romantic primitivism.") But because Miller does rather insist that "purist" literary perspectives are irrelevant to him, people employing them tend to adopt a beleaguered tone. (Frank Kermode's essay ends with this sentence: "So the critic labels [Miller] a minor figure and stands by for perfectly predictable insults.") And, in any event, the purists are, to repeat, a minority.

As for the adequacy of the majority view—that which concentrates on Miller's cultural influence and implications—events of the last decade or so have underlined the need for revisions. And, as should be added, even if the case were otherwise, it's doubtful that a sound assessment in terms of "intellectual history" would be possible in a *Playboy* context. For the truth is Miller's fame as a womanizer doesn't alter the fact that two major continents of feeling inside him lie well off the *Playboy* map. The first is love of all things proletarian—relish of every breath, corner, and detail of the low-life that upward mobile Bunnymen run hard to escape. And the second, obverse of the first, is hatred of plastic posh, boughten elegance, empty sophistication in the culture at large (contemporary industrial "civilization."). More than one observer has noted that fury at the sanitized society is a primary source of Miller's comic energy. When the man lays it on against Wonder Bread, he lays it on with Soul:

> Accept any loaf that is offered . . . throw it in the back of the car with the oil can and the grease rags; if possible, bury it under a sack of coal, *bituminous* coal. As you climb up the road . . . drop it in the mud a few times and dig your heels into it. . . .
> *(Remember to Remember)*

But his critique goes far beyond this, toward dismissal of every mod mode of overstuffed undernourishment, every appurtenance of general insulation, as corrupted and "lethal comforts":

> In Europe, Asia, Africa the toiling masses of humanity look with watery eyes towards this Paradise . . . they don't know that the best possible conditions (in American lingo) mean . . . the greatest confusion and disillusionment for the public in general. They see a beautiful, shiny car which purrs like a cat; they see endless concrete roads so smooth . . . that the driver has difficulty keeping awake; they see cinemas which look like palaces; they see department stores with manikins dressed like princesses. They see the glitter and the paint, the baubles, the gadgets, the luxuries; they don't see the bitterness in the heart. . . . (*The Air-Conditioned Nightmare* [1945])

Nor is his feeling for the dignity of leanness one whit less intense. The most obtrusive evidences of Miller's embrace of the Proletarian Way are "shocking" language, explicitness about physical functions, and determined anti-careerism. But to leave it at that is to miss what matters more: this writer's "low," pugnacious, yet nevertheless in no sense absurd faith in *reductiveness*—back-alley, mocking negativism—as an instrument of truth. There's an easily passed-over moment in *Tropic of Cancer* that's especially telling on this point. A bar companion reports to Miller and a friend that a proofreader known to them—an Englishman named Peckover—has fallen down an elevator shaft and isn't expected to live. Miller remembers Peckover complaining about how his wife hassled him, how he never had three hours' sleep at night, how he had to kill himself with extra work in order to pay for his false teeth. At the mention of the teeth the bar companion suddenly is moved to tears:

> He relates in a slobbery way a little incident connected with the accident. He is upset about it, more upset about this little incident than about the catastrophe itself. It seems that Peckover, when he hit the bottom of the shaft, regained consciousness before anyone could reach him. Despite the fact that his legs were broken and his ribs busted, he had managed to rise to all fours and grope about for his false teeth. In the ambulance he was crying out in his delirium for the teeth he had lost. The incident was pathetic and ludicrous at the same time. The guy from upstairs hardly knew whether to laugh or to weep as he related it. . . . He had never been particularly friendly with Peckover—as a matter of fact, he had scarcely ever set foot in the proofreading department: there was an invisible wall like between the guys upstairs and the guys down below. But now, since he had felt the touch of death, he wanted to display his comradeship. He wanted to weep, if possible, to show that he was a regular guy. And Joe and I, who knew Peckover well and who knew also that he wasn't worth a good goddamn, even a few tears, we felt annoyed with his drunken sentimentality. We wanted to tell him so too, but with a guy like that you can't afford to be honest; you have to buy a wreath and go to the funeral and pretend that you're miserable. And you have to congratulate him too for the delicate obituary he's written. He'll be carrying his delicate little obituary around with him for months, praising the shit out of himself for the way he handled the situation. We felt all that, Joe and I, without saying a word to each other. We just stood there and listened with a murderous, silent contempt. And as soon as we could break away we did so; we left him there at the bar blubbering to himself over his Pernod.

Once out of the place, Miller and his friend commence to laugh hysterically, and what follows isn't pretty—a passage of hard-nosed cynicism:

> No matter what we said about the poor devil, and we said some good things about him too, we always came back to the false teeth. . . . It's no use trying to invest the end with a little dignity—you have to be a liar and a hypocrite to discover anything tragic in their going. And since we didn't have to put on a false front we could laugh about the incident. . . . We laughed all night about it, and in between times we vented our scorn and disgust for the guys upstairs, the fatheads who were trying to persuade themselves, no doubt, that Peckover was a fine fellow and that his death was a catastrophe. . . . They made his life miserable with their fucking little semicolons and the fractions which he always got wrong. They were even going to fire him once because he came to work with a boozy breath. They despised him because he always looked so miserable and because he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

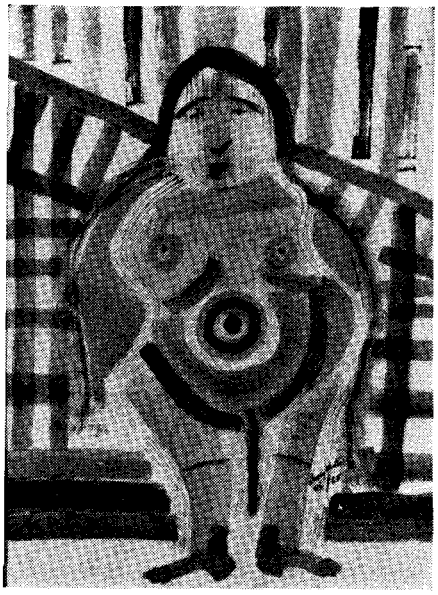
had eczema and dandruff. He was just a nobody, as far as they were concerned, but, now that he was dead, they would chip in lustily and buy him a huge wreath and they'd put his name in big type in the obituary column. Anything to throw a little reflection on themselves; they'd make him out to be a *big* shit if they could.

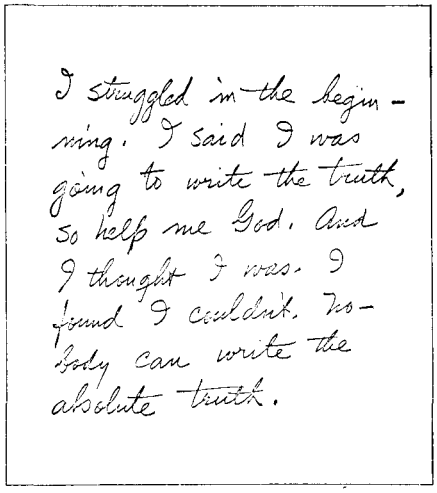
The motive of these ruminations is, true enough, self-justification, and the cynics are surely too pleased with themselves. Implicit in their negativism is a readiness to give the rude arm to *Lycidas* and *Adonais*, not just to "delicate" obits. Yet from this it doesn't follow that there's nothing to the words but "baseness." Unbeautiful, cruel, self-elevating, Miller and his pal are also—painful to acknowledge—penetrating. Looking out from below, they notice that "grief" is, for some, an agent of self-inflation. They notice, further, that the moment of commiseration or compassion is seldom if ever a time when men reckon honestly with what they are and have been and will be tomorrow to each other. They notice that what is "moving" to me is often little more than my pleasure in the discovery that I'm "tender" enough still to be moved: my pity proves my virtue. And these perceptions, glances into the heart of self-congratulation, aren't—regardless of the defects of tone—of negligible value. If the knowledge underlying them were to escape from the "underclass," if it interacted freely with Nice Folks' fantasy, it could go far to correct the comfy moral illusion of the genteel.

That it doesn't thus interact in Miller's work owes something to the author's limitations as a thinker (the refusal of seriousness), something to what may as well be called historical accident. As recent history has been testifying, belief in the possibility of significant confrontation between Them and Us, the lords and the lorded-over, is stronger now than when Miller was growing up—a Brooklyn childhood in the 1890s, a job in his father's tailor shop during the First World War, work as an "employment manager" for Western Union in the early Twenties. Only an extraordinary prescience could have recognized in this proletarianizing sensibility a prefiguring of social possibilities that cultural revolutionaries would soon be struggling to enact. In the absence of prescience, the author of the *Tropics* books was perhaps hard pressed to imagine what he was for, what purpose he could serve, and had little choice except to oscillate between clownishness and despair.

Reading him now, however, puts vividly into view some strengths hitherto obscured. Oppressed by the motionlessness and unreality of the world that Nice Folks made, Henry Miller speaks of it as "pooped out," and describes the occupants as faded:

> When I see the figures of men and women moving listlessly behind their prison walls, sheltered, secluded for a few brief hours, I am appalled by the potentialities for drama that are still contained in these feeble bodies. Behind the gray walls there are human sparks, and yet never a conflagration. Are these men and women, I ask myself, or are these shadows, shadows of puppets dangled by invisible strings? They move in freedom apparently, but they have nowhere to go. In one realm only are they free and there they may roam at will—but they have not yet learned how to take wing. So far there have been no dreams that have taken wing. Not one man has been born light enough, *gay* enough to leave the earth!




I struggled in the beginning. I said I was going to write the truth, so help me God. And I thought I was. I found I couldn't. Nobody can write the absolute truth.

Besides groovy pictures, an album of Miller's paintings and snatches of his views—"real wisdom is being stored away in the subcellars by the misers of learning."

Yet the feeling for "potentialities" rarely deserts him, and repeatedly he's drawn back to brooding on means of awakening the mass. On some occasions he holds out hope that a writer can help—a writer, that is, who's determined "to get off the gold standard of literature," angry that "real wisdom is being stored away in the subcellars by the misers of learning." At other times he speaks up for culture-wide participation in art-experience as a foolishly neglected resource. Why not an improvisational theater, beyond the professionalism of design and "talent," open to spontaneous life at all levels? A ghost of Miller's old feeling for high culture as a shameful enclosure, a means of holding off the majority from achieving their own variety, walks in *My Life and Times*, in a fond passage about the neighborhood garbage man:

> Howard bought himself some huge barrels and a truck—somebody subsidized him—and he collected our rubbish every week, charging us a modest sum for his trouble. He . . . had no real schooling, but it was a delight to hear him talk. He would collect the trash, bring it to his home, where he had a big yard, dump it all out and look through it, sort it out, find things, wonderful things that people threw away. His home is made up of these discarded things—beds, chairs, birdcages, everything! This is a man, I want to tell you, who has really made a success of himself. Not moneywise, but spiritually speaking. This man is a happy man. This man is now writing, drawing, painting, and all on his own. He doesn't have grammar, nor does he spell properly, but he writes! I tell him, "Howard, that's wonderful. Don't worry if nothing's published. You enjoy writing? Then keep it up." He said, "Henry, you're the one who started me on the right path."

Is Henry Miller a sentimental man? Intensely so at times, and guilty of scores of passages of willed, highflown, derivative gush, as well as of patronizing bits. And the current of clownish anti-intellectualism flowing in his books has had ill effects on more than a few writers of contemporary reputation—Norman Mailer among them. But at his best he's an American original, respecting the bottom dog's harsh moral clarities, spying out truth from below. At this moment the energies of democratization for which he's been a kind of bad-boy laureate for decades are far from defunct. And their future, for all that Henry Miller and the rest of us know, could still, despite everything, be tremendous.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suffering is free.

It's cures and treatment that cost money.

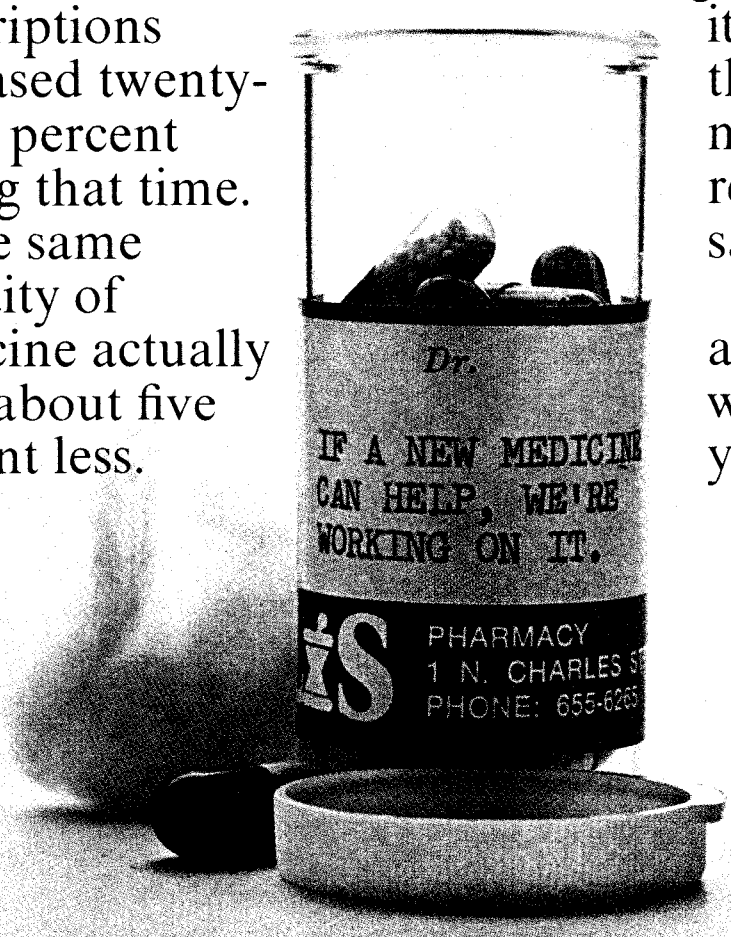
But contrary to what you may have heard, costs, so far as prescription medicine is concerned, have stayed right in line.

If you doubt it go back over your checkbooks. In 1960 an average prescription cost you around $3.22. By 1970 it was up to $4.02. But the size of prescriptions increased twenty-seven percent during that time. So the same quantity of medicine actually costs about five percent less.

When you think of what research has controlled in the last ten years (polio, influenza, measles) medicine can be regarded as one of life's great bargains.

We who help make today's cures and treatments consider ourselves responsible scientists. We are dedicated to easing suffering wherever we find it. And to keeping the cost of medicine reasonable at the same time.

Your health and your money: we want to see you keep both.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

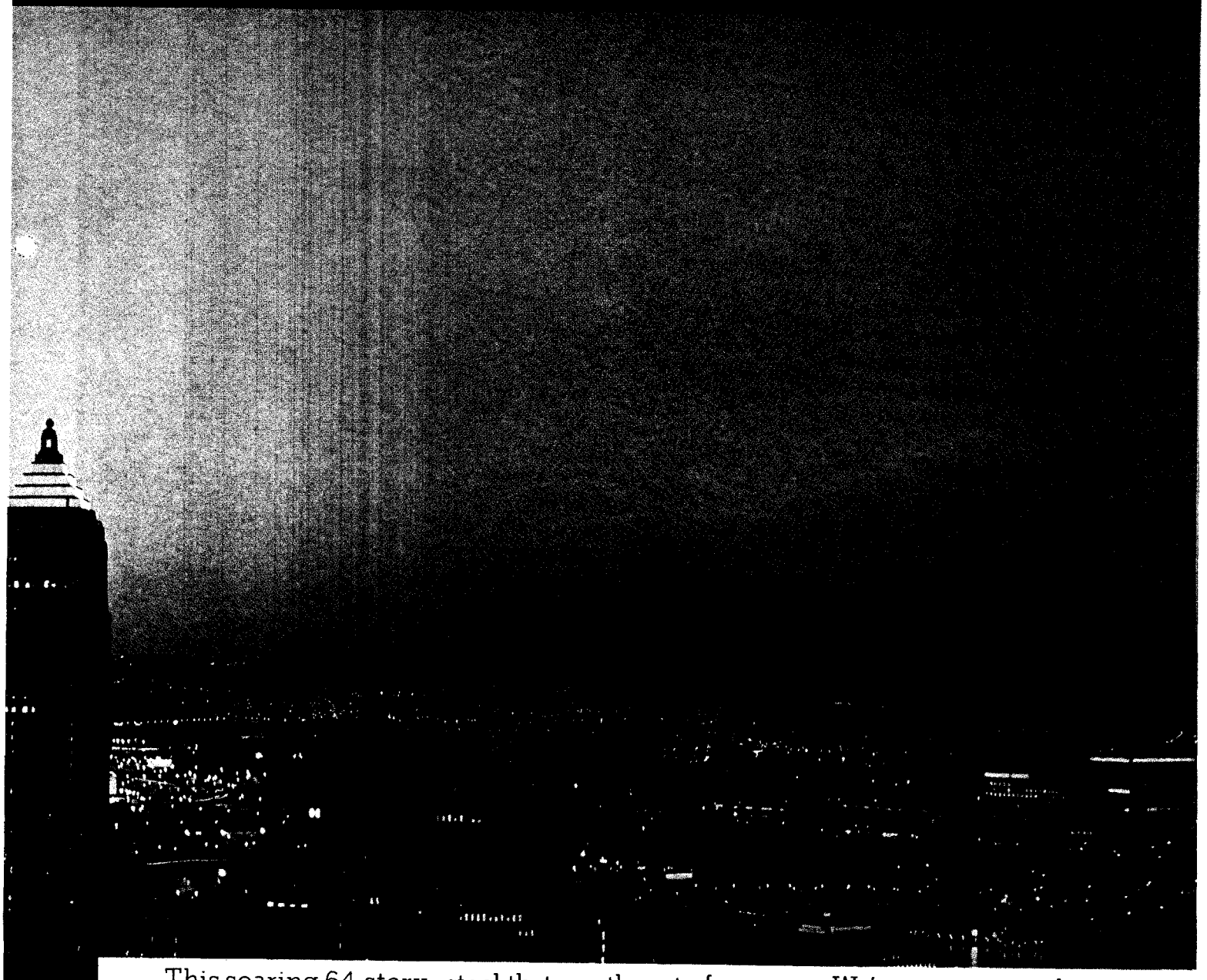
Send for our free booklet, "*When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask.*" It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. SR5, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

PROPERTY OF ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is U.S. Steel doing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to help shape the future?



This soaring 64-story building not only changes the skyline of Pittsburgh, it may change other cities... for the better.

It's the new Pittsburgh headquarters of U.S. Steel. But it's much more. It's an idea building.

Take the exterior. It's bare steel...but it doesn't have to be painted. It's USS COR-TEN Steel, a special steel that weathers to form its own protective coating.

Its supporting columns stand outside the building, where they don't take up floor space. And they're filled with fluid, to make them fireproof...a "first" for high rise buildings.

We've put many other ideas like these into our new Pittsburgh headquarters... ideas which could help make high rise construction more efficient. More economical. More interesting. United States Steel, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

USS

We're involved.

"USS" and "COR-TEN" are registered trademarks.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

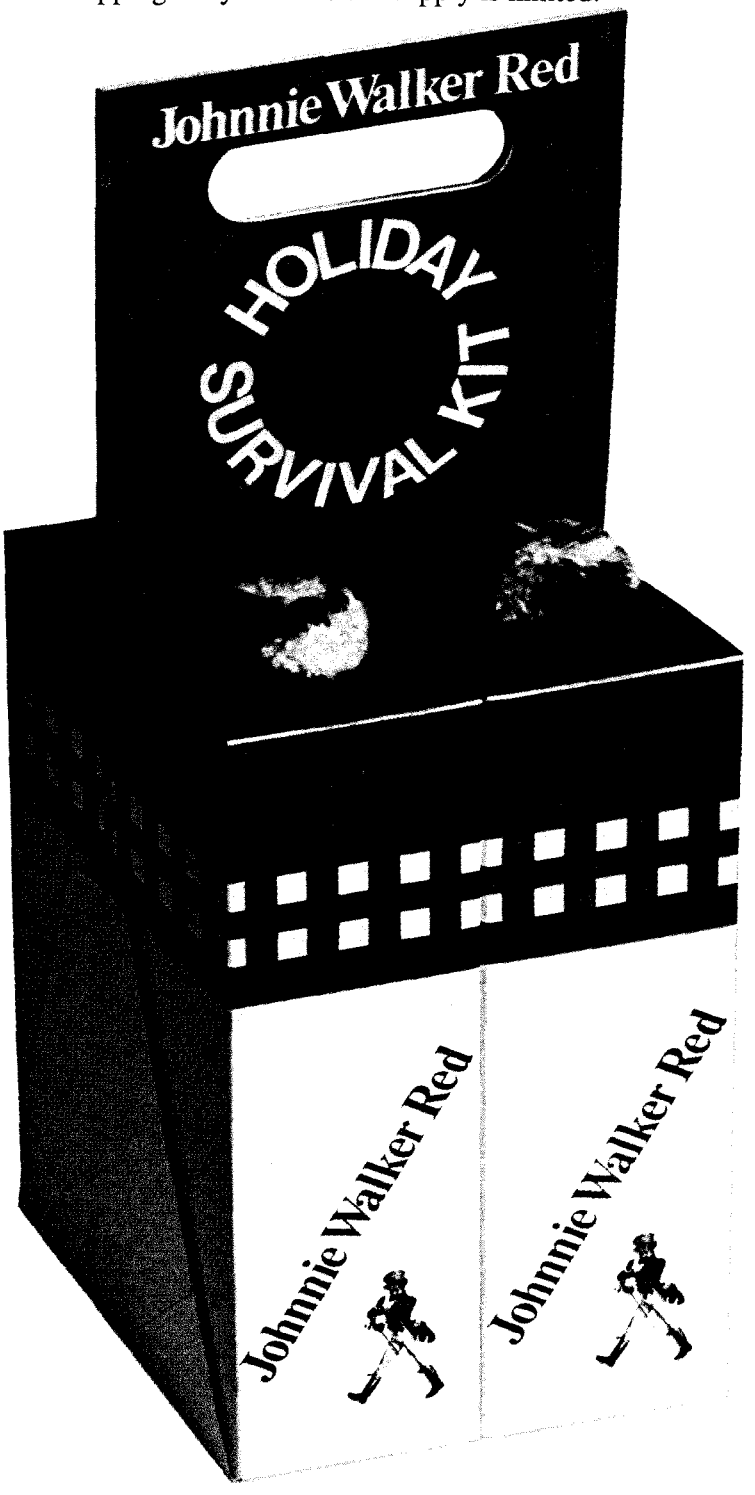
The first law of nature is survival.

Never has the law been so nice to obey.

When friends surprise you by dropping by, graciously greet them by toasting the season with this wonderful Scotch.

Or, happily surprise them with a last-minute gift. Each carton is made so that you may remove the cellophane sleeve carrying the Johnnie Walker Red name and Johnnie's picture.

Do your survival kit shopping early because the supply is limited.



Pick up a four-pack of the world's largest selling Scotch.

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ROOM

by Hubert Selby, Jr.

Grove, 288 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Josephine Hendin

■ Hubert Selby has a gift for capturing the rage that explodes within every American city. No other American writer has conveyed so brilliantly the fierce, primal competitions of the street, or of the way living can shrink to hating. Selby's first book, *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, was a volatile vision of the seething, raging life of Brooklyn's back alleys, of workers and thieves who brawl in gutters and bars, people for whom life is an endless down. As Selby portrayed it, Brooklyn was not a place so much as it was a nightmare in which manhood could be won only through one man's tormenting another. The relentless pursuit of *machismo* through all the byways of cruelty, the fear of failure that drives men into deeper and deeper vileness are Selby's most gripping preoccupations. For Selby is a clinician of male violence, an explorer of those recesses of consciousness where the question of sexual identity is always in doubt. *The Room* is about the same nexus of sexual chaos and cruelty that gave *Last Exit to Brooklyn* its remarkable force.

Selby's Brooklyn bristles with sexual tension, with the frenzy of men for whom the only release is an orgasm of brutality. Many of his characters hate women so totally that they do not want to get close to them even to degrade them. Thus Selby's most powerful sequences deal with the affairs of "queens" and "johns," with those relations between men in which one exults in sexually terrorizing the other. Selby's johns are men who can live like switchblades, whose sole happiness is slashing into someone else. Only the queens, those male women who yearn for tenderness, have any emotional depth.

One of the most brilliant achievements of *Last Exit* was Selby's portrait of the anguished Georgette, "a hip queer" who managed to stay "high most of the time on Benzedrine and marijuana" and whose "life didn't revolve, but spun centrifugally, around stimulants, opiates, johns." Using bennies and gin to drug himself into hoping that his man will love and not degrade him, Georgette spiraled higher and higher, only to fall into the inevitable realization that his life was unbroken darkness. The erosion of Georgette's will and the collapse of his capacity for hope carried the force of high tragedy. *The Room* is a dissection of another such eroded soul. Where *Last Exit* confronted the social scene of violence, from brawls to sexual in-fighting, *The Room* is the story of one mind and psyche riveted on fury.

Sadism is the one means of survival for the nameless hero of Hubert Selby's latest novel. Imprisoned, awaiting trial for an unnamed crime, he paces his cell choking on hatred. Every memory of the world outside has the high, tense charge of frustration. Each yearning is for revenge on the teachers, judges, and policemen who have persecuted him. He dreams of having the cops who have just caught him thrown into a padded cell and of torturing them until they go mad, because only in maiming other living things has he ever felt whole or alive. In a rare euphoria, he describes this fantasy:

> . . . what a supreme joy. . . . To watch them crawl on all fours over gravel and broken glass and then when their palms were hardened so they could plod along as rapidly as possible the callouses were peeled off and they had to start all over again. . . . he could see the pain as they struggled for breath, their chests constricted with unbelievable pain, and he would rub salt and vinegar into . . . their bloodied hands and knees and then the race would resume with the lashing of his whip.

Cruelty is the stable center of living for Selby's hero. His loathing, self-hatred, and fury revolve around a core of venom hot as the sun. For in no encounter with the system, or with any man in it, has this man won. Like a soldier inflamed by defeat, he comes to need and love his very venom, that radiant rage that sparks him on to fight again and is his only ally against the manifold faces of persecution.

"This book is dedicated, with love, to the thousands who remain nameless and know," Selby notes in *The Room*. And, indeed, Selby's genius is for writing of the unlovable "with love" and with a strength and purity of style that make his work one of the most remarkable achievements in current literature. From human dregs, from the unremittingly tormented, he extracts the very essence of that free-floating anger that hangs like a pall over every American city. For, as our encounters with each other become ever more abrasive, so do we all increasingly accept cruelty as a fixed principle and violence as a constant. All the sources of joy or affection shatter. Selby is the poet of our decline, a writer who has an unerring instinct for honing our collapse into novels as glittering and as cutting as pure, black, jagged glass.

Josephine Hendin teaches current fiction at the New School. She is the author of "The World of Flannery O'Connor," and is writing a book on the fiction of the Sixties and Seventies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Death of Rock

GEORGE MELLY AND ED DOWLING are not the first to proclaim the death of Rock [*SR*, Nov. 20]. Back in 1955, when the likes of Chuck Berry and Bill Haley began replacing Eddie Fisher and the Andrew Sisters, people called it a fad. A year later, when Elvis Presley began gyrating, people called it obscene as well.

But it survived all that. It survived the lightweight teeny idols of the Fifties, payola, and Congressional investigations. It survived the lean years immediately preceding the British invasion of 1964. It survived the years of bubble gum, acid, and dope. It survived DJs with nonstop tongues and radio stations with nonstop commercials. It survived Ed Sullivan and the rest of TV. And it survived people who kept wishing to put it in a coffin and bury it once and for all. Perhaps Rock music will survive Mr. Melly and Mr. Dowling.

STEPHEN G. SONNER,
Annandale, Va.

IF ROCK HAS INDEED been in a period of "noisy and brilliant decadence" since 1969, how do you explain *Abbey Road*? If Rock is dead someone better tell Rod Stewart (*Maggie May*), Bob Seger (*Looking Back*), the Who (*I Get Fooled Again*), Bob Dylan (*New Morning*), and John Lennon (whose *Mother* is the Oedipus Rex of Rock 'n' Roll). They are producing some of the most exciting Rock music ever.

I'd give Mr. Dowling's review about a 65.

BILL AXTILL,
Detroit, Mich.

BEFORE ATTEMPTING HIS BOOK, Mr. Melly should have realized, first of all, that Rock is as diversified as "classical" or any other type of music and, secondly, that a huge majority of the population of the world has had bad taste esthetically since God knows when.

CURT NEISHLOSS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Tiger and Fox

RIGHT AWAY I FIGURED the review of *The Imperial Animal* [*SR*, Nov. 20], by Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox, was another one of your A. F. Day capers [*SR*, LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Apr. 3] but, just to be on the safe side, I checked out the alleged reviewer in *Who's Who*. I was chagrined but undaunted to discover that Bernard J. Siegel is indeed a documented person, presumably alive and teaching in California. When I found that *Books in Print* acknowledged the bona fide existence of *The Imperial Animal*, I confess to a moment of panic.

But I read the review again, and my suspicions were confirmed. The book may indeed be on the market, but Dr. Siegel has (pardon the expression) belled the tiger with his review. In his series of sociologically flavored paragraph modules, the juxtaposition of non sequiturs is truly clever—as if the good professor had picked at random phrases from the great jargon-bank of the discipline, and incidentally added punctuation and verbs.

Siegel has obviously found the book to be a put-on, and has chosen this indirect method of announcing the fact to the world. There may be a sucker born every minute, but Siegel is announcing to the boys at Holt, Rinehart & Winston that he's not one of them. His structured incoherency tells the tiger and fox they have met their match.

ANNE BINGHAM,
Cincinnati, O.

COME *on*! Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox for a book on animal behavior? I smell a rat!

LOUISE M. FORSCHER,
Bedford, N.Y.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you."

Depravity

I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED that a sophisticated journal like *SR* could easily find something better to review than the droolings of someone who is as sick as Philip Roth [*SR*, Nov. 6], whose preoccupation with all that is low and degrading could only possibly be of some use to a clinic making a study of human depravity.

ALICE H. DE B. KLEPPINGER,
New Orleans, La.

"Have You Seen a Comet?"

YOUR READERS might be interested to know that there is also a coated-paper version of *Have You Seen a Comet?*, the international anthology of children's art and writing [*SR*, Oct. 13], available at $3.50 in most places where UNICEF greeting cards are sold or direct from the U.S. Committee, 331 East 38th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Proceeds from the purchase of either this or the John Day edition will help further the assistance which the United Nations Children's Fund provides for 100 million children in the developing countries of Asia, Africa, Latin America, and the Middle East.

JOHANNA GRANT,
New York, N.Y.

Half-century Mark

WHAT HAPPENED to Dostoevsky in 1871? I refer to the last sentence of the review of Ilya Tolstoy's reminiscences [*SR*, Nov. 20]: "This year . . . marks the centennial of Dostoevsky, not Tolstoy."

Waiting for any chance to celebrate.

WILLIAM MYER,
Alliance, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *erred. This year is Dostoevsky's sesquicentennial.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROJECT PAPERCLIP: German Scientists and the Cold War

by Clarence G. Lasby

Atheneum, 338 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Sigrid Schultz

■ Following Germany's declaration of war on the United States on December 11, 1941, America's civilian and military leaders decided that if future peace were to be assured, the victory of our armed forces would have to be swiftly followed by the capture of the men who engineered the Nazi invasions, as well as of those specialists who, to increase Germany's military might, had invented or designed new terror weapons, new types of aircraft, and new submarines.

Carefully recruited teams of officers and others who knew Germany well picked Spain as their observation post and data-collating center. Working in tandem with Allen Dulles, who set up his branch of the Office of Strategic Services in Switzerland in October 1942, these men were able to gain vitally important information about their future human "targets" from daring German and Austrian anti-Nazis. The main operation for the capture of German specialists began after the liberation of Paris, when some 3,000 American intelligence agents were entrusted with lists of "targets" to be found and seized after the American, British, Canadian, and French forces crossed the border into Germany.

In *Project Paperclip*, Clarence G. Lasby, who describes the workings of this elaborately plotted effort, points out that "nearly all" of the seized German scientists and arms experts "were hopeful of joining the Western powers in a stand against the Bolshevist hordes." Their seizure resulted in an immigration wavelet unique in the annals of American history when, "between May 1945 and December 1952, the United States government imported 642 alien specialists under several programs known collectively by the code-name 'Paperclip.'"

While intelligence agents not only from the various Allied nations but from the various branches of the American armed forces as well sought to outdo each other in this prodigious search-and-seizure mission, Navy officers won the race for the capture of one important "target" even before the armistice was signed. On May 1, 1945, they reached Oberammergau, where they found Professor Herbert Wagner—chief missile-design engineer of the Henschel Aircraft Company—who, as creator of the first German guided missile to be used in combat, was "near the top of the Americans' 'black list.'" So eager was Wagner to work with the Americans, and so impressive were the plans and models which he showed his captors in underground plants built into the Harz Mountains, that by May 19 he and two of his aides were working twelve hours a day in Washington, D.C., "to contribute to the defeat of Japan."

Other Nazi scientists who, hoping to be captured by the Americans, had fled from northern and central Germany found it harder than did this trio of missile experts to reach our shores. Among them was Dr. Wernher von Braun, who had helped to design the ominous V-1 and V-2 missiles at Peenemünde and who had marched up to an American unit to be taken prisoner. While Dr. von Braun waited for a decision to be made on his case, he and his associates had time to describe their past and upcoming projects to their captors. One of the most futuristic of those mentioned was a "sun gun that might harness the sun's rays to demolish nations from a platform 5,100 miles in the sky." According to an officer present at these discussions, this "gun" was basically a reflector. "The focusing of this reflector on any living persons," Mr. Lasby writes,

1492-1972

It's been a great 480 years! And American Chronicle will take a whole new look at America's history.

American Chronicle, with editorial offices in Savannah, Colonial Capital of Georgia, is a new monthly national magazine beginning in January 1972. It will feature articles on political, cultural, social, economic and military history — from San Salvador to Tranquility Base.

Regular monthly features include: Book Reviews, American Art History, Documents, Historic Forum, American Historian, and Color Illustrations.

Special Subscription offer saves you $4.00 off the monthly newsstand price of $1.00. Why not give a gift subscription for Christmas? Simply fill out the coupon below.

American Chronicle P. O. Box 6268 Savannah, Georgia 31405

Gift for_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

From_____

Single Copy $1.00, 1 year (12 issues) $8.00, (U.S. and Canada only)
For my Subscription:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Bill Me ☐ $8 enclosed ☐ SR 237

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'would kill them immediately. Ocean water would be instantly turned to steam; a forest instantly kindled." Impressed by such "advanced thinking," Lasby adds, the Paperclip officers increased their efforts to bring the Peenemünde team to America and, as everybody knows, succeeded.

When the Soviets stole a march on American scientists by launching their Sputnik I in October 1957, Washington was quick to credit their success to their talented German captives. "With no specific evidence to the contrary," Mr. Lasby remarks, "millions of Americans accepted the thesis that the Russians obtained not only better scientists but more of them." The truth of the matter, he asserts, is that "the Russians did obtain more *technicians* than the United States but fewer and inferior scientists." "The idea that the program was composed almost exclusively of rocket and missile experts," he says, "is misleading; that group made up only 20 per cent of the total personnel imported."

Although, as late as 1962, right-wing administration critics were still decrying the United States' alleged failure to round up as much human and technological booty in Germany as the Russians had as "one of many deliberate decisions to help the Communists," at the time these scientists arrived in this country, in the Forties, a group of forty eminent Americans—including Albert Einstein, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise—sent telegrams off to Washington in which they declared, in effect, that America would be better off if none of these technicians and scientists were granted permanent residence or citizenship in the United States. "We hold these individuals to be potentially dangerous carriers of racial and religious hatred," the message began. "Their former eminence as Nazi Party members and supporters raises the issue of their fitness to become American citizens or hold key positions in American industrial, scientific, and educational institutions." Similar misgivings about Paperclip's importation policy were expressed by the Federation of American Scientists, a number of Jewish organizations, and by the liberal press. Such protests, Mr. Lasby notes, had "little influence" either on the American public or on its elected officials.

For the record, Professor Lasby states that not all of the imported scientists were German: the group included sixteen Austrians and a sprinkling of men born in ten other countries. "Although there are no exact statistics available on the percentage" of the scientists who had been former members of the Nazi Party, he says, "it was certainly more than 50 per cent and perhaps as high as 80."

Professor Lasby credits Paperclip with having achieved considerable success in terms both of financial savings and technological advance. Thanks to the German industrial experts who extended advice, and teams that promptly copied secrets from German files or photographed them in German chemical, optical, armament, and other plants, American industry—according to one expert cited by Lasby—saved billions of dollars and advanced its research by years. Some of the armed forces likewise computed the scientists' contributions in terms of billions of dollars saved; an appraisal of Paperclip's value made by the Navy in 1949 stated: "It is probable that no program has ever paid such rich dividends. It is not only the direct savings in time and money . . . it is also the acquisition for this country of some of the finest technical brains in the world—invaluable additions to the nation's resources."

How did these immigrants take to America? To judge by replies to a questionnaire Professor Lasby sent out to Germans who had since become American citizens, many had at first been quite critical of the ways of the "native American," although a few mentioned American generosity and friendliness. One professor wrote that "maybe there is . . . an American civilization, but one has to be an American to find it." Quite a number of these men who had left the Third Reich felt alienated by the "lack of idealism toward aims beyond money or security" that they found in the States. And, writes Professor Lasby:

> Most of the specialists, perhaps reflecting their personal background and experiences or the nature of their work, were strong advocates of military preparedness. They could not understand what they conceived to be the unwillingness of the American people to sacrifice in order to meet the "coming historic test" with the Soviet Union.

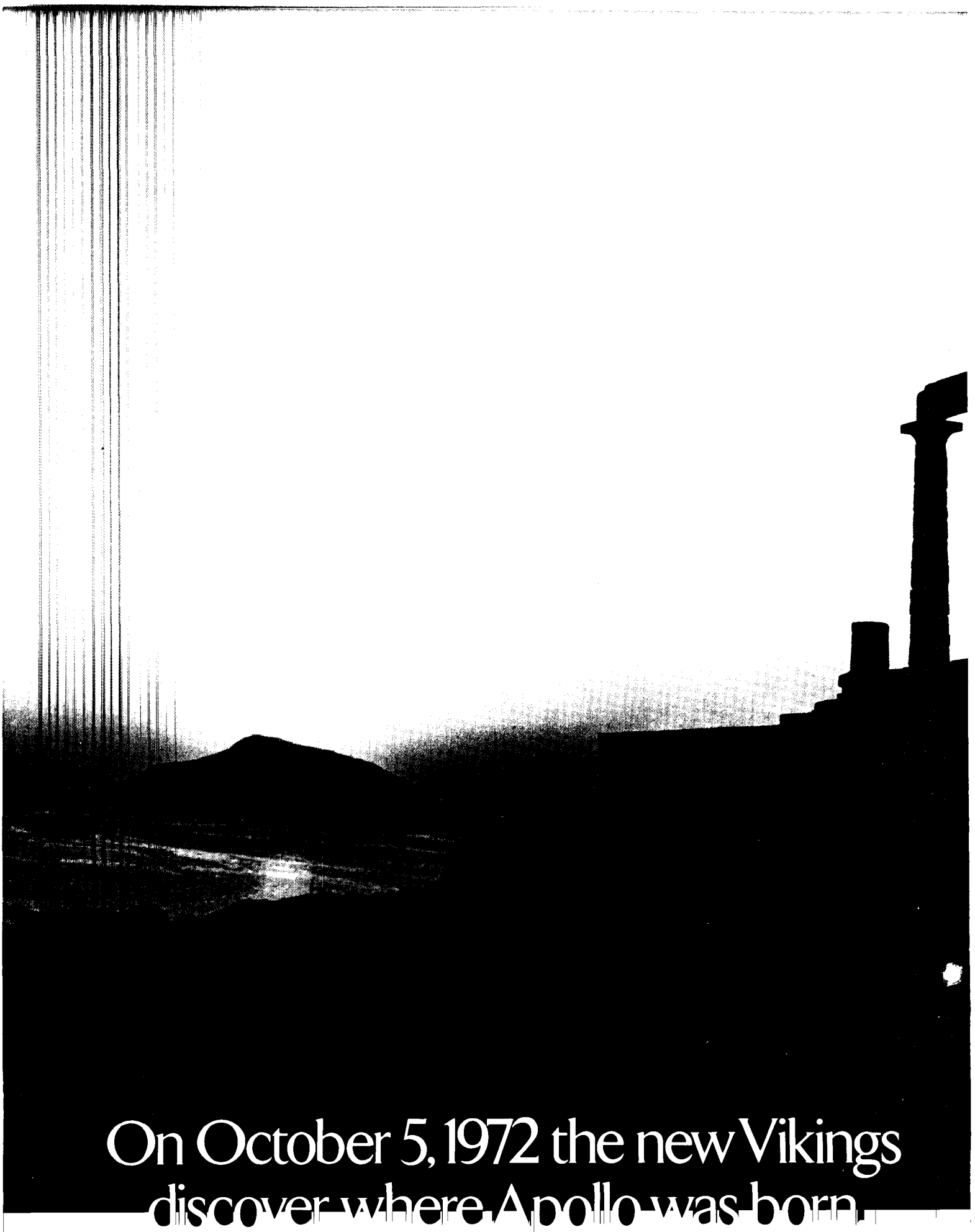
This rather chilling attitude would have pleased Adolf Hitler, who until shortly before he committed suicide in Berlin continued to hope for a war between the United States and the Soviet Union.

"Ah, Shadwell! Enjoying the fruits of the managerial revolution?"

Sigrid Schultz, a former correspondent-in-chief of the Chicago Tribune for Central Europe, has reported on German affairs for thirty-five years.

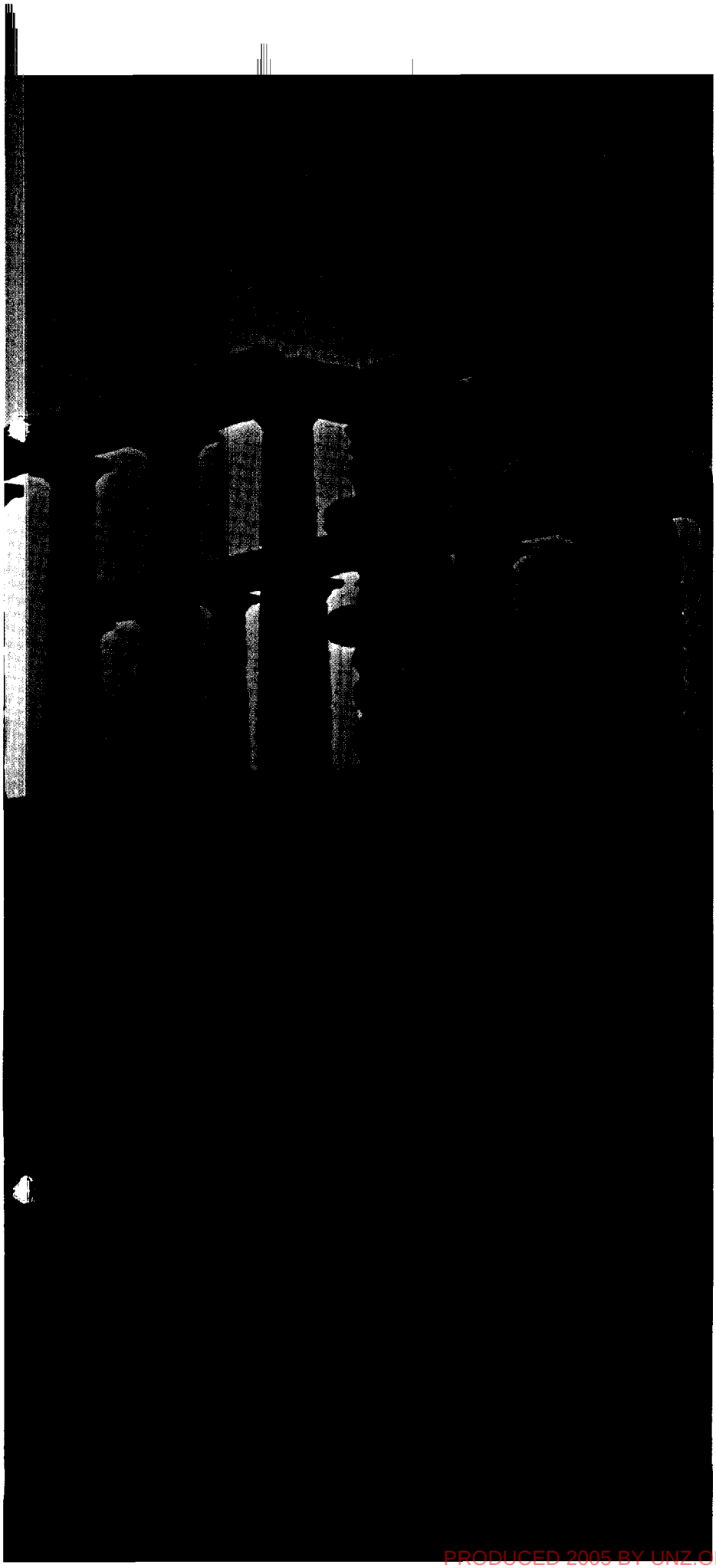
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On October 5, 1972 the new Vikings discover where Apollo was born.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Time was, say forty years ago, *the* way to see Europe was from the decks and ports-of-call of a fine cruise ship. Perhaps even your own mother and father travelled that way.

Then came the jet-age, and for a certain kind of person, Europe just wasn't the same.

Which is why the Royal Viking Mediterranean discovery is so unique.

Because Royal Viking offers you a full thirty-five days to cruise the Mediterranean from one sunny end to the other.

Days lolling among the Greek Islands—Delos, the deserted birthplace of Apollo, and Mykonos, where the jet-set maintains residence.

Barcelona, with all the shops and colors and moods of the Spain of yesterday.

Monaco for a full three days... time enough to see the newest on the Riviera, like the smart boutiques *in* Cannes. And time for you to browse through the old Riviera like St. Paul de Vence, a walled town high in the hills *behind* Cannes.

Genoa, with its fantastic Via Garibaldi full of ancient palazzos where voyagers of other centuries dined before leaving to the West.

Naples, with time to walk around Pompeii, the ancient city uncovered from tons of volcanic ash.

Piraeus, the port for Athens, a city with all the charm and history you could want.

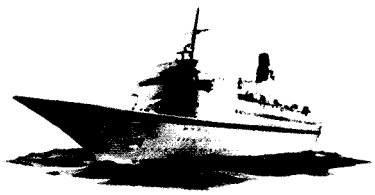
Cruising back westward, you'll stop at Tunis, for more than a hint of the Darkest continent... Málaga for the sunny, soft, fun underbelly of booming Spain... beaches, wine, and seafood.

Casablanca, with time to whip down to Marrakech for a native market/casbah unequaled in the world for things to buy, smells to smell, sights to see.

And, all the way, a shipboard life to make it all perfect. For the Royal Viking Star is one of the world's great new cruise ships... a quietly sumptuous home away from home.

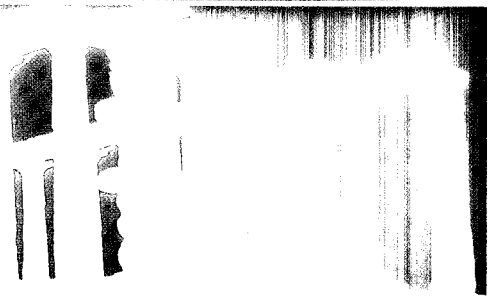
Cruising the Mediterranean used to be *the* way to see Europe. Royal Viking just might start the cycle all over again. And you might like to be there.

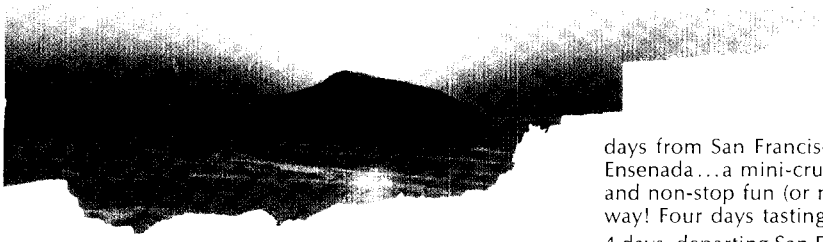
Royal Viking Mediterranean Cruise: Departs September 15, 1972 from New York to Lisbon, Barcelona, Monaco, Genoa, Naples, Piraeus (Athens), Delos and Mykonos, Tunis, Málaga, Casablanca and return to New York. 35 days. For more Royal Viking Line information, including our whole world cruise schedule, turn the page.



ROYAL VIKING LINE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





When will the Royal Vikings Sail?

The Royal Viking *Star*, first of three identical sister ships, hoists anchor on July 21, 1972. Maiden voyage: a 14-day odyssey from Copenhagen to Norway's North Cape. Ships two and three complete the fleet in 1973.

Where will they sail from? And where will they go?

Here's the chart we've charted for the first year:

1. Two North Cape cruises from Copenhagen: one to Norway's outpost at the top of the world. The second even farther north to Spitsbergen...both the land of the midnight sun! Sights to see at sea: heartstopping fjords, glittering glaciers, millions of arctic birds, walrus, seal, polar bear and the like. We'll cruise the loveliest fjords, stop at the most scenic towns and, in sum, show you the midnight sun as it's never been seen before!

Each cruise is for 14 days, July 21, 1972 and August 4, 1972.

2. Russia/Europe...a capital idea: a voyage to some of Europe's most fascinating capitals! Like legendary Leningrad...an optional excursion to Moscow...Stockholm, Amsterdam, London...romantic Lisbon! And, at journey's end...the Vikings discover America—all over again.

26 days, departing Copenhagen, August 19, 1972, to New York.

3. Mediterranean...The Vikings search for the autumn sun! And discover it shining warmly on the Riviera...a hideaway called Málaga...the ageless isles of Greece. And up ahead is a hint of Africa in Casablanca...a tropical island called Madeira...and a restful journey home. Five shining weeks of sea and sun.

35 days, departing New York, September 15, 1972. Return New York.

4. Intercoastal/Caribbean...Add Mexico to the Caribbean and the Vikings come up with a fabulous cruise: the Dutch atmosphere of Curacao...the African undercurrent of Haiti...the Panama Canal! Then the other side: the incomparable Acapulco...the fishing off Mazatlan...really two sumptuous cruises in one!

21 days, departing New York, October 21, 1972, Ft. Lauderdale, October 24, 1972, on to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

5. West Coast/Caribbean...the Vikings take a longer look at the Caribbean and Mexico: Puerto Vallarta for peace...Caracas for action...Montego Bay for the British touch... and everywhere, emerald islands and pleasure-loving people. Add in the Canal and Acapulco for good measure!

32 days, departing Los Angeles November 10, 1972 and San Francisco, November 12, 1972, and return.

6. California Coast...four fabulous, fleeting days from San Francisco to Baja California's Ensenada...a mini-cruise of sun and sea... and non-stop fun (or non-stop resting) all the way! Four days tasting "the grand life"!

4 days, departing San Francisco, December 14, 1972, and return.

7. Holiday in Mexico...Ole! A seagoing fiesta as the Royal Vikings celebrate Christmas and New Year's south of the border! All the warmest ports on the West Coast: Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo, Acapulco—in a happy holiday mood!

16 days, departing San Francisco, December 18, 1972 and Los Angeles, December 19, 1972, and return.

8. South Seas Cruise...lovely beaches, green and black volcanoes, luxuriant jungle, and shimmering waterfalls. All the most pacific islands in the whole wide Pacific...and the Vikings know where the beauty is! In places like Moorea, New Zealand, Pago Pago, the Great Barrier Reef. Throw in a stop in Sydney and you have yourself the South Pacific!

46 days, departing Los Angeles, January 2, 1973 and San Francisco, January 4, 1973, and return.

9. Circle Pacific...another, longer look at the wide Pacific: The same lovely South Pacific ports, then on to Japan, Bali, Hong Kong, Singapore...the intrigue and strange beauty of the Far East. The Vikings take a full 66 days to discover with you every nook and cranny of our largest ocean...the cruise for those who think they've seen it all.

66 days, departing Los Angeles, February 18, 1973 and San Francisco, February 20, 1973, and return.

10. Caribbean/Europe...A long, leisurely look at some of our world's most romantic places! Just listen to the names: Acapulco, Montego Bay, Nassau, Madeira, Lisbon, Southampton, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Copenhagen...it's like seeing three worlds at once!

37 days, departing San Francisco, April 28, 1973, Los Angeles, April 29, 1973 and Ft. Lauderdale, May 15, 1973, to Copenhagen.

What about sea/air and fly-cruise combinations?

You name them, we'll have them for practically every cruise we've shown above.

What do the Royal Vikings cost?

They cost us over $70 million. But in 52 of our outside double staterooms, for example, the cost to you is only $65 per person per day. Others more or less. Including all meals, facilities, entertainment.

How many staterooms in all?

289—including four suites, 35 deluxes, 211 doubles, 39 singles. Rooms aplenty for 539 adventurers, all in lower beds. And 94% can see the sea. And 58 rooms convert, via connecting doors, into *two*-bedroom staterooms.

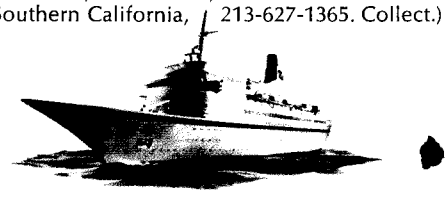
What are the staterooms like? And the public rooms?

Fantastic. Every room has: built-in bar, closed circuit TV, installed or available, private phone, shower and/or tub, and Scandinavian furnishings. The public rooms: like a seagoing exhibit of Scandinavian design; a posh lounge, spacious dining room, a nifty night spot for skål...or rock and roll! A sky bar, boutiques, cinema, a seagoing gym! Even a Viking-style sauna. And outside, a dance floor, tennis courts, and heated pool.

And the crew includes temperamental chefs, a tactful maitre d'hotel, discreet attendants from the entire continent of Europe. And the men who man the ships? *Norwegian*, through and through.

How do I book Royal Vikings?

Just see your travel agent. (When it comes to facts and figures, he's very seaworthy!) Or call 800-227-4246. Toll free, anywhere in the Continental U.S. (From Northern California, and Canada, 415-398-8000. Southern California, 213-627-1365. Collect.)



To: Cruise Consultant
Royal Viking Line
Department A-30
One Embarcadero Center
San Francisco, CA 94111

ROYAL VIKING LINE

The Vikings intrigue me. Please send your 1972-73 Cruise and Fare Schedule and folders on these cruises: ☐ North Cape, ☐ Russia/Europe, ☐ Mediterranean, ☐ Intercoastal/Caribbean, ☐ West Coast/Caribbean, ☐ California Coast, ☐ Mexico Holiday, ☐ South Seas, ☐ Circle Pacific, ☐ Caribbean/Europe.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My travel agent's name is_____

All Royal Viking Line ships will be of Norwegian registry. And spirit.

PRODUCED 2005 BY OSZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Few Ornaments on the Tree

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Adults looking for a Christmas story this year will find fewer seasonal books than usual.

One wee, made-for-a-stocking book, only 3½" x 4", is a reprint of Mary Chalmers's bland *A Christmas Story* (Harper & Row, $1.95), in which little Elizabeth meets the Santa Claus for Rabbits and Other Small Animals. A second small book that may intrigue adults more than children is a facsimile of the 1848 edition of Clement Moore's *A Visit from St. Nicholas* (Simon & Schuster, $2.95) with T. C. Boyd's line engravings of a Santa.

And It Came to Pass (Macmillan, $4.95) is the sole version of the nativity story. For it Jean Slaughter chose appropriate carols that alternate, in double-page spreads, with the biblical text, handsomely illustrated in color by Leonard Weisgard. Adrien Stoutenburg's *Haran's Journey* (Dial, $4.95) is for children aged nine to eleven. Haran, a crippled, runaway slave boy, follows the Magi and the great star to the newborn Child, whom he gives his beloved kitten. Reverently illustrated by Laszlo Kubinyi, the book has a slow-moving, quiet grace. The only other story with an element of the miraculous is Barbara Pradal Price's *The Miracle of the Golden Doors* (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), an awkward tale of a modern professor who investigates an ancient miracle and disappears.

Svend Ottos has illustrated a new edition of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Fir Tree* (Van Nostrand, $4.50). The indoor scenes have a Dickensian flavor, and the pictures as a whole are old-fashioned and romantic.

Of four animal stories the most appealing is Russell Hoban's *Emmet Otter's Jug-Band Christmas* (Parents' Magazine Press, $3.95). Lillian Hoban's pictures show the enterprising young Emmet entering a talent contest. He hopes to win so that he can buy his mother a Christmas gift, and guess who's right there, hoping to win so that she can buy her dear son a present?

Although written more than fifty years ago by Vera Nyce and illustrated by Helene Nyce, *A Jolly Christmas at the Patterprints* (Parents' Magazine Press, $3.95) has not until now been published. Santa is annoyed after falling down the chimney into the soup kettle, but he relents and distributes gifts to the happy mice. The story is tepid, but interesting as a period piece.

More mice are in Frances Charlotte Allen's *The Secret Christmas* (Putnam, $3.95), a pedestrian affair in which a mouse family braves a cat to snatch bits of food and decorations on Christmas Eve after the human beings have gone to bed. In Boris Zakhoder's *How a Piglet Crashed the Christmas Party* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $4.25) a pig masquerades as a boy so that he can attend a school Christmas party, but his identity is detected when he greedily stuffs himself with food.

Alas, none of the realistic stories is outstanding. Syd Hoff's *When Will It Snow?* (Harper & Row, $3.50) is illustrated by Mary Chalmers with pictures that have more vivacity than her *A Christmas Story*, but the text is static (a small boy waits and waits for sledding weather), and the mention of Christmas is tangential. *A Tree for Tompkins Park* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), by Dawn Thomas, describes a cub scout's effort to get a huge tree for his Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood. The setting is good but the story is contrived, its primary asset being the cheerful helpfulness of Johnny's family and neighbors. Laurie Fraser Manifold's *The Christmas Window* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95) has a medieval setting and a flat story: The villagers are desolated when the rose window of their church is shattered in a windstorm, but thrilled on Christmas morning when they see the beautiful patterns of deep frost.

Everett Anderson's Christmas Coming (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95), by Lucille Clifton, has pictures that are attractive although the lavender and brown colors have a staid effect that doesn't match the joyfulness of the poems, one for each day of the last week before Christmas. George Mendoza's *The Christmas Tree Alphabet Book* (World, $4.95) goes from America, where Ashley is placing angels on the tree, to India, where Bahra is ringing bells—and, in like manner, continues around the globe. The book has pretty pictures by Bernadette, but seems vapid and forced. The only informational book this year is Edna Barth's *Holly, Reindeer, and Colored Lights* (Seabury, $4.95), which describes the origins of Christmas rites, customs, and symbols.

Leo the Late Bloomer. *By Robert Kraus. Illustrated by José Aruego. Windmill Books. 32 pp. $5.95.* Leo is a small, sad-eyed creature, who looks more tigerish than leonine in orange with gray-blue stripes. Everybody writes and reads but Leo. He's just a late bloomer, mother assures father. Father watches and worries. "A watched bloomer doesn't bloom," says Leo's mother. Father stops watching, but he peeks. No bloom. Spring comes, and "one day, in his own good time," Leo blooms. He reads! He writes! He eats neatly! And he speaks a whole sentence: "I made it!" Artfully bland, sunny, and reassuring for other late bloomers, the book is illustrated with beguiling pictures. Ages 3-5.

Mother Goose Lost: A Collection of Nursery Rhymes. *Compiled by Nicholas Tucker. Illustrated by Trevor Stubley. Crowell. 32 pp. $4.50.* In researching an article on nursery rhymes, Nicholas Tucker found a number that are little known, never having been included in the earliest popular collections. Although the majority of the rhymes are brief and bouncy, some of them sag. The average collector, however, won't quibble at the few that aren't up to the best Mother Goose standard. The illustrations, in humor reminiscent of Raymond Briggs and in color of Brian Wildsmith, are lively and gay. Ages 3-6.

—from "The Mysterious Disappearance of Leon (I Mean Noel)"

Mr. Gumpy's Outing. *Written and illustrated by John Burningham. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 32 pp. $4.95.* Winner of England's Greenaway Medal for having the most distinguished illustrations of any children's book published last year, *Mr. Gumpy's Outing* is a simple tale with the cumulation small children enjoy. One by one, Mr. Gumpy's child and animal friends ask if they may go along for a boat ride. Each gets a qualified answer: the rabbit may come if he doesn't hop about, the goat may come if he doesn't kick, the children may come if they don't

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

squabble, and so on. Naturally, each does his thing, so the vessel capsizes. The pictures, which are placid and mildly daft, have a bucolic charm, and the figures are subtly humorous. Ages 4-7.

Bear Circus. *Written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Viking. 48 pp., $4.95.* This tale of friendship-extraordinary is delightful nonsense sedately told, with pictures as amusing as they are lovely. The bears of Koala Park go off to hunt for more gum trees, because a plague of grasshoppers has stripped those they had of the leaves that constitute their only food. An abandoned airplane plummets to their territory and just *happens* to be carrying paraphernalia for a midget circus, so the bears decide to put on a show for the friendly kangaroos who have given them a ride. It takes the slow bears five years to put up the tent and seven years to rehearse. I don't know how the kangaroos felt, but I am convinced it was worth every minute. A completely engaging, joyous book. Ages 4-7.

Our Dirty Air. *By Sarah M. Elliott. Illustrated with photographs. Messner. 64 pp. $3.95.* Sarah Elliott tells it like it is: car exhaust fumes and factories pollute the air, endangering lives and speeding deterioration of property, while chemical sprays kill or injure animals and plants. The text explains some of the measures that can be taken to alleviate the situation, and suggests ways in which young children can help. Succinct and businesslike, this is one of the best of several books on the subject for younger readers. Ages 8-10.

The Freedom Ship of Robert Smalls. *By Louise Meriwether. Illustrated by Lee Jack Morton. Prentice-Hall. 32 pp. $4.50.* Born a slave, Robert Smalls was trying just before the Civil War to earn enough money to buy his freedom. At the outbreak of hostilities, while working as a crew member on the Confederate gunboat *The Planter*, he conceived the daring idea of sailing her, in the captain's absence, past the forts that barred the way to freedom. This account tells nothing about Small's long years of service after the war, and the narration is static; nevertheless, the book provides for younger readers a good introduction to a black leader and the dramatic event that changed his life. Ages 8-10.

About Wise Men and Simpletons: Twelve Tales from Grimm. *Translated by Elizabeth Shub. Illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian. Macmillan. 118 pp. $4.95.* Translated from the first edition of *Children's and Household Stories*, these tales (actually there are more than twelve, since three very brief stories are grouped under one heading, four under another) are less embellished than the more familiar versions. Elizabeth Shub feels that they are closer to the oral tradition. Nonny Hogrogian's etchings, spare and deft, are beautifully appropriate for the ingenuous simplicity of the writing. Ages 9-11.

The Bears' House. *By Marilyn Sachs. Illustrated by Louis Glanzman. Doubleday. 81 pp. $3.95.* Life is grim for nine-year-old Fran Ellen. Father has deserted the family,

—from "Journey to Topaz"

mother has retreated into apathy and tears, and the five children shift for themselves. Fran Ellen's only joy is Baby Flora. Rejected at home and taunted at school, Fran Ellen adopts as her own the classroom doll house, compensating for her unhappiness with vivid fantasies in which its tenants, the three bears, adore her. Although the family has kept its plight secret, a solicitous teacher discovers the truth. Distraught over the possibility that the household will be broken up by welfare authorities, Fran Ellen turns frantically to the refuge of the bears' house. The matter-of-fact way in which Fran Ellen tells the story makes it all the more touching, and her apprehension about having the family situation known gives the book a pitiful suspense. Ages 9-11.

The Mysterious Disappearance of Leon (I Mean Noel). *Written and illustrated by Ellen Raskin. Dutton. 149 pp. $4.95.* Wed at the age of five to a seven-year-old husband (it solved a business difficulty for their two families), the very young Mrs. Leon Carillon immediately loses her spouse, who is sent off to boarding school. This is the hilarious account of her search for Leon, aided by adopted twins, when she is older. With clever clues to stimulate the reader's participation, the story is a bouquet of wordplay garnished with jokes, sly pokes at our society, daft characters, and a soupçon of slapstick. Fresh and funny, it's the kind of book that passes from child to child. Ages 9-12.

Journey to Topaz: A Story of the Japanese-American Evacuation. *By Yoshiko Uchida. Illustrated by Donald Carrick. Scribners. 149 pp. $4.95.* Based on the author's experience in a Japanese-American family, this is a moving story told from the viewpoint of the younger child in the Sakane household. Eleven-year-old Yuki's father is taken into custody on the night of December 7, 1941, because he works in a Japanese firm. The Sakanes are now enemy aliens. The Presidential executive order removed more than 100,000 people—two-thirds of them American citizens—to barbed-wire relocation centers without a hearing. This tragic herding of innocent people is described with dignity and a sorrowful sense of injustice that never becomes bitter, as the Sakanes adjust to the privation and ostracism of life in the Topaz, Utah, Relocation Center. Ages 10-12.

Emma Tupper's Diary. *By Peter Dickinson. Illustrated by David Omar White. Atlantic-Little, Brown, 212 pp. $5.95.* Italicized excerpts from Emma's diary tell part of a diverting story, and the rest is narration—but narration *par excellence.* Emma comes to visit cousins in the Scottish highlands and is eagerly accepted into their ebullient circle. With them she participates in the Grand Ploy of the Year: passing off an inherited, ancient submarine as a sea monster. Although the plot isn't watertight, there are many delightful incidents. The characters and dialogue are yeasty with fun, and Emma is a quiet foil for the sometimes mad exuberance of her cousins. Ages 11-14.

The Seal-Singing. *By Rosemary Harris. Macmillan. 245 pp. $4.95.* They had always lived in the castle, the Carrigons, and now it belonged to seventeen-year-old Toby and to the mother of his younger cousin Catriona. The Scottish island of Carrigona had become a seal nursery, and Toby was bent on finding a deserted baby seal he could raise. When Miranda, a distant cousin, came to visit, Toby and Cat were struck by her resemblance to the family portrait of an ancestress who had been a seal-singer and had betrayed the island's seals and broken an ancient pact. So the stage is set for an enactment of the old drama, and Rosemary Harris does it full justice. The plot is sheer theater, the setting and dialogue distinctive. The characters breathe and live, and the flare-ups between the three young cousins are compellingly real. Ages 12-15.

It Is the Poem Singing Into Your Eyes: An Anthology of New Young Poets. *Edited by Arnold Adoff. Harper & Row. 128 pp. $4.50.* Selected from 6,000 manuscripts by young writers of varied ethnic backgrounds, many in their teens, this collection is a testament to the sensitivity and candor of the young, and evidences the surging interest in poetry among them. They write of love and hate, black anger and red, and of butterflies, pollution, and death. Their verse is free and passionate and honest. Ages 13-16.

Brian Piccolo: A Short Season. *By Jeannie Morris. Rand McNally. 159 pp. $5.95.* Brian Piccolo was a running back for the Chicago Bears, an exuberant and affectionate man, a doting father, a happy guy of twenty-six. Because he'd had a cold for three weeks and had trouble breathing, he decided to bench himself during a game. His doctor's diagnosis: cancer. During the months that Brian was in and out of hospitals, he taped some reminiscences. These are interpolated through this book, which looks back on Piccolo's career, his friendships, and the inexorable procession of treatment and operations. Written in an easy, conversational style, *Brian Piccolo* is a touching book not only because it is the story of a young man's death but because of the warmth and affection that permeated his life. For young adults.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INSIDE:
Prison American Style

edited by Robert J. Minton, Jr.

Random House, 325 pp., $7.95

GOING TO JAIL:
The Political Prisoner

by Howard Levy, M.D., and David Miller

Grove, 243 pp., $6

Reviewed by Gilbert Geis

■ Prison inmates tend to be great injustice collectors, acutely sensitive to the slights and indignities they suffer. But when these become their exclusive concern, what they write is apt to be disconcertingly unsatisfactory, for, while these inmate-authors provide detailed accounts of how dreadful their life in prison is, they tend to pass over in silence those acts that led them to be where they are. Few readers will fail to sympathize with, or even perhaps become infuriated by, the plight of the convict today. Yet how many of even the most sympathetically infuriated would venture to formulate the proper combination of decency and restraint that produces deterrence? This is where the problem lies.

There is no question but that all human beings, whether criminal offenders or not, deserve to be treated with kindness and compassion. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that innocent persons should be protected from suffering the losses and hurt that accompany many criminal offenses. It is within this interlocking set of requirements that now, as in the past, the prison system clumsily functions. Our prison policy, then, is much like our Vietnam policy. We are too timid, too intelligent, too civilized, too aware of the possible dangers involved to carry through an all-out campaign so ferocious that it might conceivably, at least in the short run, bring about our triumph over defined enemies. Fighting, instead, a war incapable of achieving the goals we have set for it, we compound viciousness with futility.

Meanwhile, "the enemy" seizes the initiative. In prisons this consists of efforts by inmates to make sure that Constitutional guarantees (particularly the one prohibiting cruel and unusual punishment) will be effectively applied within their "inside" world. In addition they riot to expand dramatically those informal powers that captives sometimes exercise over those who keep them in captivity: the power that is couched in subtle threats and those powers implicit in various other strategems that convicts employ to make their guards' lives less than easy and to maintain their own sense of dignity. Having little else to keep them occupied, prisoners have time to master both the milder and the more menacing means of displaying their strength.

The authors of both volumes under review appear to accept the questionable thesis that a more indulgent and more humane treatment of criminal offenders will serve to convince them that, in the future, they should stop robbing, raping, and peddling dope. As proof of the validity of their position, the authors point out that failure to treat prisoners decently succeeds only in making them angry, vengeful, and more alienated from society than before. Unfortunately, while this is no doubt true, it by no means follows than an about-face in policy would reverse these results. Benign treatment—even if our prisons were to provide it—would probably be no more effective, and perhaps less so, than outright brutality. Naturally, the former must become the norm, just as the latter must be banned, if for no other reason than that the concept of human dignity demands humane treatment. We should not, however, delude ourselves into thinking that a more humane prison policy will make the streets any safer or our homes more secure.

No reputable authority in penology today would dispute the proposition that a large portion—perhaps as much as two-thirds—of the present inmate population could, in good conscience, be allowed to lead supervised lives outside the fortresses now used to incarcerate them. Again, penologists generally agree that this society will sooner or later—and the sooner the better—eliminate from its criminal codes those "victimless" offenses that sometimes bring men to prison: narcotics violations, consensual sex crimes, and a variety of political acts that, by and large, do not so much threaten the government's security as reveal how insecure the government feels.

These moves would result in prisons emptied of all but those persons who constitute a serious threat to life and property. In the meantime, however, both to amend present defects and to prepare for this projected future, three basic reforms must be instituted: a sophisticated body of law must be drawn up to obviate the brutalities and indignities documented in the volumes under review; the prison ombudsman concept, providing a third-party advocate for the dispossessed inside the prison walls, must be translated into policy and practice; and training programs for judges, requiring them to spend periods of time as inmates, must be set up. (To give impetus to these reforms, young, Nader-like attorneys should be recruited for work in the

AN AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD NEEDS YOU AS A SPONSOR AND PERSONAL FRIEND...

A friend to help. A friend to write to. A friend to share his—or her—joy as a young life is transformed from appalling hardship to bright new hope and pride—because of your compassion.

Sponsoring an American Indian child through Futures For Children can work many wonders:

- Keep "your child" in school by directly financing shoes, clothing, and other necessities. (Right now many Indian children have little more than the threadbare clothes on their backs.)
- Open a new world "beyond the reservation" for your child through your concerned friendship.
- Provide hope, self-esteem and confidence—perhaps for the first time in a child's life.

Decide now to sponsor a young Indian boy or girl. It will be a rewarding experience for your entire family.

FUTURES FOR CHILDREN
5612 Parkston Road,
Washington, D.C. 20016

☐ Yes, I (we) want to sponsor an American Indian child . . .
☐ a boy ☐ a girl ☐ either

Enclosed is a check for $_____
($15 monthly; $45 quarterly; $90 semi-annually; $180 annually)

☐ Here's help, not as a Sponsor, but with a check for $_____

☐ Please send more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City- State -Zip _____ SR1211

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

largely neglected juridical area of prisoners' rights.)

Further improvement might result if inmates were granted certain rights now denied them. Obviously, they ought to have the right to refuse to work under conditions which, in the "outside" world, have been outlawed since the abolition of slavery. Moreover, they ought to be granted access to telephones so that they can communicate with friends, family, and—if need be—with legal counsel. They should also be allowed to send and receive uncensored mail. More importantly, they should be permitted to vote. For not only would extending the franchise to prisoners involve them in the workings of the society to which the majority of them will be returned but it might also make legislators more responsive to the legitimate needs of this special constituency. Although some people might object that convict voters would make for corruption, the participation of white-collar criminals —and there are those who say that few businessmen fail to qualify as such —in the electoral process would not appear to have perceptively damaged the government's moral condition.

"Treatment" and "rehabilitation" pose more complex yet no less crucial problems. The group therapy programs ubiquitous in prisons, for example, amount to little more than mental rape. Here, the first lesson the inmate with any degree of awareness learns is that he must invent his "problems," since if he plays the group therapy game in good faith he will most likely have to pay for his credulity by spending more time in prison: the therapist who hears his confession has great influence in determining whether the prisoner is "ready" to be released or not—and real problems take longer to solve than counterfeited ones. Secondly, he learns that the problem he presents must not sound too antisocial (as a yearning for little girls would be), while it must, at the same time, be mildly interesting (as an obsessive love for one's mother might be). Thirdly, he learns to appear resistant and passive throughout the first few sessions, then to become increasingly "cooperative," so that it can be said that he has "gained insight." Naturally, he also learns to scorn the therapist for his naïveté if the therapist is taken in by the sham.

Neither of the two books under review cuts deeply into such key issues of correctional ideology. Furthermore, though both are long on descriptions of what is wrong with the prison system, they are short on suggestions concerning what might be done to improve conditions. *Inside*, the volume edited by Robert Minton, is basically a litany of inmate grievances, many of which are depressingly valid. A good instance is the indeterminate sentence—a sentence that may run for from four to forty years, say, during which time the parole board may, at its discretion, release the prisoner. Originally introduced in the United States at the turn of the century as a way of releasing inmates earlier than they might be if sentenced to a fixed term, today the indeterminate sentence is frequently employed to retain prisoners for unconscionably long periods and on unconscionably inadequate grounds.

While *Inside* provides ample documentation for this and many other prison abuses, it is flawed by the self-righteousness of many of its inmate contributors. Indeed, parts of this book would lead one to believe that no one could hope to sound more indignant than a wronged robber. As one convict observes about his colleagues in general, "They *want* to believe that somebody is doing them out of something." Even Mr. Minton seems to occasionally take umbrage where none was intended. He complains, for example, that a crime committed by one of his contributors was reported in a San Francisco newspaper only as "second degree robbery and assault," and that there were "no details, no hint of the man Nivens is, in the harsh legal account."

At times, though, some excellent lines written by prisoners crop up. One inmate, for instance, describes God as "the long-distance operator always on a

(Continued on page 56)

BOOKS WANTED
BOOKS for SALE

25¢ a line (Individual titles only), 40 characters and spaces to the line. General Classified Ads 25¢ word. (Remittance with order.)

AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR
(22nd year — Established 1950)
Contains illustrated articles on Americana, First Editions, Private Presses, Rare Books. Book Auction Records with Prices Realized. FREE listing in our coming 11th Private Collectors' Directory with a year's subscription —5 lines: Name, Address and subjects collected. (Not open to dealers.)
An Ideal Christmas Present for that "Bookworm" **Friend or Relative of Yours!**
$7.50 year (8 numbers) Overseas $8.50
Sample Copy $1.00 (None Free, Please!)
AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR
1822-24 School St., Chicago, Ill. 60657

INTERNATIONAL TEACHING SYSTEM
REMARKABLE HOME STUDY FILMS
SUPER-8 COLOR WITH TITLES $25 EACH
FLYING CROSSWIND
SKIING
POLYMER PAINTING
WATERCOLOR PAINTING
ADVANCED PORTRAITURE
OIL PAINTING
TERRAIN FLYING
SAILING
AT BETTER STORES OR SEND CHECK TO:
BOX 1244 SAN RAFAEL, CA. 94902

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1482

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1482 will be found in the next issue.

EROQW HQ XYM GHOM OJ

YOAR MRHDF EK MVXUQOQW

—H VRHYYK MRYOWFDSPY

JRQJHDOXQ HSDRV KXP'TR

NRHJRM JDVPWWYOQW.

—RMQH SRVERV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1481

A woman's mind is cleaner than a man's—she changes it oftener.
—O. HERFORD

NATIONAL BEST SELLER!

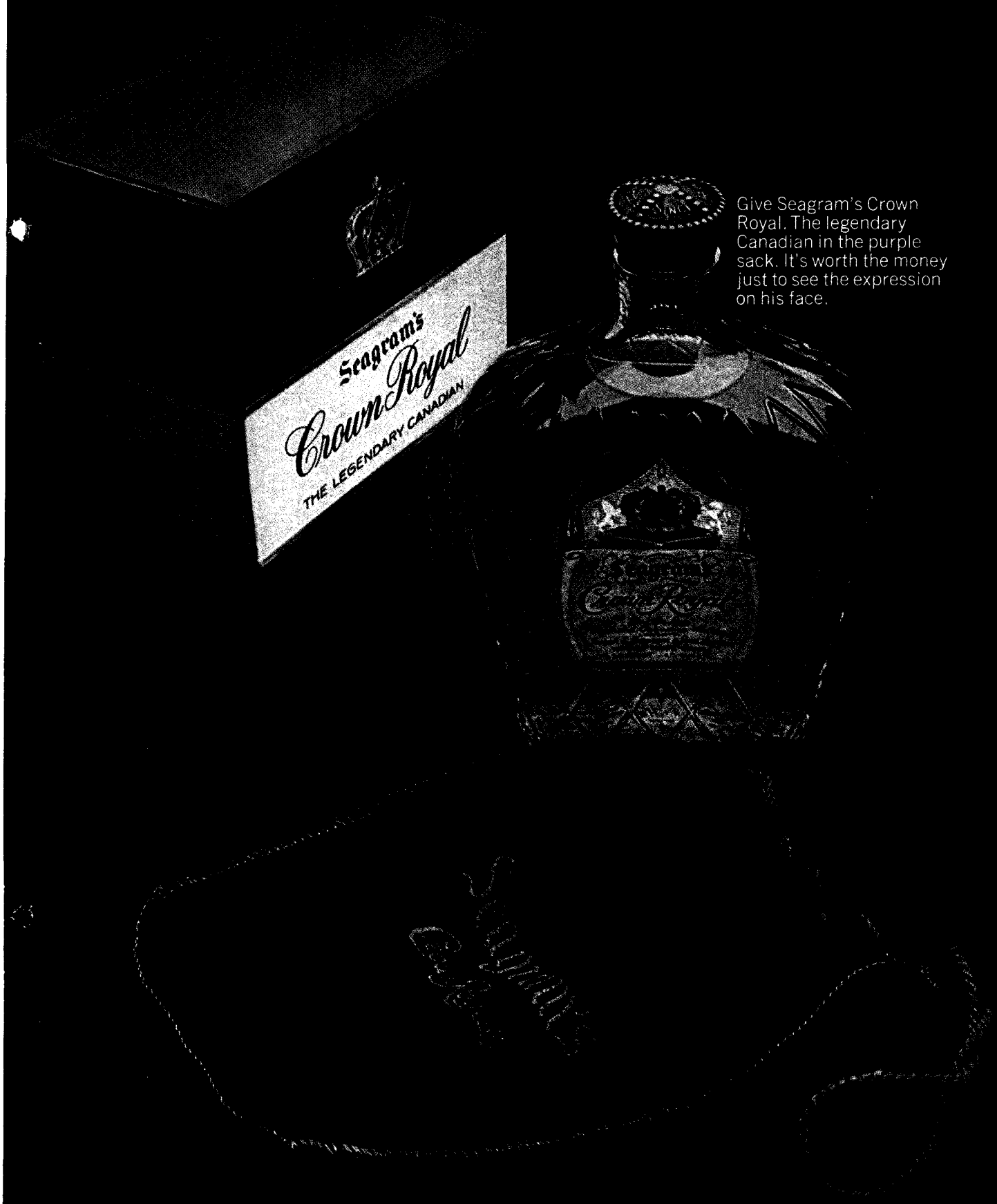
Eleanor AND Franklin

by JOSEPH P. LASH

"A joy to read . . . Everything one could hope for."—*New York Magazine*
At all bookstores, $12.50
Norton
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 10003

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indulge somebody. It's Christmas.



Give Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian in the purple sack. It's worth the money just to see the expression on his face.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y., N.Y.

WE HAVE PLE

We cordially invite you to get under Vega's skin. Because while we have plenty to hide, we definitely don't have anything to blush about.

What you'll find under Vega's very stylish shell is a lot of little car. More car than we really had to build.

That's just the way we do things.

You being the careful type, we herewith offer substantiation.

The thing that makes it go.

There's nothing like a paragraph or two of technical talk to scare readers away. So we'll try to discuss this thing in down-to-earth terms.

OK, Vega's engine looks a whole lot like a car engine. But believe us, it's a breakthrough. Thanks to a very complicated but very clever process, Vega's engine is the envy of the little car world.

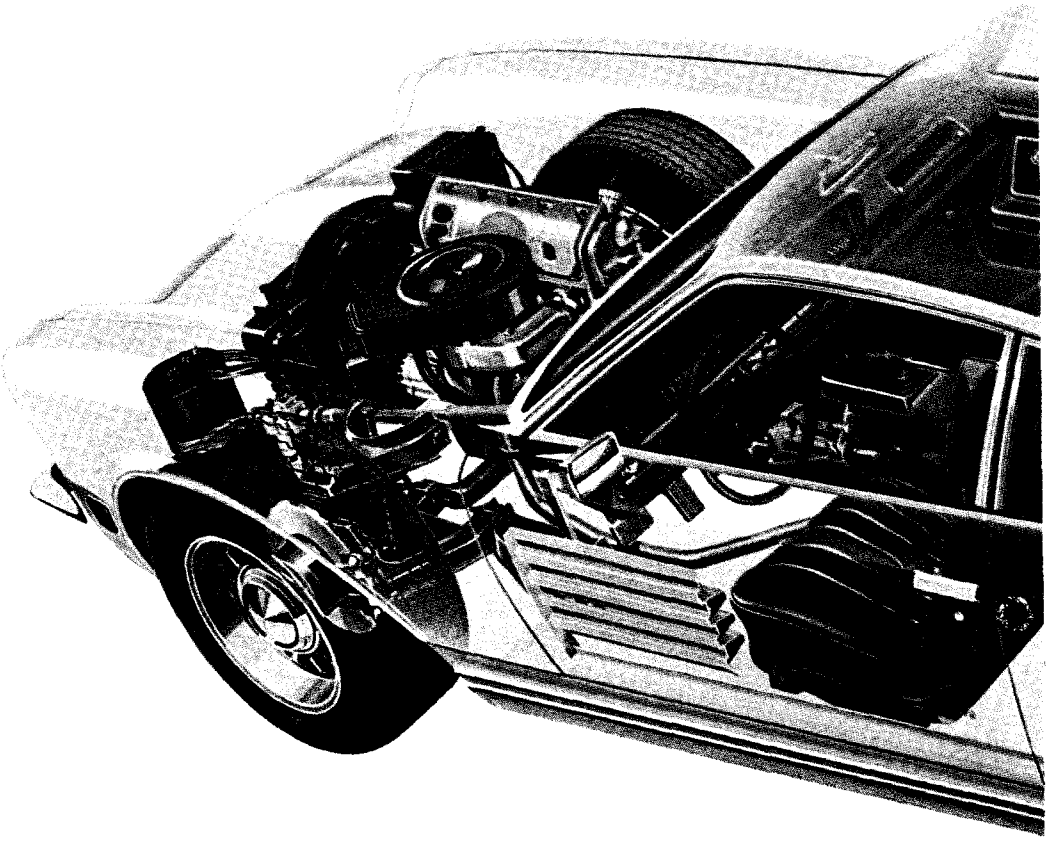
Why? Because it has enough power to forge confidently ahead, even on fast-moving freeways and long steep hills. And because it's amazingly quiet for a little car engine. And because in our highway tests, it's getting about 25 mpg (that's the standard engine, with the standard transmission).

Let us just add that, true to Chevy tradition, we think this engine will become a classic. It's that good.

Oh what a lovely door.

Take a gander at the see-through door below. See that corrugated piece of steel? That's what we in the trade call a side-guard door beam.

We put those beams in every door of



Chevrolet. Building a better way

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NTY TO HIDE.

every Vega we build, for added protection. Of course, we hope our door beams will never have to come in handy. But if they have to, they will.

More hidden treasures.

Again we direct your attention to our see-through Vega.

Notice the seats. Ah, those seats. Carved out of foam. And quite possibly the most comfortable seats you'll ever find in a little car. Even a little sports car.

And the brakes. Big ten-inch discs in front, standard.

But we didn't stop there. We put two roofs on the Vega. For stronger construction, and to make it even quieter.

Vega also has a power ventilation system. Air moves through the car, even when it's standing still.

Another thing. Vega has an electric fuel pump, hidden in the gas tank, for smoother gas flow.

And, well, we could go on for hours.

The moral.

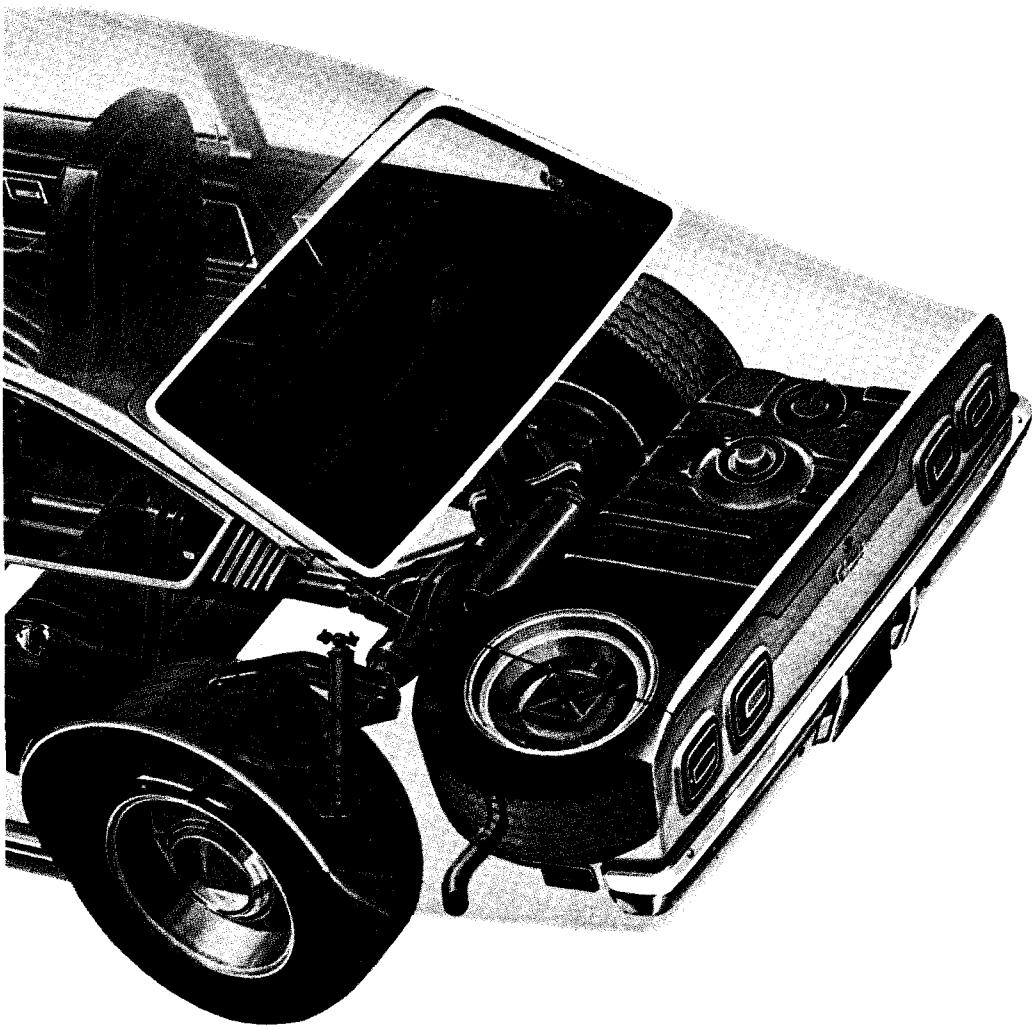
Now, we realize that you're not going to rush out and buy a Vega just because it has power ventilation. Or an electric fuel pump.

But, if you add everything all together, we think you'll find that Vega is the best little car on the American road today. Bar none.

Don't take our word for it, though. Go drive one. Maybe you can't see all of Vega's advantages.

But you can feel them.

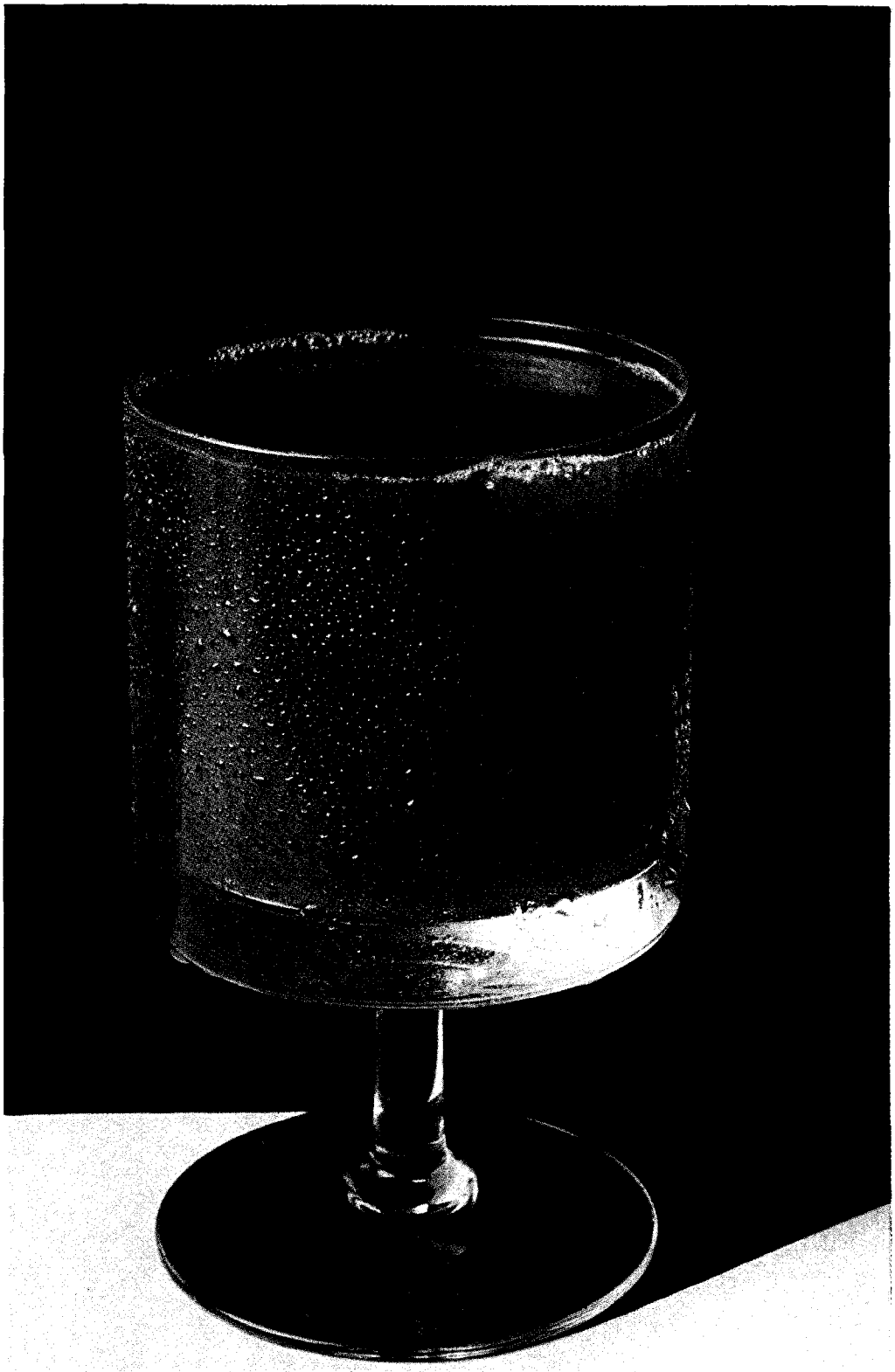
VEGA
CHEVROLET



to see the U.S.A.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUM BLOODY MARY IT'S CATCHING ON.



People don't drink Bloody Marys just because they like the taste of snappy tomato juice. Yet there isn't much else to taste.

So it's only natural that these people would turn by the thousands to Bloody Marys made with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum.

Because Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof and aged and filtered with charcoal to be smooth, dry, light, clear, with no strong aroma and no sweet, syrupy taste.

But Puerto Rican Rum doesn't just sit there and soak up the Worcestershire Sauce either.

It has the taste, ever so subtle but with a little something extra, to give a snappy Bloody Mary just a little more snap.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

© 1971 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

A Rum Bloody Mary is made like any other Bloody Mary, except with rum. For a free book of the many drinks you can make with rum, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

David Butwin

One Week Before the Mast—I: The Waterborne Society

FOR A WEEK in November my home was a fifty-foot ketch named *Shango* and my back yard was the southeast Caribbean, a blue-green tract sprinkled with some of the loveliest islands left on earth. You might think from reports of heavy touristic encroachment, black militancy, and other modern realities that this part of the world has little peace to offer, but to hear Gordon Stout, *Shango*'s skipper, tell it, the Windward Islands of the West Indies match or excel any of the shangri-las of the South Pacific and elsewhere.

We were moored that first evening in a channel only two hundred yards wide between St. Vincent and Young Island, hardly a spot to appreciate the sprawling tranquillity of the Windwards, but there was promise in Stout's voice. After eight years of chartering yachts in the Caribbean, he had flown out to the Pacific earlier in the year just to see, as it were, what the Joneses had. "There is really no comparison," he said. "Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji —they were all big disappointments. Well, the people were lovely; my gosh, they were so pleasant and outgoing. But that was about it. I can understand how the old navigators sailing out of Liverpool could find paradise in the South Pacific, but after getting used to this part of the West Indies, nothing else compares. It hurts in a way. I really wanted to find another place.

"What I look for," he went on, sitting in his favorite cocktail-hour position behind the wheel, "are islands high and green, good weather and sailing conditions, and, of course, nice people. As I said, you couldn't fault the people out there, but otherwise—well, the weather was even too muggy. There is another place, though: the Seychelles, about eight hundred miles due east of Zanzibar. The colors there are supposed to be spectacular. But, I suppose, the grass is always greener."

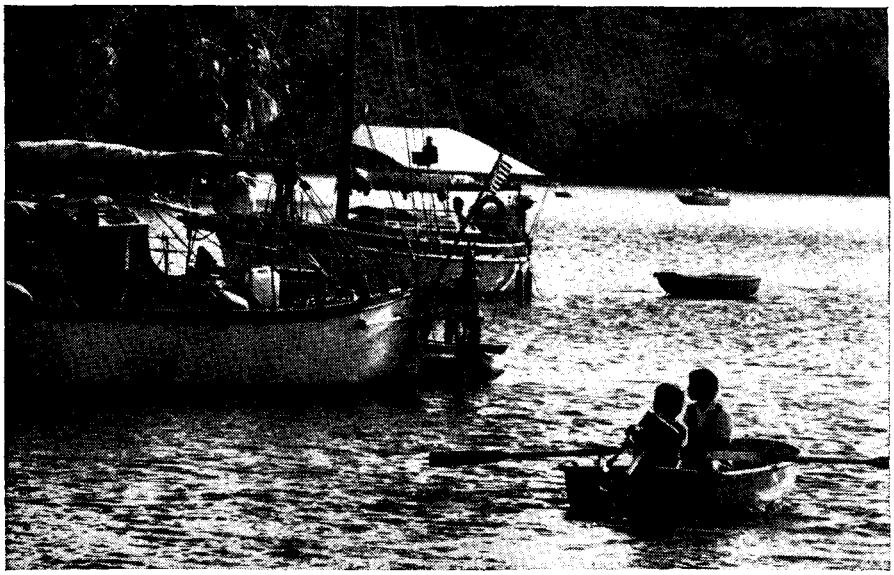
"You mean the water is bluer." With that, my barefoot companion and photographer, Mark Chester, brought us abruptly back to mid-November and the Windward Islands, not a bad place to be, considering the rain and gloom we had left behind that morning in New York. Our path to *Shango* had been strife-free: a BWIA jet from JFK Airport to Barbados, a wait of several hours during which we shed our shoes and shirts and lay in the grass near a pair of munching goats, then a LIAT flight southwest to St. Vincent. Seated beside me on the plane was a man who introduced himself as Bill Miller and who, it turned out, not only knew Gordon Stout but said *Shango* was at that moment moored off his hotel, Mariner's Inn. Miller, a onetime intelligence agent who had served in China during World War II, was hemmed in by the fruits of a day's shopping excursion to Barbados. Every island in the Caribbean has a sort of big brother nearby, another island it looks to for diversion, entertainment, and better buys in bermudas. Thus St. Thomas looks to Barbados and, down the line, little Bequia looks to St. Vincent.

Miller told me he had moved down in the Caribbean to get away from the gradual despoilment of his former home, the Virgin Islands, a choice people have been making with increasing regularity. His motive was not to flee the emergence of black awareness in the northern Caribbean, or so he indicated when our conversation resumed by his seaside hotel bar not 100 yards from *Shango*'s mooring. On St. Vincent, where a small white plantation aristocracy still exists, Miller has made it clear in his short stay that the hotel is open to anyone.

Two members of that aristocracy, a man and wife who own one of the largest copra plantations in the West Indies, joined us for dinner on the boat that night, and by the time we had run through several cocktails, eaten a dinner of cockle-sauce hors d'oeuvres, beef fondue, and two bottles of Châteauneuf du Pape down below in the main salon, and downed a few rum-soaked coffees back on the deck, our ideologies were clashing and clanging beneath a soft starlit sky. What touched off the main salvo was the couple's contention that the management of a resort on palmy little Young Island—so close now you could make out shadowy figures of hotel guests walking the shore —treats its local black help like friends instead of servants. When our voices finally grew silent and we could once again hear the piping of bamboo flutes from Young Island's outdoor nightclub, it occurred to me that one's politics are better forgotten on a fifty-foot boat with water on all sides and the dinghy tied up for the night. Somehow, though, as the week wore on, my bottled-up emotions managed to fizz over every second night, and I think our hosts—Stout and his new Irish bride, Nano, whose name and dark beauty immediately suggest a Polynesian, not Hibernian, background —were glad for the change of pace.

Actually there is room on *Shango* for four guests, and Stout was surprised we hadn't brought women along. "Christ, sailing without a girl is like walking on one leg," said the captain, whose first mates—Nano and those before her—have dazzled men throughout the West Indies.

In season—that is, between mid-December and April—*Shango* rents for $1,600 a week, $600 higher than its off-season rate and a sum that includes elaborate thrice-daily, Nano-made meals, all the rum and other liquor you care to consume, and foreign wine (Stout doesn't believe in the domestic product) at least once a day. Bill Stevens, a handsome, young, California-bred boatman and diver, arranges charters for *Shango* and about sixty other boats ranging in length from thirty to 140 feet, none of them a sorry sight in even the poshest mooring. "Millionaires buy the boats and use them as tax



—*Mark Chester*

Late afternoon on Admiralty Bay—"This is still, if you will, a holy place."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

losses," Stevens says of the fleet. "Most of them are corporately owned." Stevens & Co., with headquarters in Grenada (ninety-six miles south of St. Vincent, and our final destination), tells its less adventurous customers to try the 143-foot schooner *Sundowner*, which has eight air-conditioned cabins but can anchor in most of the remote spots that smaller yachts prefer. *Sundowner* doubtless takes you closer to the bounding main than do the big cruise ships and such head boats as *Yankee Clipper*, which carries seventy passengers, but the true salt wouldn't sail anything bigger or fancier than *Shango*.

Before pushing off the next day, we went ashore on Young Island to see why the natives weren't restless. John Hauser, the man who helped spread Hilton around the world a dozen years ago, opening hotels in such faraway places as Istanbul and Madrid, first saw Young Island in the early 1960s, when it was an almost barren twenty-acre rock in the shadows of green and hilly St. Vincent. He had it leased for sixty-four years, went to work planting and building, and achieved, with an almost make-believe Disneyesque perfection, a tiny tropical colony that attracts doctors, lawyers, professors, and other harried souls who want to get away from telephones and society. Pet donkeys and sheep poke freely about the open-air lounges; Vincentian parrots squawk in huge cages; and—I swear—the help whistles while it works.

"This is the best staff I've ever had in the world," said Hauser, drinking his morning orange juice in a Polynesian-like long house. "They have fun, they're courteous, and we let them be themselves and not try to make them into French waiters. If they want to dance with a tray of food on the way to the table, fine. The guests want it that way. A lot of them end up corresponding with and sending Christmas presents to the staff." What rankles the white plantation owners about the Young Island operation, Hauser surmised, is that from the beginning he has paid eight to ten times the salaries that laborers used to earn on Vincentian plantations, forcing the wage scale up.

We were under way by noon, Gordon Stout guiding us novices through the rudimentary moves, while the calm winds took pity and refrained from whipping lines and sails out of our control. Balding, mustached, and leathery from the sun, the bantam skipper hopped around the deck, sheeting in the main sail, trimming the jib, rushing aft to the helm, and generally doing all those things that have scarcely changed since Captain Bligh first sailed through the West Indies and brought breadfruit to St. Vincent 180 years ago. In two hours we crossed the Bequia Channel, nosed into Admiralty Bay, and anchored in a motley group of several dozen vessels at Port Elizabeth, the rambling capital of Bequia. School was just out, and three little blonde girls in green-and-white uniforms rowed by in a tiny dinghy on their way home to the family boat. Their father, the local doctor, had sailed down to Bequia from Massachusetts and decided to stay and run the hospital.

Less a fixture in the Bequia water community was a newly arrived cargo boat flying a Swedish flag. Young couples in bikinis were hanging wash on the deck. Mark and I, new to this waterborne society, never having approached a port from the sea in a small boat, gazed around and wondered what secrets the vessels held. We wondered, too, landlubbers that we were, what moved the island itself and Port Elizabeth. On the shore dozens of little black kids were playing marbles in the dust beneath knotted old almond trees. Up the road the elementary and secondary schools were emptying for the day, and on the grounds we met a pair of seventeen-year-olds in tan pants and white shirts. They were carrying books on North American geography and West Indian history. Shy at first, they soon opened up and talked freely about life on Bequia. "Most of the women do a little farming," said one, as though reciting a lesson. "They plant corn, peas, and cassava—three crops. Three-fourths of the men go sailing. On yachts, tankers, all kinds. My brother is on an ore ship now, and when he come back he bring plenty of tales, he talk of friends he makes in America and Canada."

"I tell you about the girls," said the other, smiling. "If a girl finishes school—"

"Believe me," the other one cut in, "it is very hard to fool a girl on Bequia. You cannot get sexually intimate without marrying her."

"Yes, the parents get you to come over, get acquainted, and pretty soon you married."

In the lingering heat of late afternoon we stopped for a soft drink on the waterfront, one of the boys choosing the New York Bar "because you from New York." As older men nearby drank shots of jack iron rum we had two rounds of bottled chocolate milk. The boys talked of St. Vincent as "the mainland" and said that a passage boat makes the crossing from Bequia every morning, carrying, in this season, loads of Christmas shoppers back and forth.

About the only place to stay in Port Elizabeth is the Frangipani, a seaside hotel owned by a tall, bearded Bequian named Sonny Mitchell, who represents Bequia and the Grenadines—a string of islands running south to Grenada—in Parliament on St. Vincent. Two young Frenchmen and a Dane off the Swedish boat were drinking rum and chewing bits of coconut on a sandy terrace beside the Frangipani's bar. They had each paid the Swedish captain $100 to cross from Las Palmas and were bitter at having been put to work besides. "I am here," said the Dane, sounding full of doom, "because I want to sail before the world falls down. I am tired of the system. Everything will be over in ten years." Shortly the three got up, walked through the sea grape bushes to the shore, and took their dinghy back to the boat with the wash hanging out and a generator putt-putt-putting through an otherwise serene dusk. Stout had come by for a drink, and we pulled our chairs down to the shore to watch the sun fire out across Admiralty Bay. Sonny Mitchell, dignified even in his undershirt, said with a chuckle, referring to the incessant generator, "You see, we are subject to noise pollution from Scandinavia. They come all the way from Sweden to spoil the peace of our evening."

When the Angelus bells tolled 6 o'clock in the town, Stout downed his drink almost reflexively and said it was time to get back to *Shango*. It was cocktail hour, an event not to be tampered with on any yacht. This night the guests were the Cullens, a South African couple and their two blond boys, friends of the Stouts who were pausing in Bequia on an endless voyage from Capetown. Patrick Cullen, a sensitive salt, said he had found dramatic differences in Grenada from his last visit six years ago (he was warned this time to hide his South African flag, and his wife Ruthie was verbally accosted on shore), but in the same period little change had come to Bequia. "Well, I see they have electricity now," he said, nodding toward the lights winking in the hills above Port Elizabeth, "and maybe there are twenty more masts in the harbor, but this is still, if you will, a holy place. There are old fellows here who still understand ancient nautical terms like deadeye and belaying pins. There are only three or four places in the world you can find that."

In the darkness, young men were gliding around the harbor in dinghies, holding torches above the water, then reaching down to scoop up the small ballyhoo fish they would use the next day for bait. Cullen, on my request, spoke a bit of Afrikaans ("It's a dreadful language. I pulled the kids out of school so they wouldn't learn it"), but what we all regretted is that no one could address the Swedish boat in some Scandinavian tongue to tell them to turn off the generator. Just as well. It was no night to argue.

(This is the first of three articles.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

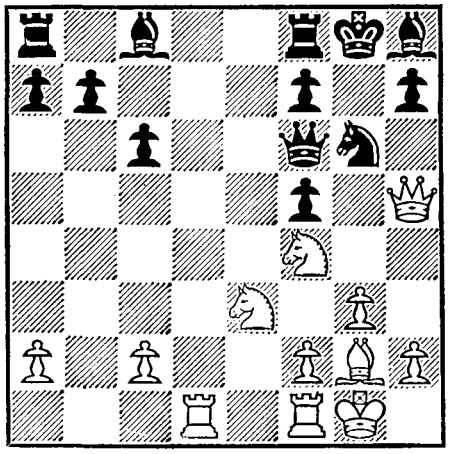
Chess Corner No. 165

The third game of the Fischer-Petrosian final qualifying match (won by Fischer) for the right to challenge Boris Spassky for the world chess championship ended in a draw by three-time repetition of position after many vicissitudes. Petrosian fearfully avoided the Ruy Lopez and sought refuge in an inferior line of the French Defense. With 15 Q-R5, White pre-empted the square R5 from his knight and wound up with an inadequate setting.

Short of time, Petrosian repeated the position, and Fischer exacted the rules, each superficially content with the pacific result. At the tail end, the position favored Petrosian and the onus may have been upon the American to prove the draw after 34 . . . Q-N4. Fischer undoubtedly would have had to run for cover with perpetual check. But first he had to achieve the correct stratagem.

Up to that point the match seemed to be lacking in perfect technique.

PETROSIAN



FISCHER

Fischer White	Petrosian Black	Fischer White	Petrosian Black
1 P-K4	P-K3	18 K-R1	B-N2
2 P-Q4	P-Q4	19 B-R3	N-K2
3 N-QB3	N-KB3	20 R-Q3	B-K3
4 B-KN5	PxP	21 KR-Q1	B-R3
5 NxP	B-K2	22 R-Q4	BxN
6 BxN	PxB	23 RxB	QR-Q1
7 P-KN3	P-KB4	24 RxR	RxR
8 N-QB3	B-B3	25 BxP	NxB
9 KN-K2	N-B3	26 NxN	R-Q4
10 P-Q5	PxP	27 P-N4	BxN
11 NxP	BxP	28 PxB	P-KR3
12 B-N2	O-O	29 P-KR3	K-R2
13 O-O	B-R1	30 Q-K2	Q-K4
14 KN-B4	N-K4	31 Q-R5	Q-B3
15 Q-R5	N-N3	32 Q-K2	R-K4
16 QR-Q1	P-QB3	33 Q-Q3	R-Q4
17 N-K3	Q-B3	34 Q-K2	Drawn

—Al Horowitz.

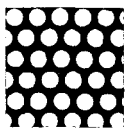
Magnavox gives you less:

LESS FIDDLING WITH COLOR CONTROLS
Magnavox Total Automatic Color always keeps pictures properly tuned, automatically.

LESS GREEN OR PURPLE FACES
Magnavox Tint Preference Selector gives you the color you prefer—all the time—with Deluxe TAC.

TAC

LESS DULL TV SHOWS
Magnavox new matrix picture tube increases brightness & contrast, reduces light reflection. The shows come alive in color.



LESS DECORATING PROBLEMS
Magnavox has beautifully crafted cabinets to match every decor. From Traditional to Modern.

LESS WORRY ABOUT INVESTING IN COLOR
Magnavox builds color sets to last. Our exacting quality control system is designed to assure lasting reliability.

By giving you less... Magnavox gives you more

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Going to Jail"

Continued from page 48

coffee break," and, summing up his feelings about the parole board's power to determine his fate, writes that his future now lies "in the hands of men who know all the motives but their own."

Howard Levy and David Miller, the authors of *Going to Jail*, have both done time in federal institutions for having committed political offenses. (While serving in the army, Dr. Levy refused to instruct Special Forces medics being readied for duty in Vietnam; Mr. Miller burned his draft card to express his opposition to the Vietnam War.) They offer their book as a guide for those who would follow in their footsteps. At the same time, they use this book as a means of expounding the increasingly fashionable argument that most men in prison today are political scapegoats: the real offenders are Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and other makers of American foreign and domestic policy. Consequently, the authors argue, it is "not unreasonable" to demand that "all imprisoned black people be set free," as well as a "vast majority" of the whites.

Some readers may find this argument logically or at least emotionally satisfying. Having interviewed a large number of victims of violent crimes as part of a research project conducted during the past few years, I remain monumentally unimpressed by the view that those who are treated less well by society than they ought to be are therefore exempt from their responsibility to deal considerately with their fellow man. Slum conditions are a monstrous inequity; they do not, however, legitimatize stealing from or killing others.

I suspect that seasoned convicts will find the Levy-Miller book rather embarrassing and disavow its concern with their best interests. At times self-consciously Marxist (for instance, they say guards reveal *petit bourgeois* attitudes by showing more sympathy for "the man who may have murdered twenty children but who wears a crew-cut" than for the shaggy-haired young man convicted of possession of marijuana), it is equally apt to turn unself-consciously trivial. Thus Miller writes:

> I played softball almost daily during the summer. . . . I had a good glove but weak arm in center field and needed much practice at the plate. . . . I did hit the first home run of the year.

The impression conveyed to the reader is that, to Dr. Levy and Mr. Miller, prison was more of a status-depriving experience than the sort of Dantean inferno described by the inmates at Soledad, San Quentin, and Folsom who contributed to *Inside*.

Young people ready to go to prison for their political convictions would be well advised to turn to Willard Gaylin's *In the Service of Their Country* (Viking, 1970), a book which describes the subtle psychological impact that prison experience can have on idealistic persons who, locked away from society, find they have no outlet for their altruistic impulses. For the reader interested in the fundamental ideological problems common to "correctional facilities," Allyn and Adele Rickett's *Prisoners of Liberation* (Cameron, 1957) likewise provides more lucid guidance and information than either *Inside* or *Going to Jail*. This undeservedly neglected treatise describes the "rehabilitation" of two young Americans, husband and wife, in a Chinese communist prison. The process by which the Ricketts are transformed from "antisocial" persons into true believers—a measure that most of us are liable to dismiss too glibly as mere "brainwashing"—is depicted in careful detail. Wonderfully effective, the methods employed by the Chinese strike me—as I suspect they would most Americans—as being morally reprehensible. Apart from moral considerations, however, a more practical factor makes it unlikely that such a drastic means of "resocialization" will be adopted in the United States: we probably lack a sufficient number of correctional people who are convinced that only by making fundamental changes in the prisoner's philosophy can he be cured of committing criminal acts.

In the meantime, under existing conditions, it seems probable that our present penal system will continue to fail to accomplish what it is attempting to do. If this is the case, then the least we could do is to construct the most comfortable institutions we can afford, make a concerted effort to store in them only those persons who represent a clear and present and considerable danger to society, and see to it that these criminals are institutionalized for only as long a time as their offense merits. While this interim solution might not do much toward solving the crime problem, it might at least prevent Americans from experiencing the shame they now feel as a result of what they are doing to prison inmates.

Gilbert Geis—visiting professor in the Program in Social Ecology at the University of California at Irvine—is co-author, with Herbert A. Bloch, of "Man, Crime, and Society."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD IN HIS OWN TIME: A Miscellany

edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli and Jackson R. Bryer

Kent State University Press, 481 pp., $12.50

DEAR SCOTT/DEAR MAX: The Fitzgerald-Perkins Correspondence

edited by John Kuehl and Jackson R. Bryer

Scribners, 282 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by John F. Callahan

■ First and foremost a novelist, F. Scott Fitzgerald is also an outstanding representative of a personality nearly destroyed by the conflict between romantic idealism and the facts of history—his own and America's. If his letters, essays, and reviews illuminate his novels for us, as they often do, this is because they reveal the complexities of the human being who wrote the novels as he struggled to stay intact. These two new collections, however—and particularly *A Miscellany*—, make one wonder precisely what purpose is served by the publication of nearly every word ever written by Fitzgerald.

Unlike other collections—*The Crack-Up* and *Afternoon of an Author*, for example—neither of the two books under review brings together important Fitzgerald works that were either hitherto unpublished or out of print. Moreover, although both of these new books owe their existence to the novelist's fame, the assumptions behind each are at odds with the truth about his work and personality.

The editors of *A Miscellany* work from two givens: first, that whatever Fitzgerald wrote ought to be in print; and, second, that his major novels and short stories have received excessive and redundant attention. "Commentators, critics, and editors," write Matthew Bruccoli and Jackson Bryer in their foreword to this volume, "have tended to base their studies on and compile their anthologies . . . from the same well-worn materials." Yet anyone familiar with Fitzgerald's letters knows that his "well-worn" novels were his passionate concern—almost, indeed, to the exclusion of all his other work. Furthermore, although throughout their foreword the editors point out that various Fitzgerald writings have been neglected, nowhere do they say that what has been neglected is of any lasting quality. Bruccoli and Bryer are on safer and more modest ground when they note: "Some of these pieces were hard to locate; this volume will at least save time for other researchers."

As is always the case with such miscellanies, one may quibble with the editors' choice of what to include and what to leave out. Thus, among the inclusions are a poem called "Football," written by Fitzgerald at the age of sixteen, a number of lyrics written for the Triangle Club's musical productions, and assorted undergraduate poems. On the other hand, the little-known "Dearly Beloved"—a haunting sketch about a black couple, portions of which Fitzgerald reworked to use in *The Last Tycoon*—is omitted. (Like most of the novelist's short pieces included in this compilation, "Dearly Beloved" was previously printed in the *Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual* of 1969.) Also, while it is high time that the reviews of *Tender Is the Night* were brought together under one cover, as they are here, one may wonder if they do not more properly belong in an enlarged edition of Professor Bruccoli's excellent study *The Composition of Tender Is the Night*.

In their introduction to *Dear Scott/Dear Max*, John Kuehl and Mr. Bryer write that they conceive of the letters that make up this book as forming "a narrative involving two principal characters: Maxwell E. Perkins and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Consequently, we have included only letters between the two men and only those that sustain the interest and continuity of their story." Unfortunately, this idea turns out to be a gimmick unjustified either by the content or the tone of the correspondence. Thus, while one is led to assume that the novelist and his editor were the closest of friends, the letters point to a professional relationship—one by no means devoid of loyalty and fondness, yet one whose practical nature is always clear both to writer and editor.

Moreover, the letters reveal that Fitzgerald was deeply private about the pain and trouble in his personal life. For instance, he does not refer to Zelda's prolonged and tortuous breakdown until July 1930. Again, he seldom mentions his own bouts with drink and despair. Surprisingly, given the "Dear Scott/Dear Max" motif, the few revelations the novelist does permit himself often elicit no written response from his editor. In a letter which Kuehl and Bryer date "ca. May 14, 1932," Fitzgerald shifts from business matters to existential worries, writing: "Thanks about the *Modern Library*. I don't know exactly what I shall do. Five years have rolled away from me and I can't decide who I am, if anyone." Perkins does not reply, and the next quoted letter, written by Fitzgerald, is dated more than eight months later. By and large, this mutual reserve and restraint is to both men's credit. Each seemed to recognize that the integrity of their relationship depended upon its remaining basically professional in character. Loyalty depended upon their shared awareness of Fitzgerald's actual and potential achievement as a novelist.

Contrary to Nancy Milford's contention in *Zelda* that the novelist did little to encourage his wife's writing, Fitzgerald's letters show that he de-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

BEFORE AND AFTER

In the list of wives at the left do you recognize the girls they were before marriage? Polly Stone Buck of Jacksonville, Vermont, bids you establish the right connections, or wend your way to the marriage registry on page 75.

1. Mrs. Charles Bingley ( )
2. Mme. Charles Bovary ( )
3. Mrs. Rhett Butler ( )
4. Mrs. Arthur Clennam ( )
5. Mrs. Capt. William Dobbin ( )
6. Mrs. Freddy Eynsford Hill ( )
7. Mrs. John Harmon ( )
8. Mrs. Will Kennicott ( )
9. Signora Tito Melema ( )
10. Mrs. Michael Mont ( )
11. Mme. Marius Pontmercy ( )
12. Mrs. John Ridd ( )

a. Romola de' Bardi
b. Jane Bennet
c. Eliza Doolittle
d. Lorna Doone
e. Amy Dorrit
f. Fleur Forsyte
g. Carol Milford
h. Scarlett O'Hara
i. Emma Rouault
j. Amelia Sedley
k. Cosette (Valjean)
l. Bella Wilfer

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voted a good deal of creative and strategic energy to urging Zelda's fiction on Perkins personally and on Scribner's in general. Particularly when he was having problems with writing *Tender Is the Night*, he sought to play the same role in Zelda's life as Perkins played in his own.

Behind the vast majority of Fitzgerald's letters to Perkins lies either some specific request or a detail to be sorted out. The frank desire to communicate with a friend is missing. Until he tries to salvage readership and reputation through reissues of his novels, Fitzgerald's intensity distills itself into rituals of thanks for money advanced him by Perkins—first from Scribner's coffers; then, during the Depression years, from the editor's own pocket.

Perkins's role was to encourage, to stabilize, and to mediate between Fitzgerald and those by whom he felt slighted—among others, and most sorely, by Hemingway. Clearly, Perkins's most important contribution as an editor came in the course of his work on *The Great Gatsby*. In a typical burst of generosity Fitzgerald credits him with that novel's brilliance of structure, though it is clear even from the letters that Perkins merely hinted at the direction Fitzgerald was to take in arranging Gatsby's history. Perkins's gentlemanly qualities—honesty, courtesy, patience, kindness, and loyalty—were those of Fitzgerald's father. To these, he added good judgment and the capacity to make his convictions stick in the tough world of publishing.

Reading Fitzgerald's end of the correspondence, I was struck by his shrewd imagination on matters of promotion and advertising—his interest in the technical side, as well as the purely literary aspects, of his books. Esthetically, Fitzgerald is revealed as a stubborn supporter of original and experimental voices in fiction. It is Fitzgerald who calls Ernest Hemingway and, a decade later, Franz Kafka to Perkins's attention. And it is Fitzgerald who tells Perkins apropos of his editor's doubts about Gertrude Stein's appeal: "I thought it was one purpose of critics and publishers to educate the public up to original work." Above all, it is Fitzgerald who, toward the end of his life, defines his craft's integrity in terms of self-preservation. Thus, although Fitzgerald the man might play fast and loose with money, these letters make it clear that Fitzgerald the novelist categorically refused to make any concessions on matters of esthetic integrity.

If the editors of *Dear Scott/Dear Max* had read the Fitzgerald-Perkins correspondence with more discernment, I doubt that they would have indulged the fancy that these letters constitute a compelling narrative. Similarly, if the editors of *A Miscellany* had taken seriously Fitzgerald's manifesto, "How to Waste Material—A Note on My Generation: Essay and Review of Ernest Hemingway's *In Our Time*," they would have hesitated before putting together still another collection. At the very least they would have reminded his readers that F. Scott Fitzgerald never lost the power to discriminate between the best and the worst of his own work.

John F. Callahan teaches American Literature at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon. His own book on Fitzgerald, "The Illusions of a Nation," will be published by the University of Illinois Press in February 1972.

THE WYETHS:
The Letters of N. C. Wyeth, 1901-1945

edited by Betsy James Wyeth

Gambit, 858 pp., $17.50

Reviewed by Franz Schulze

■ Newell Convers Wyeth (1882-1945), whose illustrations of *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *Robin Hood* brightened the days of countless American children during the 1910s, 1920s and 1930s, was the first of the famous artistic Wyeths. N. C.'s son Andrew and son-in-law Peter Hurd, both of them painters of renown since the Forties, are the second and third, while the fourth is Andrew's son Jamie, who in 1966—at the age of twenty—was honored with a one-man show of paintings at Knoedler's.

There is no conclusive sign that the Wyeths have grown self-consciously dynastic; on the other hand, one may find his mind darkened by suspicions on this score after examining the most recent piece of Wyethiana, the publication of N. C. Wyeth's letters written between 1901 and 1945. Here is a book whose physical dress is not cheap; it is meant to sell well, and it is in fact a pleasure to study the work of Mr. Wyeth as it appears among the 140 illustrations (color and black-and-white).

As an artist, N. C. was good but narrowly gifted: a crisp draftsman with a keen sense of compositional action and the capacity to bring an adventure story to visual life. The bulk of this book, however, comprises no fewer than 666 of Mr. Wyeth's letters—the pious, hearty, good-natured, and frequently banal outpourings of a man to his kinfolk—which go loping along for nearly 900 pages. Unfortunately, endearing as their author may have been as a son, brother, or father, he is simply not sufficiently engaging as a thinker to hold the interest of the unrelated outsider. His occasional reflections on art, for example, are never very original or profound. In his opinion, Giovanni Segantini—a modestly competent Italian *plein air* painter—was "perhaps the biggest man of the century." From a reading of these letters, it would appear that N. C. took up the techniques of the Impressionists only in 1916, when they were nearly a half century old and already passé. The only "post-impressionist" he mentions by name is Marcel Duchamp, whom he casually brackets with "all the other nuts." Obviously, any letter writer is free to air his views, but the views expressed here suggest a mind that was run-of-the-mill for its time and uninstructive for our own.

So why publish his letters? Betsy James Wyeth, who edited them, tells us in her introduction that during the early years of her marriage to Andrew she had found "Pa" a rather forbidding presence, but that when she heard of his death in an auto-train collision in 1945, she was overcome with regret and remorse. "If I could just once say to him 'I'm sorry!' " she writes. "Perhaps this was my motivation while I worked on the manuscript."

Mrs. Wyeth has done her penance. The reader is not obliged to participate in it.

Franz Schulze is art critic of the Chicago Daily News and professor of art at Lake Forest College.

WIT TWISTER #247

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Though they can — — — — — —
— winter, snakes await,

In torpor, times when passion
can run hot.

Then comes the spring, — — —
— — — — each finds a mate

To — — — — — — — about in a
true lover's knot.

—A.S.

(Answer on page 75)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The B-1 Bomber

Continued from page 25

When pressed by critics of the B-1's future strategic value, the Air Force often tries to justify the plane by falling back on its versatility, pointing out its potential usefulness as a nonstrategic bomber in such "conventional" wars as the one in Vietnam. The trouble with this position is that we already have a new bomber designed for such conventional wars: the FB-111. Now replacing the early-model B-52s, the FB-111 can carry the same (although fewer) bombs and missiles as the B-1, with greater speed and maneuverability. (The FB-111 could also serve as a strategic bomber, although its limited range would restrict it to "only" 40 per cent of the strategic targets in the Soviet Union, compared to the 60 per cent reachable by the B-1. In a nuclear war, however, such distinctions may well become indistinct. Even without any strategic bombers at all, Soviet and American land- and sea-based ICBMs should wreak quite enough destruction to satisfy the most maniacal generals.) Mainly in order to conserve funds for the B-1 program, the Air Force has cut back its planned fleet of FB-111s from more than 200 to 76. Considering the fact that we can buy at least ten FB-111s (at $10-million each) for the cost of each B-1, this could prove to be a terribly expensive way of conserving funds.

To fully understand the Air Force's fervor for the B-1, one must realize that for many USAF generals it represents much more than something to be measured in terms of strategic performance or cost-effectiveness. When they describe its marvelous but as yet undemonstrated capabilities, one is reminded of the saying: People don't really grow up, they just play with bigger toys. Referring to this phenomenon in his Congressional testimony on the B-1, Jeremy Stone, director of the Federation of American Scientists, a former staff member of the Hudson Institute, and the author of two books on arms control, stated:

> Air Force supporters are, almost of necessity, technological enthusiasts. They want to "get the best," "incorporate new technology," and fly faster —and either higher or lower—than before. These are not, in themselves, national security interests, and they do not provide a sensible argument for building a new bomber, now or later.

Despite the fact that defense technology persistently outpaces them, manned bombers have long been the favorite toy of Air Force generals. Most of today's top USAF officers began their careers in the manned bomber days of World War II and look back upon that era of relative technological simplicity with nostalgia. Since then, the path up to the top has generally led them through the Strategic Air Command, which flies the bombers. The last three USAF Chiefs of Staff—Generals Curtis LeMay, John McConnell, and John Ryan, the current chief—were all SAC men. Under their command, the Air Force launched the B-58, as a proposed follow-on bomber to the B-52. Soon after it became operational, however, the Defense Department realized the B-58 was technically obsolete and mothballed the eighty planes already purchased. Then came the infamous B-70, a supersonic bomber of incomparable quality—on paper. In reality, the B-70 program never got beyond the construction of two prototypes, at a cost of $1.5-billion. One of them crashed after colliding with an Air Force plane taking pictures of it. The other now sits securely in the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio. The main reason the Air Force scrapped both the B-58 and the B-70 is that by the time they got off the drawing boards, anti-aircraft technology had made them too vulnerable to fly over enemy territory. They simply could not accomplish their mission.

Despite considerable evidence that the B-1 is headed for similar technical oblivion, the Air Force plans to go ahead. As Representative Pike told the House, upon introducing his amendment to cut the funds for the B-1: "Here we go again, starting out a new manned bomber in an age when manned strategic bombers are obsolete."

In his testimony before Congress, FAS Director Stone tried to explain why the manned bomber has become a technological anachronism: "No really essential task of destruction can be reliably assigned either the B-1 or B-52, because the survivability and penetrability of neither can be ensured." Besides, he noted, "While the B-1 is taking four hours to fly six thousand miles, . . . eight successive missile salvos—four on each side, and each 'answering' the other—could take place. The war may well be over before the bombers arrive."

FAS Chairman Marvin Goldberger argues that "there are very few targets that cannot be taken out more easily and more rapidly by missiles than by bombers." As evidence, he points out that while the Soviet Union has been increasing its land- and sea-based missiles, it has made no attempt to increase its fleet of 145 long-range strategic bombers for many years. In an attempt to play the "they've-got-one-so-we-need-one" game, supporters of the B-1 have been sounding an alarm over a new Soviet nuclear bomber dubbed Backfire, which has already made test flights. According to Western intelligence sources, however, the Russians have not yet decided to go into production with the Backfire, perhaps waiting to see what happens to the B-1.

Dr. Goldberger has conceded that some B-1s could conceivably penetrate Soviet air defenses and destroy cities and other strategic targets. But he also predicts that these cities might well have been long since destroyed by missiles.

Despite such arguments, proponents of the B-1 think the United States should continue to rely upon a "triad" concept of nuclear deterrents: land-based ICBMs, submarine-based Poseidon missiles, and manned strategic bombers. Whether or not the manned bomber still represents a realistic threat, they feel it does serve as a form of insurance for the other two. In the Strangelove logic of nuclear war-game theory, it also has the virtue of increasing the number of threats the enemy must consider before launching a first strike. As Missouri's Representative Richard Ichord pointed out, during the House debate on the B-1, it "forces the enemy to expend large sums and scientific talent for multiple defense systems." Mr. Ichord neglected to mention that in order to achieve this effect, the United States itself will have to expend far greater amounts on the B-1.

Spending huge sums of money on weapons of dubious necessity and efficacy in order to force the enemy to do likewise obviously seems like a sensible policy to many Congressmen and Pentagon officials. To others, however, it typifies the insanity of the arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union. In a similarly insane argument, manned bomber advocates insist that we must go ahead with the B-1 in order to give the U.S. negotiators a better bargaining position at the current round of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks in Vienna. By going ahead with development of the B-1, they argue, we will have a valuable "blue chip" to play with at the negotiation table. This notion of arms control may provide interesting material for think-tank game-theorists, but such multi-billion-dollar games are both dangerous and terribly expensive in a country with insufficient funds to meet its domestic needs.

As Professor Goldberger told the Senate Subcommittee on Arms Control: "I find it unbelievably depressing that we should continue to discuss new bombers and other weapon systems as though this insane arms race must continue forever. Now is the time to bring this ghastly game of charades we have been playing with the Soviet Union for the past quarter century to an end—not the time to propose new weapon systems."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Vonnegut's Folly

Happy Birthday, Wanda June is actually the inscription on a cake purchased to celebrate, *in absentia*, the birthday of long-lost Harold Ryan, who disappeared while searching for diamonds in the dark reaches of some continent or other. Ryan, from the décor of the New York apartment he left behind (inhabited now by his wife and adolescent son), appears to be a compound of Hemingway and movie heroes played by John Wayne. Mementoes include a well-preserved Land Rover, a variety of animal tusks, and doorbells that, when rung, growl like tigers or roar like lions. As for that cake, we soon learn from a quick visit to Kurt Vonnegut's version of heaven that it was meant for a little girl who was killed by a truck just prior to her birthday celebration. Now she is very happy up there somewhere with such playmates as the Nazi colonel known as the Beast of Yugoslavia, sent there by the same Harold Ryan.

I'm sorry to have to report that I have just about exhausted the more amusing elements of Kurt Vonnegut's blend of black humor, savage satire, and all-around irreverence first encountered Off-Broadway in his play and then adapted for the screen by the author himself. Things begin to go wrong very early on in the movie, for it is almost at once apparent that Vonnegut is imprisoned by his stage conception and hasn't the foggiest about how to open it up cinematically. Yes, here and there the action moves out of that fanciful Central Park West apartment—a couple of visits to "heaven," and a few brief scenes outside—but for the most part the entrances and exits of the principals are as contrived as anything in the "Tennis, Anyone?" school of playwriting of the Twenties.

Rod Steiger, for instance, as the monstrous symbol of violent American virility, conveniently arrives home a few seconds after his wife (Susannah York) has gone out for the evening. When she returns, the shock of reunion is further delayed by his need to visit the bathroom. When Ryan is moved to bash the violin of the effete doctor in the next apartment, the doctor has been sent off on an errand, only to appear in time for a confrontation with the beast of Central Park West. Naturally, every time someone arrives, the visit is heralded by the growl of a tiger or the roar of a lion —those doorbells. The device may have worked on the stage, but on the sound track the joke gets awfully thin, if loud. Aimed straight at the heartland of the college film audience, a film as stagy as this can only offend it.

Nor does the material translate well to film. Steiger's puffery is so ridiculous to begin with that one wonders why the bother to deflate it. And caricatured, too, are the others: the father-worshiping son, the wife torn between violent husband and non-violent, faggish doctor, the doltish pilot who dropped the bomb on Nagasaki (*Should* he have followed orders?). These figures of fun are not so much tiresome as tired.

But how wrong can a movie get? The quite prestigious cast has long been accustomed to acting for the camera, and one's expectations are that Steiger, Miss York, Don Murray, and George Grizzard will create some sort of dazzle with the Vonnegut follies. Instead, under Mark Robson's direction, it's as though all are hyped up for facing Clive Barnes on opening night. The screen has a way of magnifying performances, and when the performances are already pumped up, the results are bound to be disastrous. In this regard, Miss York offends least, while Steiger offends most. He booms out four-letter expletives or rattles them like machine-gun fire at the hapless audience and, in general, puts on such a carpet-chewing display that, if there were actually carpets, they'd be the most expensive item in the budget.

In fact, maybe the blame should be put on the budget rather than on any of those involved. Getting a movie on these days, particularly for something as off-the-track as *Happy Birthday, Wanda June*, involves considerable sacrifice. And time, shooting time, is of the essence, because that's where the money goes. So, obviously, they had to settle for this spartan production, which meant few sets, sparse use of setups, and hopes that the actors would work themselves into their roles posthaste. Still and all, it's billed as "A Mark Robson Film." We can only assume that Mr. Robson deserted the filmic instincts that had previously brought him commercial success because here he was, finally, in the presence of art. His disappointment, I fear, will be general.

Valle d'Aosta. In the Italian Alps.
The secret is out. Now the skiers are in.

The most breathtaking spots to ski in the world are hidden in Valle d'Aosta.
Like Courmayeur. Which has Mt. Blanc as the background for its runs and lifts.
Like Cervinia. Which lies at the foot of the Italian side of the Matterhorn.
Prices to Valle d'Aosta include round trip air fare, rooms with private bath and continental breakfast daily.
Schuss Valle d'Aosta. Before everyone finds out about it.

Valle d'Aosta.
The Not-So-Secret part of Alitalia's Ski Tours.
Two weeks from $397 to $647.

Name
Address
City State Zip
My Travel Agent is

☐ Extra-Value Vacations to Europe & North Africa
32-page booklet detailing 15 Tour Programs to such places as Italy, Greece, Turkey, Sicily, Tunisia, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Holland, England, Belgium, Austria, Morocco. 2 & 3 Week Tours.
☐ Ski Tours
☐ Youth Fare Tours
☐ East Africa, South Africa, Ethiopia 2 & 3 Week Programs
☐ Regular Escorted Tours
Italy, Greece, Turkey, Sicily, Tunisia, Switzerland, Austria. 3 Week Tours.
☐ Fly & Drive Tours and Car Rental Plans 2 & 3 Week Packages.

Prices based on 14/21 day round-trip jet economy group inclusive tour fare from N.Y. for groups of 15 or more. Bookings must be made 30 days in advance.

Alitalia

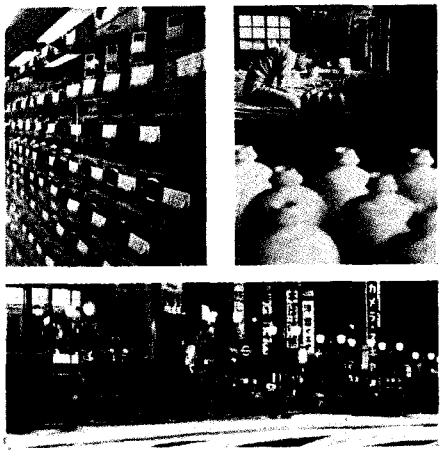
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ride the world's fastest train back to ninth-century Japan

You board the luxurious Tokaido Express in Tokyo. The countryside flashes by at 125 smooth, silent miles an hour. You're on your way to Kyoto, where time has stood still in the gardens and palaces for a thousand stately years.

It's one of Japan's particular delights—the mixture of classic yesterday and a vibrant today. The wail of the *Bugaku* at a Meiji Shrine—and the beat of electric guitars in a swinging cabaret. The clatter of a wooden loom and the stutter of a motorcycle. Puzzlingly harmonious. Completely Japanese.

You discover the Inland Sea with its piney picture-islands and misty vistas—from a speeding hydrofoil. You stroll Tokyo's Ginza, past window after window of excellent watches, cameras, mini-TV's. Then, abruptly there's a folk art shop, with pottery fired in ancient kilns, and traditional toys carved by hereditary craftsmen.



Night falls, and the centuries go on stage. *Noh* drama from ancient times. *Kabuki*, the theater of the 17th century. And contemporary musicals.

There's the same fine disregard for eras in Japanese sports. Baseball draws huge crowds. So does *sumo*, where gargantuan wrestlers begin each bout by scattering salt to rout demons. (If you're a golfer, tee off on a gardenlike course, with a girl caddy to carry your clubs.) It's all waiting for you now in unique Japan...and during any season you choose to visit. Ask your travel agent about it. Or mail us a card for the new edition of "Your Guide to Japan."

JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION

45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020
333 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60601
1420 Commerce Street, Dallas 75201
1737 Post Street, San Francisco 94115
727 West 7th Street, Los Angeles 90017
109 Kaiulani Avenue, Honolulu 96815
165 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ontario
...also in Mexico City and Sao Paulo.

Japan is the new favorite for international conferences and conventions, too. Let us help you with your plans.

All in a Japanese day

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Loaf of Paté, a Label of Wine and Thou.

B&G. It's all the French you'll ever need. B&G. Two eloquent letters the French have used since 1725 to describe their best–from Beaujolais to Pouilly Fuisse, from Pommard to Chablis–B&G. Could anything be more romantic?

B&G. Love letters from France.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN

64 **Letters to the Communications Editor**

65 **Radicalism and the Young Journalist**
by William E. Porter

67 **The Syndicates and How They Grew**
by Boyd Lewis

70 **So You Want to Be an Obit Editor**
by Alden Whitman

72 **Twenty-five Years of the API**
by John Hohenberg

74 **Books in Communications: Island Views**

76 **Madison Avenue: You're in Good Hands with Safety**
by Stuart W. Little

Reporters, Subpoenas, Immunity, and the Court

The right of a newsman to protect his sources has come to the United States Supreme Court in three landmark cases, each of which involves the eternal conflict between the subpoena power of law enforcement agencies and the process of news gathering. In these vital cases reporters have refused on principle to reveal to grand jury investigators information about criminals derived from confidential sources. So, at last, the local, state, and federal "shield laws" have finally come to the attention of the highest court. In every case, law enforcement agencies are contesting the local-state-federal statutes that grant newsmen immunity from disclosing confidential sources, the very definition of a landmark case in the profession of journalism.

In last month's issue of *The Quill*, official organ of Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalistic society, a University of Michigan law professor had some highly important things to say about the question of privilege and the age-old controversy over the relationship between a reporter and his source. Professor Vince Blasi writes that newsmen have maintained for years that they need what doctors and priests are granted in two-thirds of the states —immunity from subpoena and compulsory disclosure. Professor Blasi points out that in some circumstances even police officers themselves cannot be compelled to reveal the identity of their informers, and very often diplomatic and military state secrets are equally privileged, not to mention common law privileges against compulsory disclosure for such other professionals as lawyers and psychologists.

The professor is not certain that all newsmen are unalterably in favor of the privilege of immunity, and indeed we agree it is often used to cover up reportorial inadequacy. He goes on: "Most of the newsmen I have interviewed believe that the profession relies way too much on off-the-record information and not-for-attribution quotes. They offer several reasons for thinking that the reliance on this type of information is, in many ways, a bad journalistic habit. For one thing, reporters can get caught up in a gossip syndrome. They could become more concerned with getting the inside story for themselves than with getting as much information as possible to the reader. Many newsmen feel that reporters could get a great deal more information on the record if they were tougher with sources and less concerned about being on the inside."

On the other hand, Professor Blasi admits, relationships of trust and confidence can be highly useful and important when a reporter sets out to check information. Then there are instances where personal immunity is vital, such as stories involving exposés of government corruption or an interview with a fugitive. But, generally speaking, he feels that the time-honored tradition of reportorial immunity is overblown and dangerous in the long run to the profession of reporting.

Any Supreme Court landmark decision involving the right of a reporter to refuse to divulge his sources must go hand in hand with the best-remembered pronunciamento of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.—his enunciation of the "clear and present danger" concept of Constitutional law. Holmes wrote that the First Amendment establishing freedom of the press was designed to prevent "previous restraint" upon the press. He reasoned that no government or legal prohibition upon publication should take place without there being a clear and present danger to the American people. He put it this way: "When a nation is at war many

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things that might be said in time of peace are such a hindrance to the war effort that their utterance will not be endured as long as men fight, and that no court could regard them as protected by any constitutional right." But this is simply an obvious exception to the general rule that the First Amendment means what it says when it speaks of unfettered freedom of press and speech. The same general principles would surely apply in matters of the subpoena. It would depend greatly upon the existence of "a clear and present danger" whether the subpoena upon a reporter's sources would be acceptable as an exception to the overwhelming journalistic rights outlined in the First Amendment to the Constitution.

It is even possible, of course, that the entire subject of journalistic immunity is of less importance than another current in the courts—government interference through censorship of information very much in the public good, as in the case of the Pentagon Papers.

Bernard Kilgore, former chairman of *The Wall Street Journal*, once said that we have to have a free press whether it's responsible or not, because "whenever you start nibbling away at freedom of the press, it's hard to know when to stop." Government censorship both through withholding vital information and through the subpoena reduces true freedom of the press, while to force a reporter to reveal his news sources cuts his effectiveness and nibbles away subtly at the First Amendment. Alexis de Tocqueville, the great nineteenth-century French historian, puts it this way: "In order to enjoy the inestimable benefits that liberty of the press ensures, it is necessary to submit to the inevitable evils that it creates." We feel precisely this way about reporters, subpoenas, censorship, and source immunity. A free press is like democracy itself, of which Winston Churchill once said that it was the most awkward, the most complex, the most irritating, the clumsiest, and the best system yet devised in the mind of man. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Green Eyeshade vs. Chi Square

THE Chi Square-Green Eyeshade controversy as analyzed by M. L. Stein ["Journalism Education—A Matter of Existence," *SR*, Oct. 9] captured my attention because I have thus far chosen a "middle ground" not considered by the author. After editing my high school newspaper and serving as a teen correspondent for an Oklahoma City daily newspaper, I consciously chose not to seek a journalism degree. Instead, I pursued a liberal arts education, concentrating in political science. I coupled this with practical experience as a college editor and daily newspaper reporter.

Thus far I have not fully committed myself to the position of the Chi Square advocates, but neither have I found appealing the Green Eyeshade approach. I consider my own version of a "middle ground" rewarding, though not contributing to the current upswing in journalism education.

LIEUT. RICHARD A. BARD,
U.S. Army,
Republic of Korea.

SILVEN H. CHAFFEE'S assertion that communications researchers were made the "particular villains" of my article is a conclusion drawn by him and not by me. Even a cursory reading of the piece would indicate that the case for research was accorded fair treatment, with members of his profession being given the opportunity to state their own case. By the same token, there was no attempt to gloss over the imperfections in the teaching of professional journalism courses.

That some researchers are straying far from the concerns of professional journalism is a statement I make with no apologies whatsoever. I'm sure Dr. Chaffee would agree that a portion of the theory and methodology papers submitted at AEJ conventions have only the most tenuous connection with mass media, if any at all. But, then, nobody is perfect.

M. L. STEIN,
Professor and Chairman,
Department of Journalism,
New York University,
New York, N.Y.

The "Literary Digest" 's Demise

THAT STORY about the death of the *Literary Digest*, repeated by John Hohenberg ["Can a Good Journalist Be a Good Citizen?" *SR*, Nov. 13], is as durable as Mencken's history of the bathtub. And as false, according to my Uncle Bill, who watched the *Digest* die.

My Uncle Bill (Will B. Davis) was an advertising space salesman working out of Chicago for his brother-in-law, the late Richard G. Howse, who was Western ad manager of the *Digest*—a big job in those days because the *Digest* was probably the most profitable magazine going. The poll of twenty million telephone subscribers that predicted a Landon victory (most of Roosevelt's supporters presumably having no telephones) didn't hurt the *Digest* much, Bill Davis told me shortly before his death ten years ago. What did hurt the *Digest* and eventually killed it was *Time* (the Weekly Newsmagazine). *Time* came along with a brisk new format and wasn't afraid to express its own opinions (in contrast to the *Digest*'s "Then again, on the other hand, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* said . . .") and quickly got up to 100,000 circulation. The *Digest*, which still had more than a million loyal subscribers, panicked and tried to copy *Time*, thereby alienating most of its old readers and not gaining many new ones. "If they'd kept their head and stuck to their own successful format, they might still have been a live magazine today," Bill said.

CARLETON H. DAVIS,
Old Lyme, Conn.

Added Underground Starters

I READ John Tebbel's "What's Happening to the Underground Press?" [*SR*, Nov. 13]. Either that was an article written some time ago or Mr. Tebbel has not researched his information correctly. Boston has two underground or alternative newspapers: *Boston After Dark*, circulation 95,000, and *Phoenix*, circulation 50,000. *The Old Mole* is not in publication at the present time, nor has it been seen on the streets of Cambridge for some months now. I think the two Boston alternative press papers are worthy of note.

JACQUELINE LUKE,
International Marketing Institute,
Cambridge, Mass.

The Switch-off Button

HURRAY for Mrs. Charpentier! It is a rare TV set, indeed, that is not equipped with an off-on switch. We, like Mrs. C. [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Nov. 13], discovered ours years ago, and the yield has been immeasurable. Unlike Mrs. C., who implies that she chucked the whole device, we chose simply to turn it off when it became offensive (most of the time). By opting for discriminate viewing we retain access to the tube's redeeming offerings while escaping not only directly depreciating effects but also the waste of time that could be devoted to worthy enterprise.

E. W. VAN STEE,
Dayton, O.

Government Regulation?

IN HIS editorial "What We Don't Know Will Hurt Us" [*SR*, November 13], R.L.T. discusses the burden that our society places on the media. This goal could be served by a new federal agency replacing the FCC, totally divorced from political pressures. This body would be charged with regulating all media in the public interest.

STEVE SHAFARMAN,
Westfield, N. J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radicalism and the Young Journalist

by WILLIAM E. PORTER

A few weeks ago Congressman William L. Springer of Illinois was testifying before Senator Sam Ervin's subcommittee, which has been looking into freedom of the press, and, rather surprisingly, he had something to say about journalism education. "The schools of communication in this country are developing activists," he said. "This is one of the big problems of journalism schools today."

It's difficult to see how the Congressman knows, since he's not in the communications business and has had no tie to a campus in recent years. Perhaps he was echoing something that he'd heard from professionals. About a week before Springer sounded the tocsin in Washington, Jim Borman of WCCO (Minneapolis) said much the same thing in the keynote address to the Radio and Television News Directors Association in Boston, and the topic seems to come up informally a lot when management groups in the various media get together.

It doesn't come up with journalism educators, however, and most of them would react to the assertion with bemused disbelief that anybody could say such a thing seriously. Deans and directors of accredited journalism schools have an organization of their own, the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism, and for the annual spring meeting the president commonly polls the members to find out what they'd like to talk about. All the common headaches of these poor devils come up sooner or later (most of last April's meeting, for example, was given to the problems of meeting the Health, Education and Welfare Department's guidelines for hiring women). The problem of radical journalism students has never surfaced.

The worriers on the outside in some cases may be misled by an incomplete understanding based upon reading student newspapers. Many of these have taken on a radical cast during recent years, and for a time some almost turned from newspapering to name-calling pamphleteering. That trend seems to be subsiding now, but at its height in 1968 it produced passages such as this from one of the most respected student dailies:

> When they arrived at the County building at 5:30 p.m. yesterday, the Tactical Mobile Pigs were carrying rifles and shotguns—all too long it looked like they were going to use them. These specially trained pigs—clad in their blue uniforms and spaceman helmets—were part of the force which kept demonstrators outside of the building away from the other pigs who were carrying, pushing, and dragging the protestors from inside.

That was not the product of either a journalism department or an individual journalism student.

Most well-known campus dailies have no connection at all with the school or department of journalism (for example, the *Daily Illini*, the *Wisconsin Cardinal*, the *Michigan Daily*, the *Columbia Spectator*, and the *Stanford Daily*). Some are still published by the journalism unit, but even in most of these it is not necessary to be a journalism major to be on the paper. In a few cases the publication is totally a journalism enterprise, however, and in those instances, it is possible that campus radicals were willing to become journalism majors for the sake of capturing the paper. It could have happened, although no example comes readily to mind. The easiest way to answer the accusations of developing radicals would be to ask, "Name three."

The reasons genuine radicals do not choose journalism either as a field of study or as a profession grow out of the nature of both the profession and the communications business in this country, and the accusation is depressing not because it is an attack upon journalism education, but because it reflects some misapprehensions that —particularly if they are taken seriously by professionals currently in command—promise greater problems in the future.

The reasons begin with the obvious fact that the Establishment media (the place where you find the paying jobs) are, of course, near the top of the list of automatic hates of the young who see themselves as political radicals. These organizations are ranked just behind the Pentagon and the CIA, and most journalism teachers who are trying to teach non-journalism students about the media have had the depressing problem of trying to cut through the sloganeering hate rhetoric that turns up in routine paper-writing assignments or is shouted from the back of the hall. Even irrational people do not seek careers in fields that they abominate, but they do take courses in them to confirm their worst suspicions and raise a little hell.

They may also feel that a different kind of medium could serve their cause well. This leads to starting an "underground" newspaper, or attaching to one already in being, or becoming a film-maker, or seeking to capture the campus paper or radio station. At this point there begins to operate another mechanism for discouraging the impetuous. Somebody has summed this up with the observation that most "underground" papers fail because eventually the brothers get together and fire as reactionary the one guy who comes to work on time.

Working in any ongoing communication enterprise is a complex and demanding business, and to succeed at it requires not only a willingness to stay at it but a certain satisfaction in fitting into the machinery. For people seeking revolutionary breakthrough, this is no way to go. A certain satisfaction in routine is characteristic of all professionals in the field, and if journalism education does not convey that, then the first few days on the real-world job will.

The genuine radical is generally unwilling to accept either the premises or the procedures of the Establishment media, and the idea that he is willing to infiltrate and bide his time or work at subtle corruption simply has no evidence to support it. Rather he includes himself out, as Sam Goldwyn said, and finds his fulfillment in publications of his own that are often flashy but fitful. Sometimes it doesn't work that way, and he stays with the student paper, say, long enough to decide he wants a career in the media. That very decision indicates a real change of stance, because by that time he knows what he's getting into. By the time the non-journalism student who wrote the purple passage about Tactical Mobile Pigs was through with

WILLIAM E. PORTER is dean of the journalism department of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his studies, he decided he did want to be a newsman. He's now working for a news agency, hardly a nest of social activists. That story has been repeated several times.

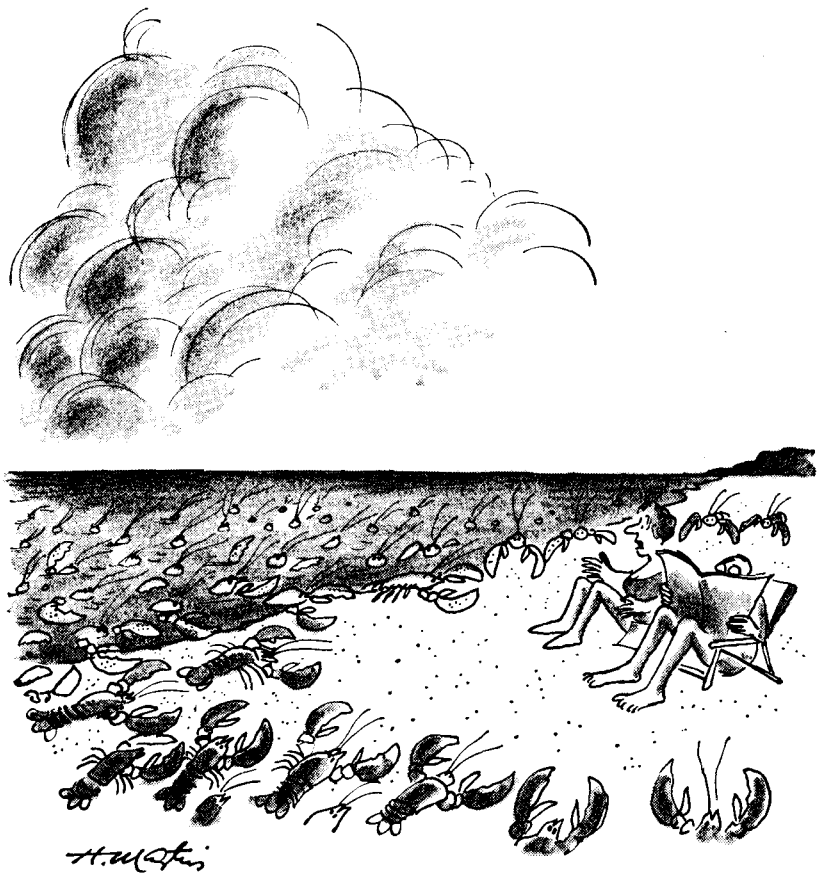
If there aren't unconverted Leftist agitators sneaking into the ranks of the profession, from where does the concern within it about young radicals come? It's hard to escape the melancholy thought that the trouble lies in differential meanings of the word "radical" and that what some editors and publishers and news directors are talking about is bright young people who seem to want to do something about the world and who may have read too much Nicholas Von Hoffman and Norman Mailer and Nicholas Johnson. If that is the case, we're all in trouble—journalism departments that are trying to find jobs for their graduates (even if the journalism professoriat doesn't want to talk about it in class, they can't keep bright kids from reading gutsy writing about the field in which they plan to work); the graduates themselves; and, saddest of all, the media with their constant need for talented and energetic newcomers.

It is from the intelligently impatient and uplift-minded that the bulk of good American newsmen always has come. There have not been many studies of the social origins of newsmen in this country, but from the beginning all have produced steadily the same results. Most people who go into journalism come from white middle- or upper-middle-class families; father was a teacher or minister or social worker or the owner of a business or a substantial farm. The evidence seems to indicate that most working reporters (outside of the biggest names, of course) moved laterally in social position, if that. They're in the business for reasons other than money or status as conventionally defined. Chief among them seem to be an early interest in writing and the desire to live a socially useful life. "Scratch a journalist," said the young Leo Rosten after his systematic study of the Washington press corps in the middle 1930s, "and you find a reformer."

There's folklore to the contrary, of course. David Potter pointed out a long time ago that Americans are fond of measuring people not in terms of inherited status but in terms of how far they travel upward in the system, and everybody likes to feel, perhaps, that his business is dominated by hungry boys who've made it. Gay Talese applies this measurement eloquently to the news business (or at least *The New York Times*) in the world's longest book, pointing out A. M. Rosenthal and James Reston as particular examples of the men from the bottom rung who, in fighting their way upward, took the *Times* to glory with them. It is indeed true that both Rosenthal and Reston came from economically poor beginnings, but Talese simply didn't look around the newsroom long enough. Turner Catledge's father was a prosperous farmer and then a businessman; Clifton Daniel's owned a drugstore (which may not be much where Talese comes from, but which nonetheless is real class in Zebulon, North Carolina); Harrison Salisbury's grandfather was a physician; Lester Markel was the son of a banker. As a matter of fact, few poor boys see the media as the best path upward, and when newspaper and station owners explain the lack of ethnic minority representation on their staffs by a lack of applicants they're generally right, despite the contemptuous hoots that always follow the claim. Journalism is not a trade appealing to those who come from a world in which there is, through necessity, little reading and writing.

Recent studies of campus radicals have indicated that most of them also come from literate middle-class or higher backgrounds. The critical difference is the willingness to accept the structured restraints of professionalism in one of the country's largest industries because one believes it is maybe the country's most important. There may be a parallel between the journalist as a man involved in social change and, improbable as it may seem, certain kinds of physicians. It's a common observation in medicine that some highly motivated doctors cannot bring themselves to deep involvement with patients, and that these move into specialties such as anesthesiology, radiology, and orthopedics. The good journalist, one is tempted to say, is somebody who wants change but who has no heart for throwing rocks, seizing buildings, or even carrying picket signs. The scratching of that kind of journalist produces a reformer still, but one who intends to work within the system.

The tallest towers in journalism have been built by that kind of people, and there could be no worse augury for the future of broadcasting and publishing than the conviction of those now in command that sensitivity and concern (which lead to convictions, and always have) on the part of new journalists are somehow threats. These are indeed times of change, and there are more changes coming—including, inevitably, some profound ones within journalism itself. If we're all lucky, they'll come about through new insights and innovations based on the old values. That's what higher education, including journalism education, is all about.



"You can forget your wars, your strikes, your pollution, your drugs, your crime, and all that, Harold!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Syndicates and How They Grew

by BOYD LEWIS

How can a columnist in Chicago prescribe for a lovelorn lady in Laramie? Or a cartoonist who lives in Sarasota get daily laughs from Tuscaloosa to Timbuktu? Or a reader in Milford, Massachusetts, derive insight on national issues from the same double-domed pundits featured in newspapers from Washington, the D.C., to Washington, the state of? The answer is easy: through the complex, competitive, often corny operations of approximately 250 companies in an area of journalism little known to the general public, loosely known as "the syndicates."

Syndication of newspaper features is less than a century old. By "features" one means the columns, the comic strips and Sunday color pages, the editorial cartoons, the special articles, puzzles, maps, picture layouts. In short, that part of the newspaper content which is not "spot" or immediate news (both local and international), not advertising, and not the paper's own editorial interpretations.

Syndication is generally acknowledged to have started in America in 1884 when a spare, dynamic young man out of Galesburg, Illinois, and Knox College came to New York and began to buy serialized fiction and sell it to newspapers around the country. He was Samuel Sydney McClure, born in Ireland to Scots Protestants in February 1857 and brought to Illinois as a lad of nine. In his biography *Success Story: The Life and Times of S.S. McClure*, Peter Lyon wrote:

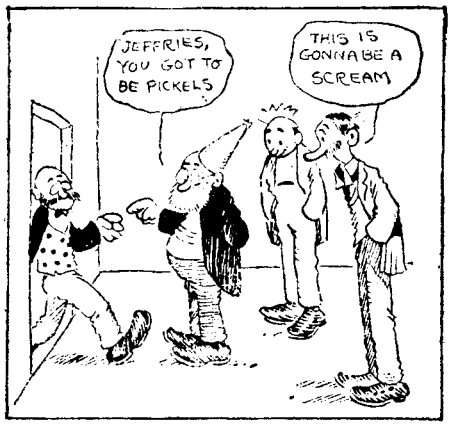
> Nowhere in the United States was there . . . a more likely aspirant to the achievement of the American dream. Ideally such a candidate must be young, poor, orphaned, and immigrant. To him America traditionally offers wealth, power, and status incomparable. On every count the boy qualified. Young: he was only nine years old, and small for his age. Poor: he had not a cent, his feet were bare of shoes, and the coat on his back was homespun. True, his mother was still alive, but his father was dead nearly three years. Immigrant: this day, this Fourth of July, 1866, was his first full day in America. . . . He sensed that here was something big and free.

After college and a short fling with publishing houses, which proved little except that McClure was no "organization man," he struck his golden idea. Noting that the large newspapers were buying and serializing fiction from their writers for $100 to $150, McClure reasoned that if he could induce 100 editors to pay $5 each for a story, he could earn more for the writer and pocket a neat profit. He borrowed $5 from a friend to make the first sales trip from New York to Philadelphia. He kept on borrowing, kept on selling. Syndication in America had been born.

In six years of frantic effort, McClure booked the leading fiction writers of the time and netted a little over $2,000 profit. But a beginning had been made. Later he broadened his efforts to include recipes, comics, humor, puzzles, columns, and other features.

Outcault's "Yellow Kid," the original comic strip, is seventy-five years old.

Competitors quickly sprang up, offering greater variety of subject matter to newspapers just beginning to waken from their puny beginnings. In the latter part of the nineteenth century newspapers were described as "oddly barren," printing, aside from advertising, only a few pages of local news, some foreign news, some by cable but mostly mailers, some wit snitched from competitors, and a few deadly columns of heavily slanted political comment. Nothing from out of town was printed except "the mere brute fact" from the press association wires.



Bud Fisher created "Mutt and Jeff" more than sixty years ago. He died in 1954.

So the flowering of the newspapers into today's diverse product proceeded in parallel, if not in consequence, with the flowering of the syndicates that had begun to enrich them.

"This has resulted," says an essay by one anonymous but obviously concerned writer, "in economic magic: Creators of features get more for their work. Newspapers get more and better features at low cost. Readers get a wealth of quality material at no cost to them. Suppose," this writer continues, "there were no syndication. Each reasonably prosperous newspaper could afford one or two cartoonists and a handful of columnists and feature writers. Some might have a bright young man who could keep up a 'learn a word a day' feature, and a local matron might share her recipes.

"But through the magic of syndica-

BOYD LEWIS retires at the end of this year after forty-five years of newspapering, more than half of it as editor and later president of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, the largest basic newspaper feature service. He has had a measurable effect upon the nature of newspaper features, having invented some, developed others, and aided many talented people into successful careers. He is the compiler and editor of a book, *The Comics: A Pictorial History*, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons next April.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, today each newspaper can print the writings and drawings of the most talented men and women of America. It can present articles by the foremost authorities on medicine, psychology, child care, nutrition, cooking, and other specialties. It can expose the thinking of the finest thinkers in the land. It can use countless comic strips, panels, and colored pages. And it can get all of these for a tiny fraction of what the originators are paid."

Indeed, the economics of syndication is perhaps its most astonishing aspect. Some syndicate stars earn more money than the publishers who buy their features. For his part, a publisher may acquire for his exclusive use in a territory a galaxy of highly rewarded writers and artists for less than the American Newspaper Guild scale salary for one man.

One highly atypical example is worth close examination. About twenty years ago an earnest young newspaper artist from St. Paul began offering a little panel feature consisting of drawings of children expressing quaint, humorous, and philosophical comment. Charles Schulz was quickly recognized by Ernest Lynn, the highly perceptive comic art editor of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, as possessing great talent. But Lynn was unable to persuade his sales organization that they could get a large market for what Schulz then had to offer.

Schulz went back to St. Paul and began to experiment with the comic strip format. He reasoned he might have a better chance of getting into space-tight newspapers if he made the strip shallower than most. This time he went to New York and tried the United Feature Syndicate, like NEA an affiliate of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper group. United Features thought the strip might have a modest sale, particularly if the working title "Li'l Folks" could be improved. Jim Hennessy, on the UFS business side, came up with *Peanuts* when somebody asked him, along with others, to think up names for a kid strip he hadn't seen. "Sparky" Schulz tells me he never warmed up to the title and still "despises" it.

But he isn't likely to change it because today *Peanuts* is the General Motors of comic art, grossing more than $20-million a year on syndicate sales, books, toys, TV specials, food products, clothing, and other by-products. It is estimated that more than 150 million people around the world follow the daily doings and sayings of Good Ol' Charlie Brown, Linus, Lucy, Schroeder, and that incredible beagle Snoopy, sometimes hound, sometimes World War I flying ace.

Undoubtedly Schulz's success is the bait that lures armies of aspiring cartoonists to their drawing boards to produce the scores of features submitted every week to editors like myself. Hardly a day passes that the postman does not bring in an oversized package heavily laden with postage—and some artist's hopes. Every one of these receives careful scrutiny. I am sure this is as true of my competitors as it is of myself. Never do we avail ourselves of the "return postage enclosed" until the comic art editor and his associates have had a good look.

Some very good strips have come in "over the transom," as the saying goes. One of these is Dick Cavalli's popular *Winthrop*, his own version of kid life; another is Howie Schneider's brilliantly satiric *Eek & Meek*, in which wire line mice play out commentary on society and politics that often is more telling than that of the editorial page pundits.

OH, THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, BILLIE... YOU LOOK AWFULLY NICE YOURSELF ALL DRESSED UP SO CUTIE, N'EVERYTHING
GEE, WE OUGHT TO HAVE A SWELL TIME TOGETHER THIS EVENING--YOU AND I--WE CLICK!
SIX OF CLUBS
TOO BAD, BILLIE--YOU LOSE--WE'LL HAVE OUR DATE TOMORROW EVENING
HEH, HEH--KING--BLONDIE GOES TO THE MOVIES WITH ME, WISE GUY
HEH-HEH-HEH-
HE WON AGAIN
YOU CAN'T BEAT A GUY LIKE THAT!
BILLIE! YOU! I SENT YOU HOME ONCE--IT'S NO USE--I'M GOING TO THE MOVIES WITH ELMER..... WHERE IS HE?
YOU'RE GOING WITH ME--ELMER WENT HOME--SAID HE NEED EU SEEEP AND THAT YOU'D PROBABLY HAVE A BETTER TIME WITH ME ANYWAY
12-28

Chic Young's "Blondie" was a gay young thing courted by playboys in this 1930 strip. One turned out to be Dagwood Bumstead.

What chance has the young artist to score in this fashion? I dare say a poll of successes and rejections would put the odds at about 10,000 to 1. But this will not discourage. Due to the economics of syndication, rewards for the highly talented are on a fantastic scale. While only a relatively small elite drives Rolls Royces, employs a battery of assistants, and enjoys international fame, a vast army of artists and writers earns $25,000 to $50,000 a year—and almost all of them feel they could catch on big at any moment and live like Schulz on a twenty-eight-acre ranch in California or like Milton Caniff (*Steve Canyon*) in Palm Springs or be tailored like Mort Walker (*Beetle Bailey*).

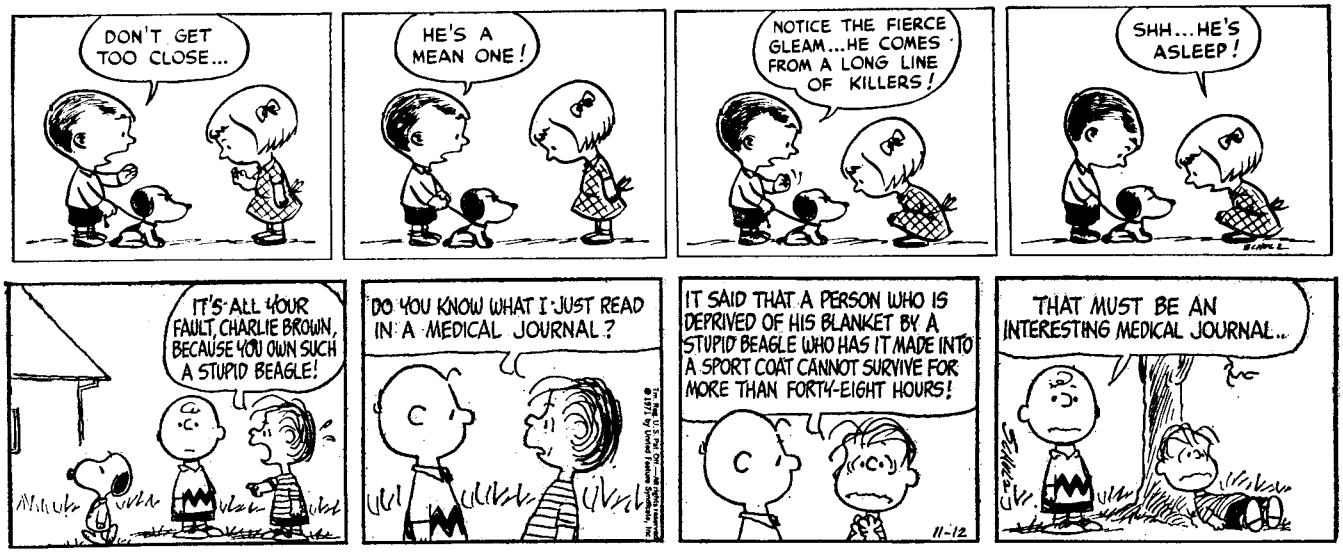
A typical syndicate deal guarantees the talent a fixed sum plus a 50-50 share of the proceeds of sales over the "nut." NEA is a service so unlike its competitors it pays fixed salaries for those who contribute to its basic package of features of various types. However, Sunday comics are syndicated, because not all newspapers have weekend editions, and so these proceeds are shared with the artists.

Comic artists as a class are the "rich men" of the syndicate business, but some columnists run them a close second. Just as comics run the gamut between moronic and intellectual, so the columns cover a waterfront that stretches between society gossip and interpretation of world affairs. Thus Ann Landers, Leonard Lyons, Jack Anderson, and Cyrus L. Sulzberger, to cite a few, are kin under the skin. They are all syndicated columnists, even though they deal, respectively, in advice to the troubled, celebrity gossip, muckraking reportage, and interpretative reporting of foreign affairs.

Some of these, like many others we could name, are easily recognized as primarily employees of one newspaper. Perhaps this should have a bit of explanation. McClure's syndicate was an individual creation. So are many of the other syndicates. However, some of the largest in current operation are offshoots of large newspapers or newspaper groups.

Thus the *Chicago Tribune* and *New York Daily News* help pay for *Dick Tracy*, *Orphan Annie*, and a wide variety of other features by selling reproduction rights outside their immediate circulation areas to hundreds of other newspapers under the flag of the Chicago-Tribune-New York News Service. Publishers-Hall is the syndicate of Field Enterprises, which owns the Chicago *Sun-Times* and *Daily News*. United Feature Syndicate and my own organization, NEA, are subsidiaries of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


DON'T GET TOO CLOSE...
HE'S A MEAN ONE!
NOTICE THE FIERCE GLEAM...HE COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF KILLERS!
SHH...HE'S ASLEEP!
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, CHARLIE BROWN, BECAUSE YOU OWN SUCH A STUPID BEAGLE!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I JUST READ IN A MEDICAL JOURNAL?
IT SAID THAT A PERSON WHO IS DEPRIVED OF HIS BLANKET BY A STUPID BEAGLE WHO HAS IT MADE INTO A SPORT COAT CANNOT SURVIVE FOR MORE THAN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!
11-12
THAT MUST BE AN INTERESTING MEDICAL JOURNAL...

In the 1950 version of "Peanuts" (top) the reading matter inside balloons is shorter than the 1971 strip shown just below it. Young "Freckles" had his own problems a couple of generations ago (just below) but is all grown up now with teen-age issues (bottom).

C'MON KIDS, WE GOT TO KETCH SOME FISH TO-DAY!
OH, FRECKLES, HERE COMES TH' MINISTER!
I AM SURPRISED TO SEE YOU FISHING HERE FRECKLES!
WHY? D'YA KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE THEY BITE BETTER?
ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME A TICKET, MR. WAMPLE?
NOPE! I FIGURE THAT IF MY DAUGHTER LETS YOU TAKE HER OUT YOU MUST BE A PRETTY GOOD KID!
AUDREY IS SO POPULAR, SHE HARDLY EVER HAS DATES WITH THE SAME BOY TWICE! RIGHT, AUDREY?
YES, PAPA!
IN FACT, I HARDLY EVEN HAVE DATES WITH THE SAME BOY ONCE!
6-22

the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. *The Los Angeles Times* and *The Washington Post* are linked by an alliance that distributes special news dispatches and some features of both papers on a wire. *The New York Times* sells a wire service and has recently begun to dabble in syndicated features.

One of the largest and oldest feature operations in point of volume of offerings and circulation has for many years been the Hearst Corporation's King Features Syndicate. King boasts that it reaches tens of millions of readers through more than 3,330 newspapers in 109 countries and that its 166 features appear in thirty-eight different languages including ten Indian dialects. One of its comic strips, *Blondie*, goes to 1,656 papers, and another, *Beetle Bailey*, has 1,161.

Hearst and his archrival in New York, Joseph Pulitzer, were pioneers in syndication. Hearst's efforts survive today with King. Pulitzer's Metropolitan Feature Service, which introduced the crossword puzzle, was melded into United Features about forty years ago.

Another feature giant is John Wheeler, still a prominent figure around New York at eighty-four, who chummed with Pancho Villa on the Mexican border in 1913. Jack founded the North American Newspaper Alliance. It was once said: "No man would dare climb Mount Everest or fly non-stop across the ocean without a contract from Jack Wheeler in his pocket for first person articles." NANA became a part of the Bell-McClure syndicate, which still flourishes.

Jack's memoir *I've Got News for You* is a gold mine of anecdotes about giants of the syndicate world such as Bud Fisher, creator of *Mutt and Jeff*, which Wheeler swiped from Hearst in 1913 at the peak of its popularity for $52,000-a-year advance guarantee plus 60 per cent of the revenue. Wheeler also handled Grantland Rice, the poet-sports columnist, Ring Lardner, humorist extraordinary, and Drew Pearson, mightiest of the mighty muckrakers.

Whether for money or national exposure, syndicate journalism has developed some of the most outrageous eccentrics who ever stroked a typewriter. My own memories are warmed by recollections of NEA's sports editor, Harry Grayson. Grayson has been described as having the bearing of a Roman senator and the gall of Attila. He boasted never using a pass or ticket. The late Stanley Woodward of the *Herald-Tribune* (also unhappily "late") once wrote of him: "It is rumored that Harry Grayson is slowing up. He now opens the windows before throwing the furniture out."

Grayson delivered the classic line of one jaded from a long press junket. He had gone to Israel with Sam Snead, Freddie Cochran, and assorted convivial friends to help open that infant nation's first golf course. At a fight in Rome on the way home he fell asleep on Snead's shoulder and had to be waked up after the knockout. "Nothing takes it out of you like being nice to people for ten straight days," Grayson grumbled.

If I haven't made my point before, syndicate journalism isn't quite like any other kind and my half a lifetime in it has been a lot of fun. Why, here I am out of space and I haven't even mentioned how my own company, NEA, made millionnaires out of the Dionne Quintuplets by syndicating their childhood photographs, or how we sponsored a strapping blonde from a tar-paper shack in Massachusetts as an English Channel swimmer, airmailed her choice steaks to rationed England, made her world-famous—and she never swam the Channel! Remind me to write a book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So You Want to Be an Obit Writer

by ALDEN WHITMAN

A few days ago I was a guest at a luncheon given by the publisher of *The New York Times* for C. P. Snow, the British novelist and man of affairs, whom I had recently interviewed in London for his obituary. In the course of pleasantries, Lord Snow made a passing reference to Arthur Ochs Sulzberger about "your ghoul." He laughed as he uttered the phrase, and I was about to protest that I really was not a ghoul, but I detected a hint of hollowness in Snow's mirth, so I held my tongue and joined the laughter in the sad awareness that nothing I might counter would dispel the eerie reputation I have accumulated over the last six years as the *Times*'s Chief Obituary Writer. The eye of the beholder in this, as in other matters, is where ghoulishness is perceived—and resides.

For the record, however, I ought to say that no necrophilious thought passes through my brain as I talk with men and women about themselves and their lives in preparation for writing the profiles that will accompany the news of their deaths. On the contrary, I regard them as very much alive and they remain so as I write about them. It is only a necessary convention that my essay is cast in the past tense.

Interviewing a carefully selected number of people in advance of death is a practice that the *Times* pioneered and that, so far as I know, has yet to be copied. The practice makes an enormous amount of good sense. Newspapers interview people all the time about everything under the sun. Why not interview them about themselves?

Since 1966, when I did my first antemortem interview (with former President Harry S. Truman), I have talked to about a hundred people, some, inevitably, with greater success than others. How is the choice made? The first consideration is whether the person is sufficiently notable to rate an extensive obit, say, two columns or more. It is simply not practical to interview someone about whom not much will appear in print, for within a column or so—up to 1,500 words—the writer's task is to compress with grace the material at his command.

Assuming notability, the second criterion is whether the person can illuminate himself beyond the information one can gather from other sources. Those about whom biographies have been published, or who have written their memoirs, are seldom candidates for interviews, for the writer has at his command enough quotes, anecdotes, and factual material for his purpose. (In researching an obit, I work outward from the clippings in the *Times*'s morgue—the file of news articles on or about my subject that have appeared mostly in the *Times*—to magazine articles and books, and then to friends and acquaintances of the subject.)

There are, of course, exceptions. Dean Acheson, one of the principal architects of America's Cold War diplomacy, was one. He had written (and I had read) *Present at the Creation*, his account of his State Department years. I knew that I would write a full newspaper page about him, amounting to almost 4,000 words, and I wanted a visual impression of him when I sat down at the typewriter. I also wanted more than his book gave me. Was Acheson, for example, as arrogant as he seemed? Did he have a redeeming sense of humor about himself? Was he at all earthy? How did he dispatch his critics? What was his style?

I wrote him for an appointment, specifying, as I do in all such letters, that our conversation would be confidential during his lifetime and that its purpose was to help the *Times* prepare an adequate biographical essay. (I do not, of course, use the words "obituary" or "death," for I trust my subjects to interpret my letters correctly—and they do. Besides, by this time, my name and obits have become linked in the minds of many *Times* readers.)

Acheson graciously invited me to visit him in his Georgetown home in Washington, where we spent the better part of an afternoon. He did not, of course, add substantially to my store of factual information about himself, but he did give me an invaluable sense of his flavor as he sat sipping Scotch, at first rather stiffly and then more relaxedly, in a sofa chair in his immaculately furnished living room. He also gave me fresh and informal quotes about his attitudes toward the Soviet Union, about his relationships on Capitol Hill, about his friendship with Truman—all adding an extra dimension to his obit. Acheson was more salty than I had imagined possible, but no haughtier than his memoirs conveyed. It was a useful and fruitful afternoon.

Assuming there are no memoirs or biographies, my third basis for decision on an interview relates to likely articulateness. Can the man (or woman) express himself with some degree of introspection and perspective? Will he give a public relations account of himself? Will he be stiff and formal?

I have had good and bad luck with these interviews. There was good luck, for example, with Harry Bridges, the West Coast longshoreman's leader and bête noire of the Immigration Service for so many years. From the clippings, Mr. Bridges had been pictured as a flaming radical, an adherent of Lenin, whose sole concern had been to institute a Soviet America. Talking with him at length in his rather drab union office in San Francisco, I found him peppery and utterly candid about his political tenets and union activities as well as considerably less rancorous than he might have been about the twenty years or so in which the federal government tried to deport him to his native Australia for alleged membership in the Communist Party. Bridges, whose recall is virtually total, seemed not to resent probing questions, nor to face the fact that, in a way, he was addressing posterity. (He did insist, though, that our conversation was "premature.")

One balances Bridges against his critics and anyone, for that matter, against other interpretations of his life. But with Bridges, as with many others, it is useful, even vital, to have his views to put in the balance.

I had what I consider ill luck with former Senator William F. Knowland, the California Republican leader in the Eisenhower administration and now publisher of the Oakland *Tribune*. Although Mr. Knowland talked with me in the privacy of his office, which was festooned with knickknacks from his days of political power, he seemed unwilling to take me behind the scenes. I have an impression of him, but not a great deal of substance to add to my previous knowledge of his career. I felt the same way after interviewing President Ferdinand E. Marcos of the Philippines in Manila. He is younger than most I see, but the Philippines is

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a land of sudden violence, and in this business one cannot be overprepared. Mr. Marcos, who has a degree of charm, did not prove detached enough for my purposes, giving me what amounted to a campaign speech along with a copy of a sycophantic biography. Perhaps I expected too much of a reigning politician, but I came away disappointed from the Malacañang.

Inadvertently, I think, I got a better view of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, who received me in an ornate and beautiful Taipei palace. Like the empresses of old, Mme. Chiang read me an Instruction in Virtue, a forty-five minute declaration of her anti-Communist (and anti-American) philosophy. Youthful-appearing, composed, and attended by two aides, she sat on a museum-piece sofa and sipped at tea as she imparted her singular views, a typed copy of which I later received along with a selection of her speeches and reproductions of her paintings. Mme. Chiang had little or nothing to say of her life, but her mind did come through—and her personality—perhaps in ways she did not suspect.

The infirmities of age make some interviews moments of great sadness. One of these was with the late Theodor Reik, Freud's friend and expositor. The author of *Listening with the Third Ear* was about eighty-five when I saw him in his New York apartment. Illness had robbed his mind of its coherence and erstwhile brilliance. A lonely and neglected man, he was spinning out his final days, struggling to cope and aware that he couldn't. I was, alas, too late to get more than a glimpse of his gentleness and humanity and the vigor of his intellect.

Every interviewer has his own style. Mine happens to be informal to the point of conversational. I do have a list, of course, in my head of the hard questions I want to ask, but I would rather work them in as talk progresses than pose them and flee. Moreover, it is my experience that a conversation induces greater rapport than a more austere interview, and rapport is the key to insight. It can be the preface to the straightforward question, "What would you like the epitaph to say?" The response tells me more about my subject than any single colloquy, for it is at that moment that my subject must face himself and reveal himself unsparingly.

In pursuit of interviews I've been thrice to Europe and twice to the Orient, which may appear to some as "the life." Actually, it isn't. I was in Paris for a week this fall, for instance, but the last time I saw Paris was when I was there on vacation in 1970. My business time was taken up with talking to people, arranging to see them, writing up notes, and doing my homework.

> "In the course of pleasantries, Lord Snow made a passing reference to Arthur Ochs Sulzberger about 'your ghoul.'"

Having in one week seen Michel Foucault, Claude Lévi-Strauss, Louis Aragon, Julien Green, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Eugène Ionesco, and Pablo Neruda—and not having seen one art exhibition, attended one opera, one play, one movie, or one concert—I must confess that I solaced myself with a pilgrimage to Vienne (en route to Switzerland) for a splendid dinner at Chez Point, washed down with a noble bottle of Hermitage and more than a sip of pear brandy. How better to spend 150 francs?

Not all interviews are in person. By mail (I am obliged in these cases to formulate a list of questions) I have talked over a period of time and with increasing intimacy with, for example, Bruce Bliven, the retired editor of *The New Republic*, who is living in California. By this time we are on a first-name basis and quite comfortable with each other. The same may be said of Frank Sullivan, whose black belt as a humorist was won many years ago. I have talked to Mr. S., the Sage of Saratoga Springs, a couple of times, and we correspond with some frequency.

Some interviews are unattainable. I have been anxious to see Marshal Tito, among others, but so far his front men have been reluctant to pass along my request. The same holds true for Wladyslaw Gomulka in Poland in the days of his supremacy. I despair of getting to Chairman Mao Tse-tung, Leonid I. Brezhnev, Alexei Kosygin, and some others who live in what seem to be impenetrable isolation booths.

It is not a question, of course, of seeing me, but of seeing *The New York Times*. Those who choose to talk with me talk to the *Times*, the paper that will, in one way, be a recording angel of the first instance. But interview or no, I strive to transmit the man, his life, and his special flavor.

At what length? To Presidents and former Presidents of the United States the *Times* devotes four pages, or about 20,000 words; and to Vice Presidents, present and former, three pages. Everyone else is negotiable—from nothing upward. In practice, and with major obits, I make suggestions, which usually are accepted. I do not have a mathematical equivalency formula, but I try to assay the man's or woman's importance, fame or notoriety, the public impact of his career, his interestingness as a person. Then I sometimes add an educational or historical factor: Is the person someone *Times* readers ought to know about, for all his relative obscurity?

György Lukács, the Hungarian critic and philosopher, is one example where the educational factor weighed heavily and resulted in a printed obit of three columns, cut from the four I wrote. Although I was certain that nine-tenths of our readers had never heard of Lukács, I knew that he was a powerful and creative intellectual force in Europe and that his life illustrated some of the difficulties experienced by members of the intelligentsia in socialist countries. I took it as a duty (there is some of the teacher in me) to inform our readers of Lukács because he was (and is) part of the cultural climate of our times.

I do not want to dwell overmuch on my formula, such as it is, for that only leads to the terrible ontological question of how much a human life is worth. Is not the life of an American black or a Vietnamese slain in Indochina worth as much in its own terms as that of President Nixon? Death, as I have said in another connection, levels some people more than others, and that is a fact of newspaper editing. Choices must be made. I would not defend them, even my own, but I hope that in the majority of cases I am approximately right.

Once having collected all the information I can, the task is to put it into words. It is not easy. In an average year of forty-eight weeks I write about forty obits, a little less than one a week, doing only one draft, a result of the noxious habit I have lived with of writing things in my head before putting words to paper. The problem is to avoid repetition, to keep away from formulas, to cast out the easy cliché, to approach each person afresh. It is a full-time job.

So far as I know, the *Times* is the only American paper to devote special and extensive attention to obits. This, in my opinion, is a reflection of the hand-out journalism that afflicts many papers: They would rather run a sketchy wire service obit than originate one themselves. On local figures, these papers, as I read them, print eulogies rather than obits. Although I do not want to be accused of obitcentricity, I think these papers are short-changing their readers and abdicating yet another important role in the life of their communities.

The *Times* does what it does because the *Times* is the *Times*. I feel fortunate to have a part in it. Far from being a ghoul, I have a happy (if strenuous) job. Underpaid, to be sure, but that is another story.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Confessionals and Ice Water Cocktails

by JOHN HOHENBERG

Imagine, if you can, a polished expanse of walnut, with nothing more potent in sight than ice water, around which thirty well-qualified newspaper people earnestly solicit criticism of their occasionally noble profession, their publications, and themselves.

Imagine, too, a colorful cavalcade of such toughened paper troops moving into Manhattan from all parts of the nation, and abroad as well, for intensive periods of learning, discussion, confessional, and togetherness over eleven months of the year.

Then, to strain credulity to the utmost, imagine these dedicated companions of an ancient ink-stained host —separated for the occasion from their families as well as their jobs—spending many of their hard-won non-working hours at the theater, opera, or ballet.

To the raffish denizens of the Manhattan of another era, who fought their professional battles over the sodden oak of a hundred resorts from the Rain House downtown to Bleeck's in midtown, the mere notion of such an upheaval in the mores of journalism would have been equated with the onset of the screaming meemies. Even today, the whole intricate process has to be experienced to be believed and fully appreciated. Fortunately, for the sake of those who still cling to the old romantic image of the newspaperman as a lovable but impractical ne'er-do-well who is incapable of self-improvement, there are 7,251 witnesses from fifty states, the District of Columbia, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, and nine provinces of Canada who can testify to the validity of this paper revolution in the U.S.A.

They are the members of 855 daily newspaper staffs, mostly from the American mainland, who have been sent at their papers' expense these past twenty-five years to the American Press Institute, home of the polished oval walnut table and the ice water cocktail, at Columbia University. They have participated in 270 seminars, most of them two weeks long, working six to seven hours a day for five days a week and sometimes far into the night. There have been, in addition, 374 foreign newspapermen and women from sixty-one countries in all parts of the world who have attended twenty-six seminars of two to three months' duration at the API, beginning in 1948.

Throughout, whether its meetings have dealt with domestic or foreign affairs, the institute has had a simple and clearly defined purpose—to produce better newspapers and to stimulate a process of continual growth through learning among newspaper people. On the basis of the evidence at hand, it has succeeded far beyond the hopes of its original leaders and the hundreds of American newspapers that have been its chief financial supporters. For today, the API has more business than it can handle and often must pick the thirty newspapermen for each of its fortnightly seminars from double or more that number of applicants. Seminars in new subject areas, too, are in constant demand because of the institute's pioneering reputation and its determination to promote innovative journalism.

This kind of success, in fact, has created the organization's most pressing problem—a lack of sufficient working space and housing for its ever growing clientele. This was the reason for the regretful announcement recently that it intends to move around 1974 to a newer and more spacious home to be built in Reston, Virginia, eighteen miles south of Washington, for which funds will have to be solicited. However, it remains the hope of President William J. McGill of Columbia and Walter Everett, the executive director of the institute, that the long and on the whole fortunate association between the university and the API will be maintained.

The decision to leave Columbia attracted relatively little notice, because the API has never courted publicity and is virtually unknown to the public at large. That is because it operates behind closed doors, publishes no proceedings, and makes no transcripts in order to stimulate frank discussion among its membership. Each seminarist, of course, keeps his own record; moreover, a certain amount of the institute's proceedings are spread among insiders by word of mouth.

For such API alumni, there is a treasured tale of the occasion when a distinguished professor took to droning on about the theory of taxation before a group of editorial writers until the desperate moderator broke in to ask a member of the seminar: "Do you find this discussion helpful in writing editorials about taxes in your state?"

"It reminds me of a poem about mountain roads in California," was the solemn reply, and the following quatrain was as solemnly quoted:

The windings in and the windings out
Have raised in mind the serious doubt
As to whether the men who planned this route
Were going to hell or coming out.

That broke up the discussion for the time being.

On another celebrated occasion, when a seminar was discussing the sins of state legislatures, a discussion leader startled his brethren by saying: "As I have studied state legislatures, I have seen the quality of the individual legislators steadily rise. We now have men of talent and accomplishment and dedication in our state legislatures."

To which the moderator responded rather blandly with a question to the membership: "Do you find that the legislatures in your states have risen to this degree?"

One participant responded: "Well, sir, last winter two members of our state legislature got into a fist fight in the middle of a street and in the middle of the night and a gentleman stepped out of a whorehouse and stopped them."

Sham and cant are never borne in silence at the API; nor do the rules of confidentiality make it possible to suppress sharp and abiding differences of opinion. One of the characteristics of any successful API seminar is a free-wheeling and uninhibited discussion that pays little attention to the rules of parliamentary procedure. Knowledgeable discussion leaders are always treated with respect but seldom are given liberty to make speeches. One of the few exceptions was Adlai E. Stevenson, who qualified as a quasi-journalist because of his financial interest in the Bloomington (Illinois) *Pantagraph* and who frequently addressed API seminars.

Once he asked, "What are the instincts, the urges, that make a successful newspaperman? High on the list I

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would place the urge to share information, to tell the story without any particular financial gain for yourself." And he told this tale as an illustration:

"A farmer boy in Illinois would have made a good newspaperman because he had the right instincts, but he applied to a railroad instead for a signalman's job. An examiner asked him what he would do if he saw two trains approaching each other on the same track at eighty miles an hour.

" 'Why,' said the boy, 'I'd run home and get my brother.'

" 'And why would you do a thing like that?' asked the examiner.

"To which the boy replied, 'My brother's never seen a train wreck.' "

In a very real sense, this Stevensonian principle—the urge to share information—was behind the founding of the API. The idea for the advanced study of journalism and public affairs by groups of experienced newspaper people in mid-career came to a progressive-minded publisher, Sevellon Brown of the Providence *Journal Bulletin*, in 1936. He had been visiting his son, Sevellon III, then a student at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, and had heard a brilliant discussion of editorial writing by Douglas Southall Freeman, the distinguished editor of the Richmond *News-Leader*. Brown often told friends in later years, "Freeman's lecture seemed to me to be very superior material. I thought it should be heard by experienced editorial writers. And it occurred to me that we should have a center where newspapermen could come and improve themselves."

But the nation in general and journalists in particular were so preoccupied then with Hitler's headlong rush toward World War II that nothing was done at the time about Brown's notion. After the war, the publisher persuaded some of his associates in other cities to join him in founding the API for an experimental period of three years. As the representative of thirty-eight sponsoring newspapers, Brown found a warm interest in his proposal at Columbia University, where he won the support of Carl W. Ackerman, then dean of the Graduate School of Journalism, and found his first director, Floyd Taylor, a former news executive on the New York *Herald Tribune* who had become a member of the journalism faculty.

The institute quickly established itself as an independent entity in its quarters in the house that Joseph Pulitzer had built, Columbia's Journalism Building. When the first seminar opened on September 30, 1946, twenty-five managing editors and news editors heard Brown say:

"If this institute is to succeed, it must be the living symbol of a newborn determination of publishers, editors, and reporters of newspapers to strive unceasingly to improve themselves that they may fulfill their obligations with increasing effectiveness in this critical period of human history."

For a profession that had been traditionally suspicious of anything having to do with higher education, this plunge into advanced training for experienced newspaper people was truly revolutionary. Aside from the Nieman Fellowships at Harvard, which were not intended primarily for journalistic study, the API was the only agency at the time that had made a serious effort to promote the advanced study of journalism and public affairs. The Stanford study programs, the Washington Journalism Center, and the Columbia advanced courses have come along since.

The measure of the API's impact on the American newspaper may be judged by its expansion in twenty-five years. Six seminars in the first year drew 151 participants from seventy-eight papers, with the API's costs at $70,000 for the year. Last year there were nineteen seminars for 521 participants, and 417 newspaper sponsors shared the costs of $450,000. The individual membership fee, covering all costs for two weeks, has gone from an initial $360 to $600 with travel extra.

J. Montgomery Curtis, who left his job as city editor of the Buffalo *Evening News* to come to the API in August 1947, was the organization's dynamo for two decades. First as Floyd Taylor's assistant and later as director, he shaped and planned the system of two-week seminars (instead of three or four weeks at the outset) and settled on thirty as the ideal number of participants. He brought in women members, blacks and other minorities, and set a standard of excellence as a qualification for attendance.

Then, as now, two-thirds of the institute's operating revenue came from tuition fees, the rest from annual contributions by sponsoring newspapers.

The API was born at the right time, for the spirit of change was in the air. The new organization plunged boldly into such comparatively new problems as race relations, urban renewal, environmental problems, consumer affairs, and women's right to equal treatment. From its basic concern with the daily metropolitan press and the editorial side alone, it broadened quickly to include daily papers of all sizes as well as the advertising, circulation, promotion, and production departments. One of the most important seminars, which dealt with management and costs, was begun in 1949 and has continued ever since on the program. The seminar on editorial writing was so popular that it became the basis for a new organization, the National Conference of Editorial Writers.

The institute's concern for the black press, too, was evident from the first. A black editor, Cliff McKay of the Baltimore *Afro-American*, was a member of the first city editors' seminar in 1946. Two black newspaperwomen from Atlanta followed him soon afterward, and the interest in black journalism has continued ever since.

The foreign newspaper seminars took a somewhat different course, being highly specialized and outside the immediate interest of domestic newspaper sponsors. Here, beginning in 1948, the financing came in the form of grants from the Ford and Rockefeller foundations. The problem of selecting the best applicants, too, had to be handled differently; for that reason, senior members of the API's staff went abroad to investigate the qualifications of applicants and interviewed many of them. It was indicative of the care and thorough preparation on which the API insists in every venture it undertakes.

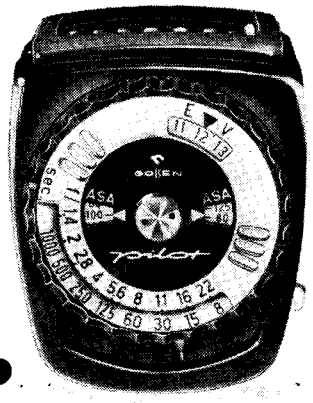
For a typical operation today, such as the managing editors' seminar, work for the staff and the membership begins six weeks in advance. While the staff is assembling the background for the program and deciding on discussion leaders and visiting experts, the members receive a series of memos and instructions. As a result, the seminarists exchange copies of their newspapers and tearsheets of significant material long before they meet around the oval table. They also contribute topics for discussion, ideas for investigation, and make detailed analyses of provocative subjects. It is not unusual for a New York-bound editor to put in the equivalent of a forty-hour week on preparation, and some have been known to work as much as sixty hours before arriving at the API.

There is a brief social get-together on the Sunday night before a seminar begins. But from then on, the API director assigned to that particular project takes over and handles it with the precision of a Japanese railroad. There is an unbroken rule at API that every seminar must start on time, which means that each of the thirty members is in place at the oval table, complete with pad and pencil and ice water, a few minutes before 9 a.m. Promptly on the hour, the proceedings begin, and each item on the program is covered as the morning goes on. Except for a ten-minute coffee break, the seminarists stay at work until noon or 12:30 (there is flexibility about ending meetings).

Lunches in Columbia's John Jay

(Continued on page 77)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1½ OZ. HEAVYWEIGHT!

GOSSEN

pilot

PRECISION EXPOSURE METER

Exclusive built-in Diffuser • READS INCIDENT AND REFLECTED LIGHT!

Get better color shots...sparkling black-and-white! The shock-resistant (jeweled-movement) Gossen PILOT matches higher priced "heavies" in accuracy, versatility, handling speed. ASA 6 to 6400... 1 min. to 1/1000 sec.... f/1.4 to f/22 ...EV 1 to 18...plus movie-setting! Fast...just thumb the knurled ring to match the needle ...there's your setting for perfect exposures!

KLING PHOTO COMPANY
P.O. BOX 1060, WOODSIDE, N.Y. 11377
A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.

Afternoon Tee in TOBAGO

Our guests automatically become members of the Tobago Golf Club—the finest championship course in the Caribbean. And, aside from the tee ceremony, you'll love our luxurious hotel, superb water sports, opulent cuisine and entertaining night life.

See your travel agent or:
I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc.
Call: (212) 980-3810

MOUNT IRVINE BAY HOTEL

AN IDEAL FAMILY SITUATION.

Make the most of winter by getting away from it, with your family. Estate Carlton in St. Croix is the answer; for $325.00 to $400.00 weekly, including maid service, Estate Carlton's condominium living is luxe. Accomodations feature 2 rooms; with patio or terrace, 2 baths, an equipped kitchen.

A SWISS CHALET ENTERPRISE
For additional information:
Estate Carlton Condominium
Box 12038, San Juan, Puerto Rico
Telephone: 809 - 724-4140 Ext. 1229

ESTATE CARLTON
CONDOMINIUM

BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS

Island Views

Before we are swallowed up completely in Presidential-year journalism—even now one out of two TV cameras is trained on some presumed or declared candidate and the columnists are in full cry—let us listen to a journalist who will not be stampeded. He is Henry Beetle Hough, editor of the *Martha's Vineyard Gazette*, the Down East island weekly that James Reston bought in 1968. If Hough does not meet all our election-year worries head on in his collection of topical letters, *Tuesday Will Be Different* (Dial, $8.50), the tone is reassuring, and it is well to be reminded, as we grapple with inflation, wage controls, troop withdrawals, transportation priorities, and federal interference in state matters that there are more elemental forces still, such as a northeaster blowing past its appointed three days. ("When the storm is fairly on, a commitment necessarily shared by all our world, it represents a great freedom.")

Hough, whose position as an islander gives him a special journalistic vantage and view, returns in this volume of essays to the theme of his *Country Editor*, written in 1939, balancing off some regret for the missed excitements of the city against the pleasures of country life regulated by storm, sun, the visits of the catbird to the kitchen sill, daily walks with his collie Lochinvar, and midday gossip in front of the post office. "A man such as myself may forget the distant horizon for a while and bend to pick up a leaf or a beechnut or an acorn," he writes.

But the world intrudes, and these random-seeming letters of country philosophy directed to Jane, Peter, Edie, Charles, Hiram, Bee, and others are really addressed most intimately to us wherever we live and however we struggle to comprehend our times. A federal hearing on the mindless lengthening of the local airport's runways leads Hough to observe that "national policy can always be made to seem controlling" and, when he becomes annoyed at the claims made for the SST, that "mass transportation is given a higher priority than living on earth." The time-obliterating advantages of the SST are compared with the time-consuming rewards of the round of daily duty in a country town. A lesson in decentralizing the money power of the federal government in order to divert funds into real, locally identified needs is related to the unnecessary repaving of a country road. Mr. Hough's philosophy never wanders far from the supporting data.

Hough is much too clever to come up with precise prescriptions for the ills of the country. Island-wary and oblique, he is half attentive to the mainland while still attuned to the storm winds off the ocean. Once the world impinged a little too suddenly on his island, and inevitably, as he must, Hough deals with Senator Kennedy at Chappaquiddick—a case he finds that suffered from "overmanagement" on both sides: Kennedy and his advisers trying to "arrange" the aftermath, the district attorney and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts insisting upon an ill-advised secrecy for the inquest that obscured and prolonged the essential findings.

In tone, in temper, in old-fashioned civility, these late writings of a wise, removed journalist carry remarkably apt messages for his fellow countrymen as the noise and confusion of election year mount.

Without Caution: If, as Arnold Gingrich says, the occupational disease of editors is caution, he never seems to have succumbed himself. The long editorial success of *Esquire* can be attributed in large part to his boldness as editor and to further skills he does little to call attention to in the attractive, carefree pages of his book of memoirs, *Nothing but People* (Crown, $6.95).

Nor does Gingrich succumb to professional solemnity while saying quite a lot about editing a successful publication. Once-successful editorial formulas cannot be repeated with any certainty of success. Magazines always have to be a little ahead of their time, breaking things "before they had reached the stage of general familiarity." Thirty-eight years ago last month Gingrich put the first issue of *Esquire* together, gathering in Ernest Hemingway as a charter contributor at a per article rate double that of the next highest. He saw the explosive breakout of circulation that carried the magazine to 675,000 in four years. Gingrich identifies this as the honeymoon, "the first time that can only come once," when a magazine is new and talked about. Seven years of hard luck followed when overexpansion in a business recession led to *Coronet*, *Ken*, and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Verve, none of which survives. Wartime and postwar affluence probably saved the magazine. The modern period, beginning with the twenty-fifth anniversary issue in October 1958, has seen editorial control pass to a younger staff headed by Harold Hayes, the present editor.

The early days are the most fascinating of all. David A. Smart started in Chicago with window and wall display posters and hired Gingrich in 1928 as a copywriter to put together men's store catalogues camouflaged as magazines. When they launched *Esquire,* the initial run was 100,000 copies for men's store distribution, 5,000 for newsstands. But public acceptance was so swift the numbers were quickly reversed.

Most of what magazine editing is about can be found in Gingrich's richly annotated account. The hardest part of the editor's job, he maintains, is to learn "the trick of not letting what you do know keep you from finding out what you don't know." But most of all, according to the one surviving editor of our time who was on intimate terms with Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, and Dreiser, the magazine is people.

Our Time: What emerges most remarkably from the handsomely laid-out pages of *The London Times History of Our Times* (Norton, $14.95), outside of its evident scholarship, is how much one country's history is everyone's history today. Apart from Asia, sunk in problems of poverty, war, secrecy, and internal dissension, much of the world has been made one by such overleaping cultural phenomena of the postwar world as televison, travel, racial consciousness, and world organizations, not to mention the Beatles and *Hair.* The editor, Marcus Cunliffe, professor of American studies at the University of Sussex in England, has isolated the larger questions of "Mass Pleasures" and "Race and Racialism" from the sequential political histories of the second part, arranged, more conventionally perhaps, according to the great geographical blocs of Western Europe, Britain and the Commonwealth, and so forth. The way the engulfing currents of our time have overflowed national boundaries is the sharpest lesson of this handsome history, heavily illustrated with pictures and useful charts and graphs. —STUART W. LITTLE.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 58: weather, whereat, wreathe.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1b *(Pride and Prejudice),* 2i, 3h *(Gone with the Wind),* 4e *(Little Dorrit),* 5j *(Vanity Fair),* 6c *(Pygmalion:* Epilogue*),* 7l *(Our Mutual Friend),* 8g *(Main Street),* 9a *(Romola),* 10f *(Forsyte Saga),* 11k *(Les Misérables),* 12d.

Your $10 Christmas gift can buy $400 worth of food for hungry families.

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

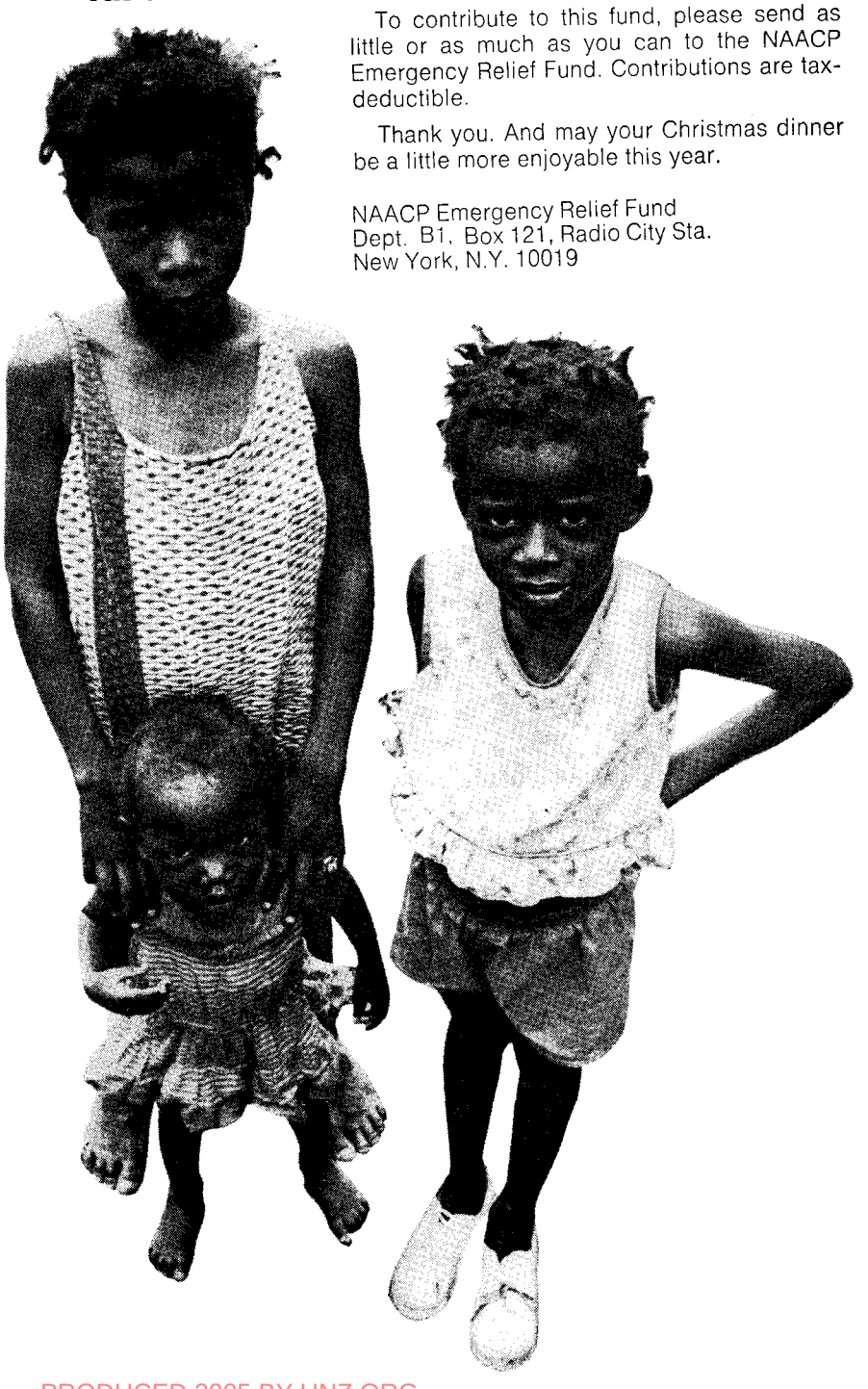
Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, $1 buys as much as $40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean $400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. B1, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADISON AVENUE

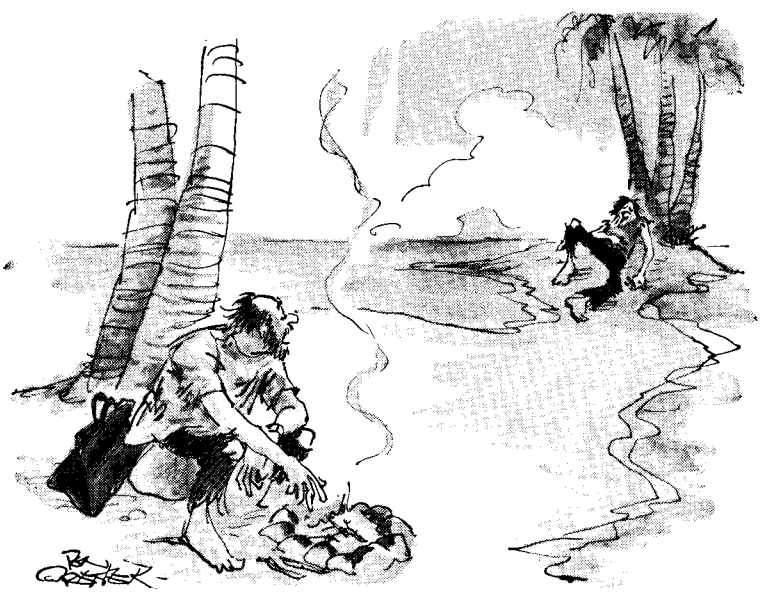
You're in Good Hands with Safety

When a big, aggressive casualty insurance company commits its advertising muscle to consumerism, industry had better watch out. For Allstate, the collision insurers of nearly five million car owners, the target industry has been Detroit. Allstate has spent hundreds of thousands of advertising dollars to improve driver education, combat road drunkenness, prevent auto theft, and promote safety devices such as the instantly inflatable air bag to cushion the driver against certain personal injury. But its most dramatic campaign has been to put real working bumpers back on cars in place of springless metal strips, sometimes recessed behind the headlights or armed with nose cones and other ornaments that inflict more damage than they prevent. The campaign shows signs of inducing Detroit's designers to abandon auto cosmetics in favor of safety engineering.

When insurance industry-sponsored tests began in 1969 to reveal the real flimsiness of a car's armor, Allstate moved rapidly into territory already charted by Ralph Nader. Crash tests under the supervision of the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety showed that gentle five-mile-an-hour impacts caused car damage mounting into hundreds of dollars. Here was evidence alarming to casualty companies as well as consumers, and Allstate borrowed the film to show on television and spread the statistics in graphic magazine ads prepared by Chicago's Leo Burnett. At the moment of impact with a stationary barrier, the slow-motion film showed car hoods buckling like bent cardboard and bits of decorative chrome flying off like blown powder. It was only two years ago that the insurers became aware of what Dr. William Haddon, Jr., president of the institute, caustically described as "the designed-in delicateness" of Detroit's output. "Let's bring back the bumper," Allstate cried, beginning to suspect that inadequate bumpers and "eggshell" construction made for a remunerative market in replacement parts sales and was driving up unnecessary casualty claims.

Recent tests involving 1971 models reveal damages per impact for medium-priced sedans averaging $331.69 for a front-end crash and $329.28 for a rear-end crash at five mph—walking speed. They were talking about parking lot accidents, driveway errors.

In its public-service advertising Allstate favors the positive approach, the appeal to action. It offered a 20 per cent discount on collision insurance if cars were equipped with sturdier bumpers of uniform height capable of withstanding these crashes-at-a-crawl. So far only one car, the Saab, has qualified, and only partially so. No Detroit car has yet qualified for a discount, but there are signs the bumper will be coming back. New federal regulations will require it.



"You'll have to come over here. You know I don't make house calls!"

Allstate devotes a third of its annual media budget of $3.5-million to provocative corporate advertising and tries to avoid head-on clashes with the auto industry. In 1969 Allstate opened a startling campaign against drunken driving, calling on individual states to lower the alcohol-content standard and pass "implied consent" laws preventing license holders from avoiding the drunk tests. "The drunk driver will kill 673 of us this week," Allstate headlined its appeal. "Is your number up?" And in bold, black type, "One of the next 50 drivers coming your way is drunk. Not drinking—drunk." It was the most comprehensive public service campaign of its sort ever attempted in the insurance industry, and Allstate decided to follow up at once with an all-out auto safety campaign concentrating on one at a time.

Founded in 1931 and wholly owned by Sears, Roebuck, Allstate wages its concentrated public education campaigns from a gleaming white landscaped office complex in Northbrook, Illinois, outside of Chicago. Built into one of the five decentralized office annexes, symbolically, are a completely equipped sound stage and film cutting rooms. Allstate moved into national television in 1957, before almost any of its rivals. Ed Reimers making the Allstate pitch has been a familiar figure on *Meet the Press* and the early evening network news shows. The decision to go to TV coincided with the elevation of Allstate's chief executive officer, Judson B. Branch, to the presidency and the nearly perpendicular rise thereafter of Allstate's sales curve to a present premium volume nearing $2-billion a year.

The current phase of its advertising program concerns air bags, or what are better named air cushions, and the industry's hottest issue, no-fault insurance. Both are harder to dramatize than bumpers, which made for the highest-rated ads in insurance history. Allstate favors modified no-fault laws passed by the states individually—laws that will ensure prompt and fairer compensation payments for the injured victims of auto crashes without long court delays and still preserve the principle of fault and permit suits against grossly negligent drivers. As for air cushions, Allstate looks upon this device as the most promising among the "passive-restraint" systems. Advertisements telling the public about these cushions and what they do (they deflate the instant the impact is cushioned) began last January. Once again, as with bumpers, however, Allstate may meet with resistance from Detroit as it campaigns to have cars equipped with air cushions before 1976.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Confessionals and Ice Water Cocktails

Continued from page 73

Hall, served in a large room set aside for the API, are plain but satisfying and devoid of frills. The drinking, once again, is confined to coffee, tea, milk, or water, and usually a more potent stimulus is API shop talk. At 2 p.m., the seminarists return to work and continue until 5 or 5:30 p.m., sometimes as late as 6.

The cocktail hour used to be held forty-five minutes before dinner at John Jay Hall, but when the New York theaters advanced their curtain time to 7:30 p.m., dinner had to be moved up, too. It's thirty minutes for cocktails now, primarily because seminar members have other things to do with their time. They are put up at Columbia's King's Crown Hotel.

The API has had its embarrassing moments, too. Once, a visiting governor roared up for a scheduled appearance behind a motorcycle escort and was ushered past a door marked "American Press Institute" in the basement of the Journalism Building, which turned out to be the men's room.

The API's staff has never been large, but its leadership has been exemplary. Floyd Taylor served from 1946 until his death in 1951, after which J. Montgomery Curtis took over until 1967. When he departed to become vice president for development of the Knight Newspapers, Walter Everett, a former city editor of the Providence *Journal-Bulletin*, who had joined the API in 1949, became executive director. In 1969, Malcolm F. Mallette, who had come to the API in 1966 after serving as managing editor of the Winston-Salem *Journal*, became managing director. The associate directors, too, are seasoned professionals—Russ Schoch, former feature editor of the Des Moines *Register-Tribune*; Frank Quine, former news editor of the St. Petersburg *Independent*; and Paul Swensson, former managing editor of the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune* and once executive director of the Newspaper Fund.

If there is any feeling that all of them share, it is the satisfaction of having stimulated a revolution in the thinking of American newspaper people, as well as a change in the content and appearance of the American daily newspaper. They have made many converts to their cause, but they also have had their failures. Once, when Monty Curtis tried to persuade an elderly Maine publisher to come to an API seminar to improve his paper for the benefit of his community, the old gentleman turned him down, saying, "Son, the durn town ain't worth it." By contrast, at a recent meeting of the Associated Press Managing Editors in Philadelphia, more than 100 of them turned out for an API alumni breakfast at 7 a.m. That kind of loyalty has to be earned, and the Associated Press International has earned it.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.70 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers; Phone Numbers count as two words. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.30 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.40 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.50 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.60 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Cassettes, tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED *and/or edited. Experienced.* 212-233-6325. Hours 9-11 a.m./5-7 p.m.

JOHN TEBBEL AND ASSOCIATES—Announcing a new editorial and counseling service for industry, magazines, newspapers, broadcasting and book publishing. Speeches, books, articles, communications counseling by leading experts. 32 Washington Square West, New York, N.Y. 10011.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian. 201-489-0637.

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Photocopies. Box D-918.

REPORTS. MANUSCRIPTS. writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. RC Research, 11 Ontario, Oak Park, Illinois 60302.

BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, Rowe Road, RFD 3, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

BIG PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS catalogue, free. Bookseller, Box 54R, Sherman, Connecticut 06784.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

25% OFF virtually all new general-interest hardcover books including Best Sellers. 48 hour service on 200,000 current titles. Request order forms or subtract discount from list price; add 39¢ handling per book. Send check to BOOKQUICK, INC., Box 1058, Department 1304, Somerville, New Jersey 08876.

KEEP YOUR VOLKSWAGEN ALIVE—A manual of step by step procedures for the Complete Idiot. All models —1950-1971. $6.00 postpaid. Papyrus Booksellers, Dept. S, 2915 Broadway, NYC, 10025.

RARE, SCHOLARLY Latin Americana, USiana; English, American Literature. Year's Catalogues: $1.00. R. C. Ramer, 45 Martense Street, Brooklyn, 11226.

AMISH PHOTO ALBUM — Unusual collection, many framable. 40 pages, $1.00. Amish, P.O. Box 9367, Olmsted Falls, Ohio 44138.

(Continued on page 78)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

(Continued from page 77)

BREW-IT-YOURSELF—A complete guide to the brewing of beer, ale, mead and wine, with complete 5 gallon fermentation kit designed by the author to be used in conjunction with this widely acclaimed book. Includes rigid primary, secondary fermenters, hydrometer, fermentation lock, bottle brush, siphon unit, all correct yeasts and additives, forms for reordering ingredients. $17.95 ppd. Specialty Products International, Box 784, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

PHILIPPINE HEAD HUNTERS. 1902 first person photoessay plus 1970 photographs Bontoc. $1.00 for Student Fund. MSgt. John Cotton, Hospital, Carswell AFB, Texas 76127.

FOREIGN BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC, 10021. Give French books as Christmas gifts. List sent on request.

GERMAN BOOKS AND CALENDARS mailed anywhere. Catalogue free. Gerard J. Fuchs, 2061 Broadway, NYC, 10023.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

UNIQUE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CINEMA CATALOGUE MONTHLY. 50¢ (coins). Dels, 17303-G Gard, Artesia, California 90701.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 1-S, Pacific Palisades, California 90272.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Large stock, free search. Dabney Co., Box 31061-R, Washington, D.C. 20031.

ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and Master Print Supplement. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10022.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS," 30¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

PERFECT GIFT. Signed color lithographs. DALI "Zodiac" from $175. CHAGALL from $695. Slides. Box E-532.

DORÉ WOOD ENGRAVINGS. 1866, Biblical, 8" x 10". No choice. Biography furnished. Satisfaction guaranteed. $5 each prepaid. Box 333, Chico, California 95926.

RECORD MART

MAHLER SCHOLAR? In league with Grieg? Boyce your choice? They're alive and well and appear frequently in "Masterpieces in the Mail," offering LP treasures at bargain prices. For free subscription write: Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, NYC, 10017.

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. MHS Records, Box 932-SR, New York, 10023.

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, Out-of-Print LPs. Large list 25¢. Broadway/Hollywood Recordings, Georgetown, Connecticut 06829.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

GOTHIC HARP, Flemish, 15th century, uncovered in research. Copies of instrument are available for collectors and musicians, from $160.00. 50¢ for brochure. Gothic Harp, Box 18028, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, Burton Jacks (patented), $195 to $650. Write Herbert W. Burton, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222 (S), Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

HARPSICHORDS with the most beautiful sound, from North America's leading makers. For brochure send 25¢ to SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, or John Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

MOECK-STEINKOPF INSTRUMENTS in stock ready to ship. All voices: Krummhorns, Cornamuses, Kortholts; Soprano and Alto Shawms; Sopranino and Alto Chalumeux; Baroque Oboes; Bass Dulcian; Straight and Curved Zinks; Tenor Renaissance Ranketts. Classical Instruments, Gateway Building, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-121, Los Angeles, California 90025.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

LIGHTWEIGHT BACKPACK and mountaineering equipment. Imported, Domestic Canoes and Kayaks for day trips, voyageuring, or whitewater. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 42, Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

SCHOOLS

DARROW SCHOOL — Coeducational boarding school. Rugged outdoor environment. Emphasizing community involvement, individual talents. Balance of responsibility and freedom. College preparatory. New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

VERSHIRE SCHOOL—Coed secondary school combining pioneering (our 4th year), scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Blending also Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexico, Europe) and imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent scenery. Thirty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

COLLEGES

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND—SCHILLER COLLEGE. Liberal Arts. See "STUDIES ABROAD."

BACHELOR'S DEGREE from Syracuse University. Directed self-study programs in Liberal Studies and Business Administration, specifically designed for adults unable to attend classes on campus. Write Bachelor's Degree Program, Room 200-G, Syracuse University, 610 East Fayette Street, Syracuse, N.Y. 13202.

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing in difficult cases—undergradutes, college transfers, medical, law, veterinarian, graduate. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE for Independent Study, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, now considering applications for second semester beginning February 1st.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE IN OLD ENGLAND—Arundel campus in Arundel, Sussex, England. Four year Liberal Arts programs available. Transfers accepted for year abroad. 4-1-4 Academic Calendar. Coed. New England College accredited by NEAC&SS. Write Director of Admissions, Box R, New England College, Henniker, N.H. 03242.

COLLEGES

POINT PARK COLLEGE . . . where Pittsburgh is our campus! Our journalism students meet real deadlines on downtown beats . . . education students teach kindergarten in the campus laboratory schools . . . theatre arts majors perform and man crews at the renowned Pittsburgh Playhouse. Majors in information science, biology, chemistry, mathematics, social and behavioral sciences, English, American studies, modern languages, engineering technology, accounting and business management, medical technology, philosophy and fine arts . . . all do their things in and around the town . . . a town that's urban and arty, brawny and bucolic, with hills that breathe, rivers that pulse and real people who hold up a big corner of the world.

PLUG INTO NATURE in our Wildflower Reserve, be transported by the American Wind Symphony Orchestra and the Pittsburgh Ballet, catch the excitement on the Playhouse stage, air the issues with the Allegheny Roundtable, link past and present with the Pennsylvania Folklore Society, build for the future with Model Cities and community programs. And all under the sponsorship of Point Park College, an accredited educational institution moving its community with a vital, dedicated faculty, challenging academic programs, comprehensive library and fully equipped laboratories. Whether you're a student, veteran, patron or friend, we invite you to write or phone Point Park College, Office of Admissions, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15222. 412-391-4100.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well-informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Racially nondiscriminatory admission policy. Educational Development Center, 41 Seminary Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR.

FOR THE GOURMET

CHEESECAKE BY MAIL. Box 498, Lenox Hill Station, NYC, 10021.

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

NONESUCH MENUS—2 new tested gourmet menus each month (5 printed recipe cards each menu), cooking hints. $2.00 each month. P.O. Box 762, Lake Forest, Illinois 60045.

PERSONALS

WINTER COTTONS: Metsovaara Finnish . . . Rajah . . . Malaysian batiks. IRISH: Avoca, Millar, Weavers Shed tweeds . . . Macroom floor rugs . . . heavy, rich-colored sweaters. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

25% OFF virtually all new general-interest hardcover books. Read details under Books. BOOKQUICK.

NATURAL BATH SPONGES, 5", $2.50; 6", $3.75; 7", $5.95. Sponge, 2495 Long Beach Road, Oceanside, N.Y. 11572.

1972 WATCHBAND CALENDAR. $1.50; dozen, $15.00. Idea House, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

SELF RELAXATION: A training tape and instruction guide. $9.00. Money-back guarantee. SYNESTHETICS, 5933 16th Street, N.W., Washington, 20011.

NAVEL-JUICE ORANGES — All varieties Grapefruit. Shipping to 47 states, Canada and Europe. Free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

PRODUCED 2009 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

HOLLY FOR CHRISTMAS—a gentle and sentimental gift. Our most beautifully berried English Holly, exquisitely packed, with a fragrant Juniper, Cedar and Mistletoe nosegay included. 2-lb. box $5.25; large 4-lb. box $9.85. Airmail Special Delivery. Specify date desired. Oregon Select Holly Farm, Sherwood, Oregon 97140.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. *Largest music selections.* Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

KENNEDY CENTER OPENING NIGHT PROGRAM plus EXCLUSIVE SAMPLER RECORDING OF LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S "MASS"—The very same 144-page Program Magazine received by the opening night audience September 8th at the gala opening of the John F. Kennedy Center in Washington. A genuine collector's item. Plus an exclusive 7-inch sampler recording of Bernstein's "Mass, a Theatre Piece for Singers, Players and Dancers," commissioned expressly for the opening of the Kennedy Center. A full recording will not be available until late 1971. Opening night Program/Magazine and Recording only $6.95. Add postage and handling, 50 cents plus local taxes. Available only while they last. Saturday Review Programs, Dept. SC, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

HARPSICHORDS AND CLAVICHORDS—New Flemish harpsichord, curved bentside, uncompromising classic construction and detail, $295. Other kits from $100. Send for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Dept. S, 160 Sixth Avenue, New York, 10013.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-628-1666.

NEEDLEPOINTERS—Send $2 for fabulous new 44-page full-color catalogue of original designs. Mazaltov's, Dept. S12, 758 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10021.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKOUT—Perfect prints, 8 or 12-shot rolls, $2; 20-shot rolls, $3; 36-shot rolls, $5. Money-back guarantee. We pay postage both ways! Send $$ and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

PATCHES & APPLIQUE (over 200), posters (over 275, many antiwar), buttons (135), bumperstickers (50) and *other peace items. Wholesale and retail. Catalogue with* pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, California 94103.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $10.95 up; Purcell from $6. Student Special, Corelli $6; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $8.95, add sales tax and shipping $1.50. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 12-1-B, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC, 10018.

WE COPY AND RESTORE old photos and documents. *Repro Associates, Sonith Building, Pine and Daly Streets,* Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

RELIGIOUS HUMANISM, *a quarterly honoring the rational and the spiritual.* Free brochures. Humanist Center, SR, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, 620 Bristol, Sommerville, Massachusetts 02144.

DRESSER SETS—*We replace brushes, combs, mirrors,* etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC, 10016.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year, bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, *Allenhurst,* N.J. 07711.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minnesota 56093.

SLEEP-LEARNING Equipment—Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-SR, Olympia, Washington.

PERSONALS

PEACE CHRISTMAS CARDS, 15/$2.75. Samples 50¢. International McClelland, SR, Beverly Hills, 90210.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

FAMILY TREE CHARTS—Genealogy Supplies, Books. Free "How To" Catalogue. FORMCO, Box 3828-XM, Long Beach, California 90803.

RADIO DRAMA COMPETITION! Scripts under thirty minutes. Deadline March 30th. Earplay, Radio Hall, Madison, Wisconsin 53706.

ALPHAPHONE™ headset—brain-wave trainer. Free literature. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, California 95460.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS and hundreds of unique leather items. Send 50¢ for buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

FLEMING BOTTLE CUTTER. Recycle no-return bottles into attractive goblets, glasses, candleholders, bowls, etc. Complete instructions. Learn in five minutes. Practice conservation at home, club or scouts. $9.95 postpaid. The Environmentals Company, Box 96S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430.

A DOOR for the portal to your home, custom designed and crafted in richest woods. Extraordinary Doors. Box E-525.

OLD STUFF is a new bimonthly magazine about old things everybody loves . . . Old stamps, remedies, songs and cars, Old paintings, clothes, candy and jars—Old friends, manners, jokes and rhymes, Old sayings, tales, etchings and times. Old books, canes and things galore. Old silver, pottery and much more. Start your subscription with the charter November/December issue—a collector's item in itself—only $3 per year. If you're not completely satisfied, keep the charter issue and drop us a line. We'll refund your $3 by return mail. Mail remittance to OLD STUFF, Dept. 121, 1233 Janesville Avenue, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin 53538.

ROLL TOP OAK DESKS. Authentic reproduction from 1908 *Sears Roebuck catalogue. Handmade to order.* Beautifully finished. For home or office. Write Byrne, P.O. Box 127, Mendocino, California 95460.

EDUCATIONAL MATERIALS—Meridian House desires suitable books, games, etc., to advertise with own line on brochure addressed to teaching community throughout the U.S. Send for free sample of recent mailing piece. 21 Charles Street, Westport, Connecticut 06880.

OUT-OF-PRINT BACKGAMMON books wanted. Box E-519.

YOGA CORRESPONDENCE COURSE—Swami Kriyananda. Information Ananda-D, Nevada City, California 95959.

SITUATIONS WANTED

INTELLIGENT YOUNG WOMAN. M.F.A. degree, teaching experience. Seeks challenging position; creative fields. U.S., abroad. Box E-375.

NATIONALLY PUBLISHED BOOK WRITER and editor, *tired of urban flim-flam, seeks editorship of independent,* no-nonsense weekly newspaper in New York-New Jersey area. Box E-542.

EXECUTIVE. Broad experience as businessman, salesman, writer, supervisor in the graphic arts. Seeks opportunity to apply strong executive and administrative talents to public service or civic organization. Box E-537.

MSW, FEMALE, 30, questionning clinical approach. *Seeks new experience, especially research/program development.* Background: legal, medical. Box E-514.

Ph.D. SCIENTIST, extensive experience administration, industrial and government research, wants career in academic administration. Box E-526.

MUSICIAN desires apprenticeship anywhere with stringed instrument craftsman-repairman. Experienced. M. Schwartz, 108 Avondale, Jackson, Michigan 49203.

SITUATIONS WANTED

ATTORNEY/ENGINEER, engineering and legal experience, seeks position doing interdisciplinary sociological research. Box E-544.

ADAPTABLE ART STUDENT, 21, seeks artist/sculptor apprenticeship. Box E-522.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT to Creative Writer. Hard workable, sensible, trainable, bendable, honorable. Capacity for excellence. 516-352-1512.

SKILLED MALE SECRETARY, 33, seeks position with successful creative person. Theatre/Music. Box E-552.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

HIGHER SECONDARY TEACHING; Social-Economic Development; Position Directories. Comprehensive. Current. Inexpensive. Contact: Intercept Sociocom, P.O. Box 317, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. 617-868-4150.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1972 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on Employment, Business, Taxes, Education, Teaching, Housing, Ranching, Maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

JOBS EUROPE guaranteed and salaried — England, Switzerland, year-round, young people, 18-26. General help in 1st class hotels. For details send $1.00 to Princeton Research Corporation, 13355 Cantara Street, Panorama City, California 91402.

TEACHING POSITIONS In Foreign Countries. New 100 page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. $2.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling. Foreign Countries, Box 514-K3, Ames, Iowa 50010.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—*U.S. and Foreign. All levels* and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

ACADEMIC REGISTER, 1972 EDITIONS, accepting listings from educators seeking employment, promotion, relocation. All levels, U.S., Canada, overseas. Details: The Education Exchange, Box 392A, Newtown, Connecticut 06470.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P79, Orinda, California 94563.

TEACHERS, TOP MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester Drive, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 232-MS, Cumberland, Indiana 46229.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—New Australian Handbook describing free passage, employment, business, teaching, etc. $1.00. Employment directories: Australian businesses, $1.50. U.S. businesses there, $1.50. All three, $2.00. (550 employers listed.) Buckeye, Box 1032CI, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

EDUCATORS: 1972 *career guidance.* 50 Meadow/16, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002.

WANTED: *intelligent, attractive voices for telephone work* in your own home. Pay can average $5 hour. Box E-517.

(Continued on page 80)

DIGITIZED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 79)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, The Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal service; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; forward looking integrated communities. Contact The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

CONNECTICUT—WESTPORT. Overlooking water, mooring beach rights. A Colonial raised ranch, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, paneled family room, large living room, fireplace, huge covered deck. In 60's. By owner, 203-853-1519.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK—English manor, brick, stone, 1/3 acre. 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, solarium, artist alcove. Twenty minutes Grand Central. $49,000 and assume $16,000 at 5¾%. 914-668-2835. Professor Skalafuris, 215-543-1540.

For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

SECOND HOMES. Rent/Lease. Worldwide. Owners and vacationists write Central, Box 55074, Houston, Texas 77055.

For Winter Rental

ASPEN—Weekly. Convenient. 4 bedrooms, 5 baths, sauna. SR Box D-995.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENT WANTED

SR STAFFER seeks studio or small apartment, East-midtown Manhattan, with doorman or intercom. $200-$225 range. Sublet acceptable. Box E-334.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

SINT MAARTEN homesites and house rentals. Box 146, Sint Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

PRIVACY! Each "lot" (frontages from 285 to 818 feet) has a point or a cove of its own. Deepwater evergreen and granite shorefront. Privacy . . . only 10 families on almost a mile of shorefront. Plus a 3½ acre park for residents only. A very special spot in beautiful Deer Isle, Maine. Prices start at $14,000. Only 10% cash required. Call Whitecaps 207-667-5956 or write Box SC, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 765-B, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

ESTABLISHED DOWNTOWN BOOKSHOP in Connecticut city for sale. Owners retiring. Write Box E-534.

CAMPS

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS and community spirit even higher than our arts, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! (Staff openings.) Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey 08318.

CONNECTICUT RANCH CAMP—boys/girls 6-16. Riding/water sports. 18B Hampton Avenue, Yonkers, N.Y. 10710. 914-SP 9-8551.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 03560.

WARM WEATHER VACATIONS—Free. Furnished facilities. Limited membership. Box E-527.

RETIREMENT LIVING

COUPLE OR SINGLE to share beautiful Spanish Colonial house, gardens. Guanajuato, Mexico, altitude 6,500', temperature 72°. Bed, sitting rooms, bath, privacy, meals. Discriminating, references. $500 month, double. SR Box E-539.

VACATIONS

ST. MAARTEN—Lagoon Inn at Cole Bay. Rent week/month brand-new luxury condominium 2/3 bedroom housekeeping apartments. Available December 15th. 212-661-8900.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

INFORMALITY AND TRANQUILLITY—Ideal for families: large de-luxe connecting rooms, double beds. Let the family explore 365 beaches—join them or lose them; enjoy an Antigua Rum Punch in bar or patio; or a hammock to relax. Continental dining; island famous barbecue; breakfast on your balcony. Write Blue Waters Beach Hotel, Antigua, W.I. Represented by I. Oliver Engebretson, NYC.

ENJOY CARIBBEAN SUN . . . very modest rates . . . TAMARINDE GUESTHOUSE, Box 247, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

BAYFRONT-UNIQUE—Lighthouse Cottages, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515. Fall from $85 week. Also Christmas, Winter Season. Apartments, too. Brochure.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

BLUE HILL INN. Small, quiet, serving all meals. Open all year. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE. Discover cross country skiing. Explore 40 miles of trails at your own pace. Experience the beauty of Vermont's winter without crowds and noise. Excellent instructors, equipment sales and rentals. Enjoy Austrian and American cuisine in the hospitable lodge of the renowned Trapp family. Call or write for our new booklet. Dept. 521, Stowe, Vermont 05672. 802-253-7545.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

TENNIS: FLORIDA KEYS—"Zen" Method Instruction. Hawthorne Bissell pro at Pelican Cove Resort, Islamorada: 664-4884/305-664-2811.

ST. LUCIA. Anse Chastanet Hotel. Magnificent scenery. Own beach. Daily $24 each/double occupancy, M.A.P. Call 212-586-4500.

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff 3. Six persons weekly $650 to April 15th. SR Box E-398.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

HAVE A POST-HOLIDAY Holiday In Arizona. Plan a golf vacation at The Wigwam in Litchfield Park, just minutes from Phoenix. It'll give you an optimistic attitude toward the year ahead. Play the two Robert Trent Jones championship courses. Swim. Play tennis. Go horseback riding. Enjoy excellent food and entertainment in the cocktail lounge. Revel in your comfortable accommodations. Great Golf Holiday for 7 days and 6 nights is only $179.50 per person which includes, room, all breakfasts, dinners, greens fees and more. For complete information and reservations contact: Reade Whitwell, Vice President, THE WIGWAM, Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340. Telephone: 602-935-3811.

YOU'VE BEEN WHERE IT'S AT — Now go where it isn't. Rental houseboats cruise Florida's sheltered waterways. Boating experience unnecessary. Write for brochure: Waterbird, S-27, Box 617, Jensen Beach, Florida 33457.

"WONDERFUL NIAGARA FALLS" Package — $15.95 includes room, dinner, breakfast and two attractions. For brochure, write Treadway Inn, Niagara Falls, New York 14304.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

CARIBBEAN SEA—Idyllic beach. Superb fishing. Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

$130 MONTHLY full pension singles, $250 doubles. Country Inn. Since 1824. La Quinta, Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico.

VERMONT — All seasons vacation homes. For rent by week, month or season. Central heat, 2 complete baths, beautifully furnished, washer, dryer, dishwasher, disposal, fireplace. Near Killington, Pico, Okemo, Magic, Round Top, Stratton. 802-259-2723.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

LESLEY FROST is accepting applicants for her Escuela-Pension de la Tahona in Spain. Write for brochure. Box E-28.

VACATION ART WORKSHOP. Florence. Painting, Sculpture, Jewelry, Bookbinding, Etching, Photography, Art History and Italian courses. Florence Student Travel Service, Via Guicciardini, 13, Florence, Italy.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

LIVE AT OXFORD. Tutorials with Oxford faculty; University of California Extension credit. Classes begin June 27th and July 18th. Study medieval England; the rise of science; Oxford gardens; English painting, literature, theatre, philosophy, history; Greek and Roman archaeology; origins of the English language; history through films; modern social problems. Write: Oxford Program '72, UC Extension, Berkeley, California 94720.

YUCATAN-OAXACA — other Mexico. Students 14-18 with two Anthropology professors. Small group; educational. Box 4486, Stockton, California 95204.

LENINGRAD SUMMER STUDY. History, literature, art and architecture of the city. Lectures in English by University of Leningrad faculty. Mid-term excursions to Moscow and Kiev. June 26th-July 21st. Write: Leningrad Program, University of California Extension, 2223 Fulton Street, Berkeley, California 94720.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND — SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. (German, French, theatre), M.M. curricula; academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonnigheim Castle (near Stuttgart), Paris, Madrid, London. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. Stimulating European Travel Program. Choice of graduate and undergraduate summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

THE BRITISH PRIMARY SCHOOL. A study in organization and implementation of open classroom learning. The three-week study tour, March 11th-31st, will center in and near Oxfordshire where rapid growth in open classroom education has occurred. For administrators, supervisors, or teams of teachers and administrators interested in British education's move from a formal to informal approach. Led by Dr. J. Richard Suchman, author, The Inquiry Development Program; former director, Elementary and Secondary Research, U.S. Office of Education. English authorities will assist. Write University of California Extension, Santa Cruz, California 95060.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY." 9th Grade through B.A. In Alpine setting above Lake Geneva: (1) Leysin American School: 4 year university preparatory high school semester system; Advanced Placement. College Testing Center; full guidance program, small classes, high academic standards; affiliated with but on separate campus from (2) American College of Switzerland: member AJCA! B.A., A.A., B.S., and A.Sc. degree programs, quarter system: liberal arts college stressing humanities, languages, arts, international business administration. Both schools: Coed, American administration and faculty (native language professors). Curriculum-related tours, winter sports. Excellent transfer record to U.S. university. College VA benefits. Applications now being accepted for all terms. Write Registrar (respective institution): 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

STOCKHOLM JUNIOR YEAR and The International Graduate School offer one-year programs in liberal arts and social sciences respectively. For information: write: The Institute For English-Speaking Students, University of Stockholm, Fiskartorpsvagen 160, 104 05 Sthlm 50, Sweden.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BARCELONA. Superior instruction for less tuition. Discover YOUR College in SPAIN. Write: Jean Pinkham, 1525 41st Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. New lower rates. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

FILM SCHOOL—Cinema and photography, unique context for study and realization. Praestegaard, F/S 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

ROME, ITALY American coeducational college preparatory school, grades 9-12 and postgraduate. Superior college admissions record. Students profit by intimate association with Roman ambiance. Frequent course related excursions throughout Italy. Write St. Stephen's School, Via Lungro 1, Rome, Italy 00178.

CENTER for individual work in writing and literature. Writing Farm, Hundborg, 7700 Thisted, Thy, Denmark.

SPANISH LANGUAGE and Latin American Studies in recognized binational institute with 21 years' experience. Instituto Cultural, Tolsa 300, Guadalajara, Mexico.

TRAVEL

DREAM OF JOINING AN EXPEDITION? Sign up! Expedition—the fascinating quarterly of Archaeology/Anthropology—scientific adventure around the world. Handsomely illustrated, written for the layman. $6.50 per year. Checks payable to the University Museum, 33rd and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104.

TRAVEL

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; climb glacier-covered Alps; hike with Czech students; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. Exceptional summer travel plans in Western Europe—Russia—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. 21st year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

FIAT IN EUROPE. My job is to sell Fiats to American tourists for delivery in Europe. Save the complete cost of renting a car by buying one there and bringing it home with you. Fiat, you know, is Europe's biggest selling car. For details, phone D. R. Hunter, 201-567-9700 or write Fiat-Roosevelt Motors, 532-540 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.

LYSISTRATA—Cruise the Greek Islands with Professor A. D. Winspear in his private yacht. Swift, clean ship, excellent food, interpretative lectures. Two week cruises $330 (U.S.) inclusive. Write for 1972 brochure, P.O. Box 3263, Postal Station B, Calgary 41, Alberta, Canada.

AUTO BABYSITTERS—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z1U Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15 (*KNEE-vis). Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

GUADALAJARA GUIDE! Illustrated, 160 pages. $1.95 postpaid. Box 533, Claremont, California 91711.

LONDON—LESS THAN $100 BY JET. DC 8's, 707's. No time limit on when you can travel. No age limit. No extra charges. Call 212-759-5340 or write for full details. Flight Management Ltd., Suite 202-S, 11 East 47th Street, New York, New York 10017. London Office: 28 Conduit Street.

WINDJAMMER CRUISE—Sail aboard the last Windjammer to the exotic tropical ports of LaPaz, Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Acapulco. Swim, snorkel, great grub, grog for 28 days. $699. Oceanwide Adventure Cruises, 330B Tejon, Palos Verdes, California 90274.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME down Mexico way, Baja peninsula and Sierra Madre mountains. Free brochure. Mitch Williams, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Africa. 15th year. Students Abroad, Gertrude Lang, Mark Parets, Directors, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1966

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Spot, kettle of fish (comp.)	23 43 137 142 145 164 171 183 56 87
B. Artless	95 104 119 128 143 156 166 81 147
C. Supple	157 173 184 71 79
D. Providing a solution or final answer	92 99 112 134 198 1 15 21 150 154
E. Messengers, representatives	195 201 10 107 168 178
F. Degenerate morally or physically (4 wds.)	57 108 130 139 144 175 197 45 113 68 80
G. Heroine of Congreve's "Love for Love"	103 118 136 148 187 3 7 24
H. Motley crowd	27 49 59 66 77 96
I. Jeans	116 151 9 28 32 65
J. Suitable for rough use, as a garment	109 4 182 191 133 14 40 122 162 176
K. One expert in or devoted to hunting	18 58 78 94 131 140
L. Reckless adventure or wild prank	202 13 29 67 83 90 102 111
M. Sense of humor (2 wds.)	2 88 100 31 42 74 186 34 37
N. In one's cups; three sheets to the wind	39 62 185 19 73
O. The plate (2 wds.)	97 193 199 11 125 180 192 26
P. Necklace having several rows or chains, beads, or jewels	41 82 132 61 117 196 30 174 48
Q. Worthy, pearl, diamond, prince	64 52 5
R. Very much (4 wds.)	16 38 54 138 72 20 200 121 129 152 169 115 6
S. Brings, puts, or introduces surreptitiously or fraudulently	93 8 84 124 189 159
T. Shyness	46 86 110 188 167 35 98 203
U. Swindler, cheat	170 190 60 153 161 141 135 105 120 149
V. Magic, witchcraft, voodoo, etc. (2 wds.)	17 50 76 123 126 22 160 155 70 89
W. To look about, or listen, with exaggerated curiosity	114 127 165 181 33 194 44 55 85 179
X. Overwhelming victory in a contest; trail, as garments	163 36 69 75 53
Y. Ramification	101 25 146 12 177 63 51 47 172 158 91 106

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1. D	2 M		3 G	4 J		5 Q	6 R		7 G	8 S	9 I	10 E	11 O
12 Y	13 L	14 J	15 D	16 R	17 V	18 K	19 N		20 R	21 D	22 V	23 A		24 G	25 Y	26 O	27 H
28 I	29 L	30 P	31 M		32 I	33 W	34 M		35 T		36 X	37 M	38 R	39 N		40 J	41 P
42 M	43 A	44 W	45 F		46 T	47 Y	48 P		49 H	50 V	51 Y	52 Q	53 X	54 R	55 W	56 A	
57 F	58 K	59 H	60 U	61 P	62 N	63 Y	64 Q		65 I	66 H	67 L	68 F	69 X		70 V	71 C	72 R
73 N		74 M	75 X	76 V	77 H	78 K	79 C		80 F	81 B	82 P	83 L	84 S	85 W	86 T	87 A	88 M
89 V		90 L	91 Y	92 D		93 S	94 K	95 B	96 H	97 O	98 T	99 D	100 M	101 Y	102 L		103 G
104 B	105 U		106 Y	107 E	108 F	109 J		110 T	111 L		112 D	113 F	114 W		115 R		116 I
117 P	118 G	119 B	120 U	121 R	122 J	123 V	124 S		125 O	126 V	127 W	128 B	129 R	130 F	131 K	132 P	133 J
134 D	135 U	136 G		137 A	138 R	139 F		140 K	141 U	142 A	143 B	144 F		145 A	146 Y	147 B	148 G
149 U	150 D	151 I		152 R	153 U	154 D		155 V	156 B	157 C	158 Y	159 S		160 V		161 U	162 J
163 X	164 A	165 W	166 B	167 T	168 E		169 R	170 U	171 A		172 Y	173 C	174 P	175 F	176 J		177 Y
178 E	179 W		180 O	181 W	182 J	183 A	184 C		185 N	186 M	187 G	188 T	189 S	190 U	191 J	192 O	
193 O	194 W		195 E	196 P	197 F	198 D		199 O	200 R	201 E	202 L	203 T					

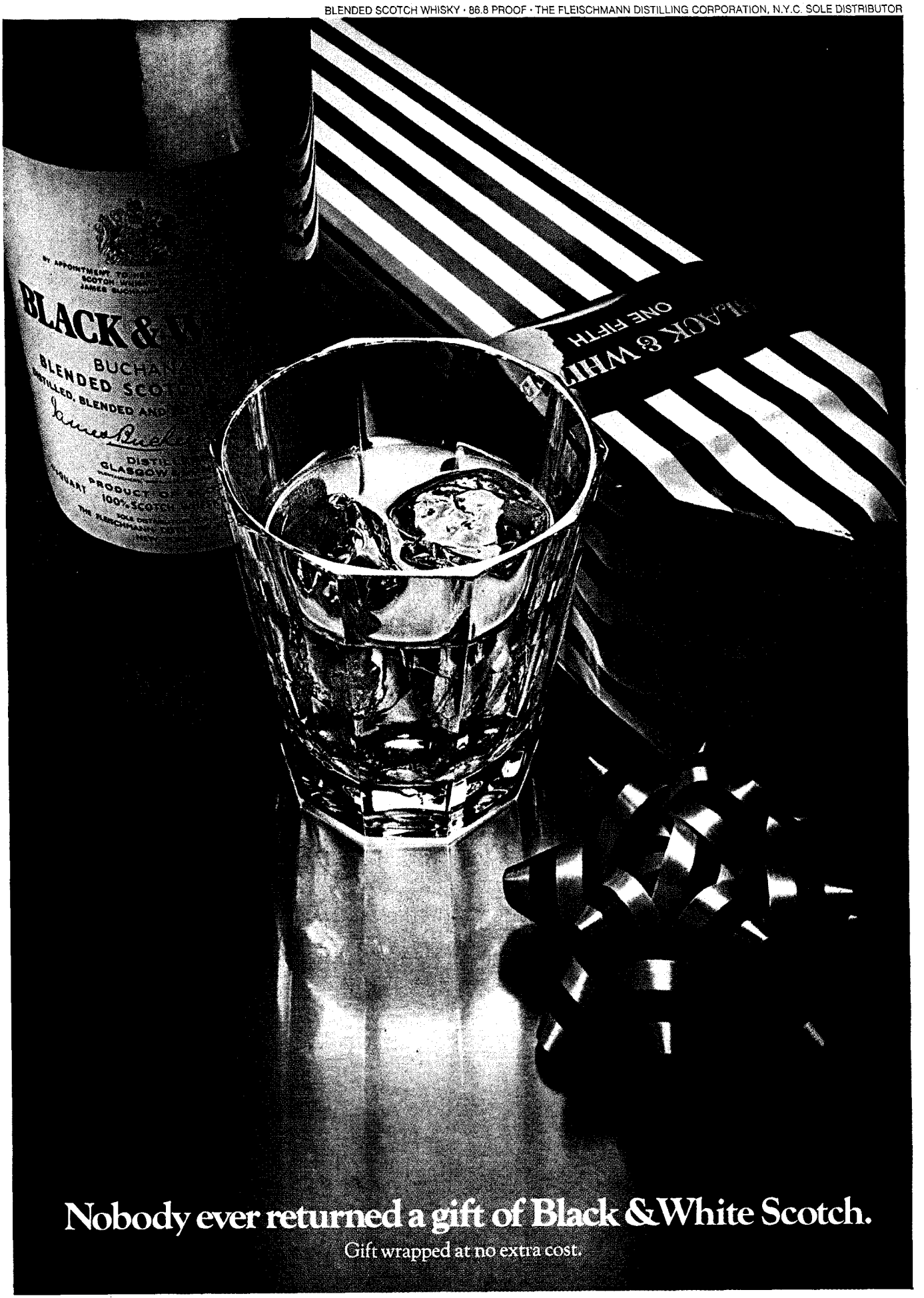
Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chamade (**chă**·**măd**′)—*lit.*Fr.: (**milit.**) **drum**beat signalling moment of surrender.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR



Nobody ever returned a gift of Black & White Scotch.

Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED